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COL. NATHANIEL W. BROWN.
3rd Regt R.I Vol.

# Shot and Shell:

THE

# THIRD RHODE ISLAND

## HEAVY ARTILLERY REGIMENT

IN THE REBELLION,

## 1861-1865.

CAMPS, FORTS, BATTERIES, GARRISONS, MARCHES, SKIRMISHES, SIEGES, BATTLES, AND VICTORIES; ALSO, THE ROLL OF HONOR AND ROLL OF THE REGIMENT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAIT, MAPS, AND SCENES.

BY

REV FREDERIC DENISON, A. M., CHAPLAIN,
And Corresponding Member of R. I. His. Society.

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*Trustee for Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Veteran Association*,

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TO

# The Martyrs of Freedom,

WHO, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAK;

AND TO ALL

WHO BRAVELY STOOD IN THE BREACH

IN THE HOUR OF OUR COUNTRY'S PERIL.

"O Beautiful! My Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare!
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee:
We will not dare to doubt thee;
But ask whatever else, and we will dare."

—*Lowell.*

# PREFACE.

We give important records of a memorable struggle: the story of the voluntary services of more than two thousand men aiding their country in her unparalleled civil strife of four years. Justly the Veterans of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Regiment have felt it a duty owed to themselves, to the State and to the nation, to secure in a permanent form the substance of the record they made by toils, sufferings and achievements, in co-operation with the great army of the republic, in maintaining our priceless government and overthrowing the great political heresy and evil of our times. The part we acted, and the losses we endured, belong to the story and glory of our land. Stranger than fiction will be found the sober truth of our toils and triumphs in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. Painter and poet may here find thrilling themes.

Though our record was demanded immediately upon the close of our service, the nature of the work, involving the collection of the material, the leisure and disposition of authorship, and the responsibility of publication, made it impracticable till the Veterans had united in an Association. No pains have been spared to make our record accurate.

We give only summary views of the conflict, and pass by necessity to the particular work given to our hands. It must suffice us to give our regimental experiences — strange and momentous enough for one volume, since the execution of the heaviest siege work of the war fell to our lot, and our guns were engaged from the everglades of Florida to the Capital of the Confederacy

Our successors will wish to know not only the minute facts, but as well the animus of the conflict, and hence our justification in introducing into our narrative so many incidents, anecdotes and observations, which will best reveal the spirit of the strife. We aim to be brief in words, but abundant in facts.

Our material has been drawn from our own papers, the archives of state, journals and diaries of officers and men, articles for publication penned in the field, orders and reports of military chiefs, and special papers prepared by comrades.

As best conforming to our design, the journal structure of narrative has been adopted. All readers will wish to know the dates of the events, and some will read our history in the far years to come, and they will particularly prize the names, dates and incidents. Really the full history of the war must be looked for in the histories of the regiments that were engaged in it.

Adjutant G. O. Gorton, with his characteristic kindness and fidelity, has both furnished recollections, and with great labor prepared, corrected and wisely arranged our regimental roll.

The names of the officers and men who have furnished contributions will generally be found in connection with their communications; but we would especially express our indebtedness to Colonel Metcalf; Generals Brayton, Rogers and Ames; Majors Metcalf and Barker; Captains Burroughs, Churchill, Greene and Shaw, and Lieutenants Williams, Higgins, Bailey and Sabin.

In respect to the form, illustrations, and general dress of the volume, the Historical Committee have given generous directions, while the substance of the work has passed their examination.

We camp again on hill and shore;
Afresh the foe survey;
And count, with pulsing heart, once more
The cannon as they play.

*Providence, R. I., 1879.*

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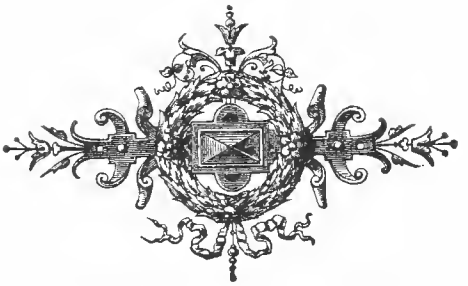


# CHAPTER I.

## THE SIGNAL GUN OF THE WAR.

DECEMBER, 1860 — JULY, 1861.

*A ruthless wrong's eruptive fire.*

HOWEVER the fact may be disguised by special pleading, the signal gun of our Civil War was forged and fired by Slavery. In that hoary abuse was born and developed the giant Rebellion. The North had thrown off the ancient semi-barbaric system. The young and growing West had resolutely refused to adopt the depressing, thriftless wrong. In the South, however, the slaveholders educated and deeply involved in the peculiar institution, regarded it as justifiable and even christian, and could not brook the opposition and reproofs brought against it by the majority of the nation. Adopting, therefore, for a plea, and conscientiously on the part of many the theory of state rights as against the national sovereignty, the slave states finally planned and inaugurated the disastrous revolt.

The revolting states went out as follows: South Carolina, Dec. 20, 1860; Mississippi, Jan. 9, 1861; Florida, Jan. 10; Alabama, Jan. 11; Georgia, Jan. 19; Louisana, Jan. 26; Texas, Feb. 1; Virginia, April 17; Arkansas, May 6; Tennessee, May 7; North Carolina, May 20, 1861. Their preliminary organization was at Montgomery, Alabama, Feb. 4, 1861; their full formation occurred March 11, 1861.

The first gun of the Rebellion was fired on the Star of the West, off Charleston Harbor, on the 10th of January, 1861, while that vessel was endeavoring to bear supplies to Major Anderson in Fort Sumter. But the gun that woke the whole land and set ablaze every loyal heart, was fired by order of General Beauregard, in the name of the Confederates, at half-past-four o'clock in the morning of Friday, April 12, 1861. The stroke was dealt from Cummings Point, on Morris Island, upon Fort Sumter and its loyal, heroic garrison. On that Point our regiment was destined to show the greatest gunnery of the world.

April 15. President Lincoln, as Commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States called for seventy-five thousand volunteer troops

from the states, to serve three months, and at the same time summoned an extra session of Congress to meet July 4. The Confederate States were already in arms and resolved upon the capture of Washington. From every loyal State the President's call was instantly and enthusitically answered. On the 19th of April Massachusetts blood ran in the streets of Baltimore.

Before the middle of May three hundred thousand men had offered themselves for the defence of the Union. The rebels in arms pressed to the soil of Virginia and resolved to beleaguer the Capital of the nation. The lines between Freedom and Slavery were drawn and bristled with swords and guns.

In defence of the adopted Constitution of the Confederate States, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, A. H. Stevens, in his memorable speech, March 21, 1861, said: "The new Constitution has put at rest *forever* all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institution — African Slavery as it exists among us — the proper *status* of the negro in our form of civilization. *This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution.*"

"Our new Government is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas (to those of Jefferson): *its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery,— subordination to the superior race, — is his natural and moral condition.* (Applause). *This, our new Government, is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth.*"

On the 23d of April the *Richmond Examiner* thus spoke: —

"The capture of Washington City is perfectly within the power of Virginia and Maryland, if Virginia will only make the effort by her constituted authorities; nor is there a single moment to lose. The entire population pant for the onset." "From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard. The filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire. It is not to be endured that this flight of Abolition harpies shall come down from the black North for their roosts in the heart of the South, to defile and brutalize the land."

"Our people can take it — they will take it — and Scott the arch-traitor, and Lincoln the Beast, combined, cannot prevent it." "Many indeed will be the carcasses of dogs and caitiffs that will blacken the air upon the gallows, before the great work is accomplished. So let it be."

In that controlling Providence whereby all human affairs are shaped to bring forth the praise of the Divine Ruler and the ultimate good of mankind, the hour had now arrived for the overthrow of the monstrous wrong of our land and the regeneration of our political life.

No patriotic American citizen could hold himself aloof from the vast agitation, or be indifferent to the destiny of the continent now to be reeast in the fires of the conflict. While the nations of the old world had often and confidently predicted that our free, representative republic would ultimately be a failure, since it would never bear the strain of a civil war — brother armed against brother — a trial sure to come to every nation, the loyal people throughout the land recognized the greatness of the hour that had unexpectedly come, and deeply, religiously inquired for the path and particular steps of duty. The question was, Are we a nation, or are we a mob?

At its outbreak the Rebellion was quite imperfectly measured by both parties. It proved to be, in the numbers engaged, in the treasure and blood expended, and in its issues, one of the great wars of the world. Both parties in the strife, taken as a whole, were sincere, and therefore determined. Their chosen principles were antagonistic, and hence all was staked on the struggle for their ascendancy. The rebels fought like crusaders. The loyal armies fought like martyrs. Providence concealed the greatness of the conflict and the grandeur of its issues, that all might act freely, and that the wrong might finally bring to pass its own utter overthrow. The war was a battle of ideas — a struggle of principles — the mighty grapple of the opposing forces aiming to dominate our country and shape the destiny of our continent.

Not for a moment let it be supposed that the wonderful uprising of the people in the free states, that so greatly disappointed the people in the seceding states, and so astonished the nations of the old world, was the ebullition of passion, or the unthinking impulse of mere patriotic feeling. The devotion of the North and West to the Union and the Constitution was grounded in deep and sacred principles, in their love for their own freedom and the freedom of their fellow men. Their principles were not merely inherited from their fathers, but were founded in their religious convictions and doctrines. For long years they had intently watched and studied the strategy and struggles of the slave-power to control our country, and now that it had madly lifted up arms against the republic, they were prepared to meet and resist it at all hazards.

Historically viewed from the present date (1879), it is evident that the sublimest political and moral results attached to our civil strife. What could not have been foreseen, and what no one anticipated, has, by direction of Providence, followed the great struggle. It may be said that our Revolutionary War with England was our nation's natural birth. But in our Civil War our nation experienced its regeneration — a second and diviner life. The first war gave us personality and independence. The second war gave us freedom, manhood, brotherhood, and unconquerable principle. Moreover, it virtually decided the character and fate of North America as well as of our country. In short, never was there a more important war on

the face of the earth. Slavery battled with Freedom and fell. It dug its own grave and perished in endless disgrace.

Were it our province to philosophize in this our brief narrative of regimental experiences, we should venture to observe how timely, in the order of Providence, occurred the great conflict between the irreconcilable forces of Freedom and Slavery. It had been foreseen that the struggle was sure to come, though it had not been expected so soon. Surely we were not prepared for it before, as, for success, we needed not simply men and money, but also, and in a special sense, the advantages of machinery, of steam ships, steam cars, telegraphs and improved guns of all calibres. Not only was Slavery ripe, but Freedom was in a state of development to meet it. Had the "irrepressible conflict" been delayed, it would in the end have been only the more terrible and destructive. Indeed, we had reached the point where the barbarous wrong must be sloughed or the national body would lapse into decay and death. But God had predestined the overthrow of the crime, and the renovation of the republic.

Every nation has its own method of reasoning, growing out of, and consistent with, its own life and historic teachings. Absolute monarchies have their peculiar modes of thinking, consistent with their absolutism, and making no account of the wishes and abilities of the masses of the people. Limited monarchies grant more to the people, or to certain classes of the people, but yet hold to arbitrary power and the virtues of royalty. Only republicanism has faith in a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." This will explain why, in our struggle, we had so little real and effective sympathy from foreign nations. Reasoning from their own old historic grounds and established precedents, they did not, and in fact could not comprehend us. In truth, it is hard for any people to have faith in what they have never experienced.

# CHAPTER II.

## CALL FOR THE REGIMENT

AUGUST, 1861.

*To do or die for Freedom's sake.*

IN answer to President Lincoln's call, Rhode Island, equally with her sisters, responded by patriotic words and deeds.

A little sister in the group,
But on her brow the seal of Hope.

Throughout all her borders were throbbing hearts and ready hands. Instantly she sent her First and Second Infantry Regiments with Light Artillery Batteries attached, to aid in defending the national Capital, and, as it proved, to wet with valiant blood the Plains of Manassas. Other of her brave sons stood waiting to follow their brothers to the perilous field.

Governor Sprague and the leading men of Rhode Island were equal to their duty and the demands of the hour. Troops were freely offerd as they were needed. Immediately upon the departure of the Second Regiment for the front, plans were laid for the formation of a Third. Nor when the battle stroke fell so disastrously upon our First and Second Regiments with our Batteries, July 21st, at Bull Run, was there any abatement of patriotic fervor or the spirit of sacrifice, but rather an increase.

The spirit of freedom and of sacrifice was native to Rhode Island. "Roger Williams was the incarnation of the idea of soul liberty; the town of Providence became its organization." In her days of loyalty to England, in the "old French war," "more than one-quarter of the effective force of Rhode Island was at one time, on sea and land, in privateers, in the royal fleets, and in the camp, learning the stern lessons of war." "To the town of Providence is due the honor of priority in the national movement for a Continental Congress." "The Assembly of Rhode Island was the first to elect delegates to that Congress." The "first blow for Freedom" was struck in Narragansett Bay in the capture of the Gaspee June 10, 1772. In 1774 the Assembly took steps for the abolition of Slavery. "Esek Hopkins was commander of the first American fleet, which sailed Feb. 17, 1776, and captured Nassau." On the 1st of May, 1776, the Assembly "abjured all

allegiance to the British crown — a declaration of Independence which constitutes Rhode Island, by two months, the oldest independent State in America." Her revolutionary wreath is still Greene, and the guns of her Perry in 1812 still sound over Lake Erie.

In 1861, when the Rebellion broke on the country, it was a phenomenon to be studied by the patriot and the philosopher to see a people, like those of Rhode Island, eagerly and happily engaged in productive, peaceful pursuits,— building up their homes, towns and cities, — at once turn from their quiet, delightful occupations to gird themselves for a great war, and doing so voluntarily and enthusiastically. By what inspiration did they thus leave the farm, the factory, the fireside, the shop, the mart and all the endearing scenes of life, for the camp, the march, the bivouac, the privations and certain perils of embattled fields? How was it that, while their own borders were uninvaded, they rose above themselves and sacrificed not only their property and business, but freely offered their lives for the preservation and honor of our country?

"As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death."

O'er hill and plain and prairie vast
Was heard the rallying bugle blast.
From the pines that o'erhang Penobscot's breast
To the Golden Gate of the distant west,
In the holy armor of Freedom dressed
The loyal ranks with ardor pressed
To meet Rebellion's maddened band
And sweep oppression from our land.
Beneath the hallowed Stripes and Stars —
The holy sign of Freedom's wars —
They rallied the right and the true to maintain
Like the phalanx of Freedom on Marathon's plain.

When the intelligence of the Bull Run disaster reached Providence the tide of patriotic enthusiasm swelled high through the city. An incident may illustrate the general state of mind. Lieutenant-Governor Arnold, in the absence of Governor Sprague, appealed to the citizens for re-enforcements for the front. Finding Hugh Hamill (afterwards one of our captains) working on the engine of a steamer in the harbor, he inquired if he could raise a company, and being promptly answered in the affirmative, promised Mr. Hamill the endorsement of the State. Mr. Hamill was so full of the spirit of the hour and of true military heart, that in an instant he slipped off his overalls and tossed both them and his dinner-pail into the harbor, and started for the military depot. He was, of course, successful in raising a company. Such were the patriotic heart-beats of both the native and adopted citizens of Little Rhody.

The great uprising of the North to meet the insurgents and overthrow the Rebellion, was an astonishment to the nations of the earth. At the

outbreak of the revolt most of the monarchical powers confidently predicted the destruction of our Government. As we had no throne, no dynasty, no ancient national glory, and no enlargement of territory or prospect of spoils for which to battle, it was affirmed that we would not fight at all. It was inconceivable that we would voluntarily lay down vast treasures and even life itself for great ideas alone. Such grandeur of political life, and self-abnegation, for principles and the welfare of others, was unprecedented, and hence not to be expected. Alas! that our mother England, after the battle of Bull Run, counted us as dead, and hasted to make friends with our foes. But the Lord of hosts had a purpose for the furtherance of Freedom, and so inspired and girded the North for the great struggle.

July 23. General Order No. 42, of the State, was issued, opening as follows: —

"Commanders of the several military companies, chartered or otherwise, throughout the State, will at once cause their armories or places of rendezvous to be opened, and will receive enlistments for a Third Regiment of Infantry and a Battery of Light Artillery, to be mustered into the service of the United States for a period of three years, unless sooner discharged."

Although this order was countermanded on the 6th of August, that it might be reconstructed, already several companies had been nearly completed. On the 2d of August there were sixty-eight volunteers at the armory of the National Cadets; forty-six at the armory of the Mechanics Rifles; thirty-three at the armory of the Providence Artillery; twenty-eight at the Infantry armory, and squads in other depots. Enlistments were progressing rapidly at Pawtucket, Woonsocket and Apponaug.

So general and fervid was the flame of patriotic zeal among the people that almost countless national flags, great and small, were raised on parks, hill-tops, street crossings, public buildings and private residences. Flag-raisings were largely attended by men, women and children, who listened to stirring speeches and joined in fervently singing our choicest patriotic songs, the "Star Spangled Banner," and "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The red, white and blue dominated all colors, as devotion to our Government controlled all thoughts and interests. Time, money, and our lives were at the command of our country. Recruiting stations were open in every centre of population, and troops were moving to their military rendezvous. Incessantly the railroads and steamboats were transporting completed commands from the North and East to the seat of Government and to the regions threatened with battle.

During the Rebellion the entire forces sent into the service by the State of Rhode Island, consisted of eight regiments of infantry, (three for three months, and two for nine months); three regiments and one squadron of cavalry, (the squadron for three months); three regiments of heavy artillery; one regiment of light artillery, consisting of eight batteries (two

light batteries (unattached) for three months) ; and a company of infantry stationed at Lovell General Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, as hospital guards. The numbers enrolled were infantry, 10,832 ; cavalry, 4,394 ; light artillery, 2,979 ; heavy artillery, 5,644 ; navy, 645 ; total, 24,494. Aggregate expenditure of State, cities and towns of Rhode Island, $6,500,772.15. All this, be it recorded, was accomplished without resorting to a draft. Such a volunteer record has a lustre.

We have mentioned that our regiment had been called for by the State, though for a time the original order was re-called that it might be modified and adjusted to the pressure of circumstances. The order that finally gave us full legal existence and form may be here inserted : —

"STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Providence, August 12, 1861.

"*General Orders, No.* 46.

"The Third Regiment of Infantry from the State of Rhode Island, will be organized under the direction of Brig-Gen. C. T. Robbins, acting as Colonel, Christopher Blanding, acting as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Peter A. Sinnott, Major, with Brigade-Major Balch as assistant to General Robbins.

"The above officers are also constituted a board to examine those who may be recommended by companies for commission to the Commander-in-Chief.

"Officers who have enlisted men for this regiment will report immediately with a muster-roll of their non-commissioned officers and privates at the Headquarters of General Robbins, Custom House street.

"Companies will be organized in accordance with Orders No. 15 from the War Department, viz.: 1 First Sergeant ; 4 Sergeants ; 8 Corporals ; 1 Drummer ; 1 Fifer ; 1 Wagoner ; 64 Privates.

"Each company may recommend officers, 1 Captain, 1 First Lieutenant, and 1 Second Lieutenant.

"The Commander-in-Chief in his anxiety to have men of the highest qualifications head the Regiments from this State, has delayed the permanent appointment of the two highest Field Officers.

"Companies will be mustered into the service of the United States when the muster-rolls are completed and the men have passed a thorough surgical examination by Doctors Rivers and Millar, who are assigned to that duty.

"Companies will be furnished clothing, arms, equipments, and cooking utensils upon the requisition of the Captains, approved by General Robbins, upon Quartermaster-General Stead, and will go into camp and be drilled, preparatory to early marching orders.

"General Stead will supply rations for the men until furnished by the United States Government. Companies will cook their own rations.

"The Commander-in-Chief takes this opportunity to observe that the State gives to each man mustered into this Regiment a bounty of fifteen dollars ($15), which, with the additional pay from the United States Government, pays this Regiment more than was originally given to the First and Second Regiments.

"Rhode Island looks to her soldiers in the field ; and, when circumstances deprive them of the cares and comforts to which they are entitled, she is pledged to supply them.

"By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
EDWARD C. MAURAN,
*Adjutant-General Rhode Island Militia.*"

Company C was formed in the armory of the Mechanics Rifles, in Providence, and like the other companies was fortunate in receiving some members of military education and experience. The first officers were Capt. C. W H. Day, First Lieut. Asa A. Ellis, Second Lieut. John Morrow, Jr.

Company D was recruited at the armory of the Pawtucket Light Guard, in Pawtucket, and was fortunate in its membership, both of officers and men. At its organization the officers were Capt. Pardon Mason, First Lieut. Augustus W Colwell.

Company E was enrolled in the armory of the Providence Artillery, obtaining its members both in and out of the city, but securing strong hands and willing hearts. At first its officers were Capt. James E. Bailey, First Lieut. John D. Eldridge, Second Lieut. Charles H. Spink.

Company F, at first an Irish company, was made up from various parts of the State, and had excellent fighting stock. For officers it had First Lieut. S. S. Rankin, Second Lieut. W C. Barney.

Company G was enlisted from Apponaug and vicinity, in the armory of the Kentish Artillery; it had the right sort of muscle and nerve from the beginning. It was mustered in Railroad Hall, in Providence, with the following officers: Capt. J. H. Gould, First Lieut. Charles R. Brayton, Second Lieut. J. B. Blanding.

Company H was made up at Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, from details of the other companies, to complete the regimental organization. Its original officers were Capt. Horatio Rogers, Jr., First Lieut. C. R. Brayton, Second Lieut. William C. Barney.

Company I enrolled in Railroad Hall, by Captain Hamill, was intended as an Irish company, and had in it some of the best martial qualities of the "Gem of the Ocean." This was the first company mustered into the service, and it entered Camp Ames the same day with Company A. The muster by Colonel Loomis, of the Fifth United States Infantry, occurred in Railroad Hall. Its officers were Capt. Hugh Hamill, First Lieut. J. P. James, Second Lieut. Jeremiah Lanahan.

Company K was also originally largely of Celtic stock, furnished from different localities, but a unit in patriotic devotion. This company was enlisted by Capt. John Dailey and Lieut. James Moran. At first its officers were Capt. John Dailey, First Lieut. William H. Joyce, Second Lieut. James Moran.

Companies L and M were added to the original ten companies after the command was raised to a heavy Artillery Regiment, and were recruited in Providence at the armory of the Marine Artillery. They first reached the regiment in the field. They were primarily enlisted for Light Batteries to be a part of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery (a temporary organization). Company M was composed of men nearly all of whom stood six feet, and were known as the "Grenadiers." Company L composed of

shorter men, had the sobriquet of the "Pony Battery." On receiving the order from Governor Sprague transferring these companies to our command great dissatisfaction was felt and expressed amongst the men, and they were well nigh mutinous, asserting that they had been sorely deceived. The "Grenadiers" especially stood high in their indignation; but patriotism shortly overcame all personal feeling.

# CHAPTER III.

## COMPLETION OF THE COMMAND.

AUGUST — SEPTEMBER, 1861.

*The sons of Freedom are her shield.*

Aug. 14. By order of General Robbins the regiment went into camp in Warwick, on Spring Green Farm, upon the lands of the late Gov. John B. Francis, in the vicinity of Pawtuxet, the encampment bearing the name of Camp Ames, in honor of Judge Samuel Ames, father of one who afterwards became an honored officer with us.

August 15. Though by General Orders, No. 47, the Governor appointed as Captains, C. W H. Day, Hugh Hamill, John Dailey, T. W Wrightington, S. S. Rankin, James Stokes, Peter Smith, William Harris, E. McManus, and William Duffee; as First Lieutenants, J. J. Comstock, Jr.. and William Byrne; as Surgeon, F. H. Peckham; as Chaplain, T. Quinn, and requested them to report for inspection, yet only a few of these were actually commissioned and mustered into the command. Light artillery was at this time the special pride of the State; the heavier arm had its reputation to win, and we were to be the first regiment of volunteers in this arm to enter the Union army.

As Rhode Island was largely a manufacturing State, she had within her borders, especially in her cities and villages, numerous representatives of the old world, who had sought our shores on account of our free institutions and our large remuneration of labor. The larger portion of this foreign-born population was from the Emerald Isle. These lovers of liberty heartily espoused the loyal side in our hour of trial, and were ready to enter the field as soldiers. Governor Sprague at first conceived the idea of making up the regiment of these brave Irishmen. For various reasons — such as the difficulty of finding a sufficiency of officers of that nationality, and the natural opposition to all appearances of caste amongst us — the project was soon abandoned. This will explain how so much Celtic blood was found in the first enlistments of the command.

Company A was enlisted and drilled at the armory of the National Cadets, on North Main Street, Providence, securing some men and officers

who had seen previous service. This was the first company to enter Camp Ames, Aug. 14th. The first officers were Capt. Thomas B. Briggs, First Lieut. Thomas W Fry, Second Lieut. M. S. James.

Company B was enrolled and drilled in squads at Woonsocket, in the armory of the Woonsocket Guards, during the latter part of August, and was sworn into the service Aug. 31st and Sept. 2d. It then numbered three commissioned officers, Capt. L. C. Tourtelott, First Lieut. A. E. Greene, Second Lieut. George O. Eddy, five sergeants, eight corporals, and sixty-nine privates. Some of its members had previously seen service. This company reached Camp Ames on the 4th of September.

August 17 Col. C. T Robbins issued his Special Order, No. 1, relative to divine service to be held in camp the next day by the Chaplain, and also in reference to roll calls and uniforms; and Capt. Hugh Hamill, then the officer of the camp, wisely carried all orders into effect, through the acting Adjutant, J. J. Comstock, Jr. Camp life now really began, and the companies as they were formed, appeared to take their places in the command. The restraints of "red tape" at first seemed unnecessarily arbitrary, but all soon saw the wisdom of complying with the regulations. Unavoidably military service is exacting and firm. Obedience to orders and rigid discipline are the characteristics of a proper camp as they are of the field.

Aug. 19. Capt. Asher R. Eddy, United States Army, was appointed Colonel of the regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding was at the same time commissioned as second in command, and the drill and discipline of the regiment were in the hands of the latter. The stern school of the soldier absorbed the time and attention of all. To nearly all the duties were new and strange. Dwelling in tents, handling arms, forming platoons, battalions and columns, and moving as if to meet a deadly foe, were exercises and experiences that demanded study. But the voice of duty made the service cheerful and inspiring.

When our camp-flag rose to the air, our cheers and pledges went heavenward with it. Beneath its inspiring folds we applied ourselves to the studies and exercises necessary for its defence and honor. And in our hours of preparation and drill the citizens of Rhode Island flocked to our encampment to speak their words of encouragement and cheer. In the camp with us was Battery D, Rhode Island Light Artillery, under Capt. J. Albert Monroe.

We were not without the appropriate inspirations of martial and patriotic music. As with other commands organized during the early stages of the war, we made arrangements for a regimental band, which, on the 23d of August, was mustered into the service, under W T. Marshall, as Drum-Major.

Our first hospital steward was Edwin S. Thurber, who very faithfully and acceptably filled his important post. We had an additional and effi-

cient hospital steward detailed from Company E, in November, Fenner H. Peckham, Jr., son of our surgeon. At this stage of the war, and out of so many enthusiastic volunteers, it was no easy matter to make a wise selection of commissioned officers. Actual and immediate war demanded officers of experience if they could be obtained.

Aug. 27. Governor Sprague officially announced as appointed officers, Major, Edwin Metcalf; Captains, T. B. Briggs, George F Turner, L. C. Tourtelott, Hugh Hamill, James E. Bailey, C. W H. Day, John Dailey, J. H. Gould, George W Tew, Albert C. Eddy; First Lieutenants, William P Martin, Joseph J. Comstock, Jr., Peter J. Turner, John D. Eldridge, Thomas W Fry, Asa A. Ellis, S. S. Rankin, Charles R. Brayton; Second Lieutenants, Jabez B. Blanding, George O. Eddy, James Moran, Charles H. Spink, Martin S. James, Jeremiah Lanahan, William C. Barney, Charles G. Strahan.

Lieutenant Comstock was appointed Adjutant and Lieut. William P Martin, Quartermaster. And immediately to the roster of captains was added the name of Richard G. Shaw, who, since the war, has borne a commission in the Regular Army.

Perhaps it might be said of our regiment, more truly than of any other that Rhode Island sent into the field, that we were just the warm-hearted and strong-handed men for mounting and handling heavy guns, and hurling shot and shell upon the foe. The working element was largely represented amongst us. And our blood, estimated by genealogical records, was of mixed nationalities, hued with the roses of England, the shamrock of Ireland, the heather of Scotland, and a little genuine Teutonic tinge. We happily and strongly represented the composite and liberty-loving New England people—one in heart, and determined to maintain the God-given rights of men. A person gifted with the prophetic glance, in looking into our faces, might have caught the promise of hard and effective blows from us on our country's enemies.

It was too much to expect that, with whatever talents and acquirements we might have as civilians devoted to peaceful pursuits, we should at once be adepts in the exercises and arts of war, that in themselves constitute a profession. Mistakes at first were inevitable. We fraternally withhold the name of the young officer who, in his first essay as a drill officer, ordered his men to march "endways," and in another instance exclaimed, "Darn it, can't you double up without being counted off?"

But some of our officers had seen field service in Virginia, besides having been educated in the State militia. And of those who had never been on an embattled front, some, like Major Metcalf, Lieutenant Brayton, Captain Rogers, and others, had abilities, education, rank, and influence, that greatly added to our strength. A few of our number had known service in foreign lands.

As with the members of the two regiments that preceded us from Rhode

Island to the field, we were the recipients of many unmistakable and substantial favors from the hands of our fellow-citizens. Men and women, from all ranks of society, and especially from the wealthy families, not satisfied to visit our camp and speak words of cheer, made our officers, companies and our hospital, presents that were both very valuable and useful. Such citizens as were too old, or too young, or too infirm to enlist, were determined to evince their interest in such as girded themselves for the battle. We therefore felt that we went out to the field as representative men. Churches and benevolent societies — some of them by special labors — aimed to inspire us by their gifts and benedictions. That would be a lengthy catalogue which should record the donations we received and the names of the donors.

Passing the sentry in imagination, we enter our camp. What a contrast to our home life. Walk along the lines of tents, in the narrow company streets and gaze on the insignia of war. Go up near the head-quarters tent, and stand by the lofty flag-staff from which floats the beautiful inspiring standard of the nation — our Star Spangled Banner. Hear the roll of the drum, and the rally of the bugle and the fife. Watch the soldiers as, in war harness, they file out of the company streets, and, at the vigorous command of officers form into ranks, companies, battalions, and regimental line for drill, review and parade. The swell of martial music, the weighty tread of battalions, the waving of guidons, the shimmer of muskets and swords, all speak of hostility to treason and enthusiastic loyalty to law. Our uniform consisted of gray pants, blue blouse and blue cap of the Rhode Island militia pattern. Our arms were the old style Springfield rifles.

Finally the order came for the regiment to break camp and move toward the seat of war, touching at New York and reporting to Gen. T. W Sherman, United States Army. Governor Sprague wishing to review the command, asked Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding at what hour he would leave Camp Ames, and was answered, "Three o'clock, P. M., precisely." The hour came. The music struck, and the column moved, and having got well on the road, the Governor's Aid dashed up and said: "Colonel, the Governor expected to review you before you left your camp." "Where is the Governor?" asked our commmander. "Up the road here a short distance," said the Aid. "I waited, sir, till the time named to move, and then ordered forward my column; please so inform His Excellency," said our officer. Returning with this report to the Governor, the Aid soon came back and added, "The Governor says, 'All right!' he will review you here as you pass." Such was Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding's habitual promptness.

# CHAPTER IV.

## DRILLING AT FORT HAMILTON, N Y

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

*The loyal stand for duty girt.*

Sept. 7 Proceeding to the City of Providence, the regiment formed in a square on Exchange Place, and was appropriately addressed by Rev. A. H. Clapp and Rev. Thomas Quinn, after which we proceeded to the steamer Commodore, at Smith's wharf, and embarked for Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, N. Y., then in charge of Gen. T. W Sherman, United States Army, who, at that place and at Annapolis, Md., was organizing an Expeditionary Corps for a blow on the rebel front. Great interest was felt and expressed in Providence by the people in our new and muscular command. We left Rhode Island amid the waving of flags, the booming of cannon, and a chorus of cheers.

Sept. 8. Our steamer grounded off the fort, and the regiment was detained on board all night, suffering not a little, in some of its members, for want of good drinking water, since, through the unwise kindness of friends, their canteens had been filled with the "exhilarating" instead of the refreshing beverage. Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding, to impress on the men a wholesome lesson in reference to providing for marches, was in no haste to slake the thirst of the transgressors. Governor Sprague, joining us from New York, landed with us on Long Island. While General Sherman had his head-quarters for the time at Governor's Island, the post was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Martin Burke, United States Army, and the garrison of Fort Hamilton was under Maj. Henry B. Clitz, of the Twelfth Infantry, United States Army

On reaching New York harbor we received the following communication: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS, VOL. BRIG., NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1861.

"*The Commanding Officer, Third Regt., R. I. Vols.* : —

"SIR: I have to request that you will encamp your regiment in the immediate vicinity of Fort Hamilton, L. I., at some suitable place convenient for the object herein mentioned.

"The commanding officer at the fort will no doubt designate to you a proper locality, and will place at your disposal, for drill purposes, his field, siege, and barbette ordnance, and all the necessary implements for their use.

"You will immediately proceed to the rapid instruction of your regiment in the elementary school of infantry and artillery.

"As the amount of ordnance at the post is insufficient to employ all your officers and men at the same time, you will have sufficient opportunity to discipline them in the indispensable infantry branch; but care should be taken that each and every company is well practiced in the artillery.

"Your attention in the artillery branch is especially called to the instruction of your officers and men in the manual of *field*, *siege* and *garrison* (barbette) artillery, in loading and firing with rapidity and judgment, and in moving, mounting and dismounting the same.

"The officers should receive a course of theoretical instruction in connection with your practical drill. I shall endeavor to obtain for your assistance one or two artillery officers.

"Copies of all orders issued by you, you will please furnish these head-quarters weekly, on Saturday.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. W. SHERMAN,

*Brigadier-General Commanding.*"

This order put us at once upon a heavy artillery *status*.

Our encampment was located on the glacis on the eastern side of the fort. It was in proximity to a regiment of regulars (composed now largely of paroled prisoners of General Twiggs' command in Texas). Said Major Clitz, "This is a good place for a camp if you are not compelled to move by these belligerent Regulars." Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding replied, "I think the Third Rhode Island boys will remain; it may possibly be necessary for the Regulars to move." We remained, and gave the Regulars as good as they sent—and won the regards of all the troops at the post. Colonel Burke finally paid us very high compliments.

Sept. 10. Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding issued General Order No. 1. naming the camp from General Sherman, and specifying the daily calls: reveille, 5½ o'clock, A. M.; police call—putting tents, company ground and the camp in order, following reveille; peas on a trencher, 7 o'clock; surgeon's call, 8; guard-mounting 9; company drill,—the manual, following guard-mounting; recall, 12 M.; roast beef, 1 P. M.; battalion or company drill, 2½; recall, 5½; supper, after recall; retreat, sunset, marked by sunset gun; tattoo, 9; taps 9¼—lights out—all still.

Martial music stirred all the air around us. Troops from the East were steadily pressing on through New York to the seat of war. Washington suffered for a moment a little alarm and we were sent for, but General Sherman was sure that we would be returned to this post.

Sept. 14. In obedience to orders from Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott, then in command of all the forces of the Union, to report immediately in Washington, D. C., to aid in meeting an emergency, we promptly left Fort

Hamilton and proceeded by the steamer Transport to Amboy, and thence by rail through Philadelphia and Baltimore, in both of which cities we shared the hospitality so generously extended to soldiers by the voluntary associations existing in those places. The spirit and bounty of Philadelphia were particularly noticeable and may never be forgotten.

On our way to Washington we first formed the aequaintance of the Seventh Connecticut Infantry, under Col. A. H. Terry, a regiment moving to its rendezvous at Annapolis, Md., and destined to be our fast friends in the heavy struggles that lay before us. We can never speak of Colonel (afterwards Major-General) Terry without particular regard. And our military acquaintance on our route to Washington and in that city became greatly extended. Most hearty visits were exchanged with the Second Rhode Island Infantry, then in Camp Brightwood. From that day on, we seemed, in heart, to be a part of the forces whose objective point was Richmond.

Sept. 16. Reaching the national Capital we were assigned to Camp Sprague, the spot made historic to us by Rhode Island's First Regiment, of which a number of our officers had been members. We were now associated with the forces that afterwards became the famous Army of the Potomac.

We were greatly impressed by our view of Washington, which was then little else than a vast cantonment, where hosts were drilling and swiftly girding themselves for the great impending strife. It was only too evident that a heavy war was before us. Our generals were diligently planning to meet the growing issues; only a few, however, were let into their secrets. The alarm which had summoned us to Washington having subsided without requiring the use of our muskets, we were ordered to return to our former post, Fort Hamilton, to await, as we found, a movement from that point by sea. We returned by the route on which we came, again having occasion to bless the Philadelphians.

Sept. 22. Reaching Fort Hamilton, we entered once more Camp Sherman to wait new developments and orders.

Muscle and memory were invoked for work. First, we had the full school of infantry drill and parade; second, we had the heavy drill on the heavy guns; third, we had the routine and discipline of camp and garrison. Apt scholars alone could meet all the demands of these varied tactics. Imagine one of our heavy guns and the following drill with it: (1.) Fall in detachment. (2.) Detachment to post. (3.) Piece in gear — (by handspikes). (4.) From battery — (run back on chassis) (5.) Piece to a level — (ready to load). (6.) Enter cartridge. (7 ) Ram cartridge. (8.) Enter shot. (9.) Ram home. (10.) In battery — (forward to position). (11.) Out of gear — (down on chassis). (12.) Sight piece — (train on object). (13.) Elevation of piece. (14.) Prime. (15.) Ready. (16.) Fire. In actual firing came the sponging, and the forwarding of powder and shell —

four men being required to lift the shot. Our heaviest pieces weighed several tons.

Already the command had developed a praiseworthy *esprit de corps.* General Sherman required of us regular and full reports. These, Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding, then in command, promptly made at a given hour. On a certain day, as the report was completed, the rain was descending in torrents, and Adjt. J. J. Comstock, Jr., questioned whether he might not wait a little in forwarding the report, but was instructed to obey the established order even if it "rained pitchforks." As he reached headquarters in the pelting storm, General Sherman paid him a handsome compliment and added, "Give my compliments to Colonel Blanding, and say to him that the Third Rhode Island is made of the grit that I like; it is a command that I can count on." The Adjutant felt abundantly repaid for his drenching, and the incident was a good one for the command. General Sherman always felt a pride in us as his artillerists.

As Colonel Eddy was a Captain in the United States Army on staff service, and much occupied with that service, he was never more than a nominal commander of our regiment. Our needs called for a commander to be constantly with us.

Nathaniel W Brown who had served with honor as Captain of Company D, of the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, during its three months of service, was, on the 17th of September, appointed our Colonel, and was mustered as such on the 9th of October.

On the 5th of October when most of the line and field officers were mustered into the service, Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding, who assiduously and effectively trained us, for reasons satisfactory to himself, if not to us, declined to be mustered; and shortly returned to Providence, R. I., where he aided in raising the Fifth Rhode Island Volunteers, that took the field as a battalion under Maj. John Wright.

The subjoined communication will indicate the rank assigned us at this time:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS (EXPEDITIONARY CORPS),
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 2, 1861.

"*Colonel Brown, Commanding Third Rhode Island Regiment, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.:*—

"SIR: An officer will be detailed to complete the mustering in of your Regiment. See that it is done promptly.

Are you making good progress in the artillery? Great dependence has to be placed in your Regiment. They are all the artillerists we shall have. You will move in a few days.

Respectfully,

T. W. SHERMAN,
*Brigadier-General.*"

It will readily be believed that we had not a little pride in the fact that General Sherman was a Rhode Island man. His superior abilities, his complete soldiership, his elevated rank and just fame, will be an adornment of our State history.

Sometimes the necessary discipline of camp was trying to the transgressors and amusing to the beholders. At one time, when Captain Rogers was officer of the day, he had occasion to make an example of a certain offender, and did so by taking a barrel, minus one head and a hole cut in the other, and putting it on the man like a coat. As the culprit thus stood and walked encased, he was, of course, the laughing-stock of the men. Mortified and mad, he at last walked to the top of the glacis, and laid down and rolled to the foot of the slope near the cook-house, in the vain hope that the barrel would burst in the operation. Even now the men laugh as they recall and describe the "rolling sinner."

The scrutinizing reader of our record and roll will discover the fact that several men who were officially appointed by Governor Sprague as officers in our command during the period of its formation, were never formally mustered with the regiment into the United States service. This is explained in part by the choices of the officers themselves, and in part by certain after conclusions of the Governor. And it is also proper to state that while our regiment was being organized, the State authorities were also engaged in making up the Fourth Regiment of Rhode Island Infantry. Unavoidable haste under such circumstances led to more or less changes. Indeed, some who were recruited for one regiment finally took the field with the other.

Oct. 7. The beautiful regimental flag given by the benevolent and patriotic ladies of Providence was formally presented to the command at dress-parade by Major Metcalf, who at the same time made in behalf of the fair donors an appropriate and impressive address.

Oct. 8. Henry H. Warfield (Company C), died of injuries received while working a heavy gun. The first death in our camp was deeply laid to heart. Our lamented comrade received the funeral honors he deserved.

Oct. 9. Stephen R. Bucklin, of Pawtucket, formerly commander of the Pawtucket Light Guard (State Militia) and a captain for three months with Company E, of the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, having received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, was mustered among us, making our field-roll full.

Here at Fort Hamilton we found William H. Hamner, a Sergeant-Major in the Regular Army, who was chosen to give us instruction in the use of the heavy guns. He finally received a commission as Second Lieutenant in our regiment, and was a valuable accession to the command. He was with Major Anderson in Fort Sumter when the rebels assailed that work, and it fell to his lot to draw down the flag when the fort was evacuated.

While at Fort Hamilton colors were also thankfully received from Mrs. Martin, of New London, Conn., wife of our Quartermaster. And many valuable articles, for the comfort of the camp and the cheer of our hospital, were sent to us by Mrs. Bucklin (wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Bucklin) and other ladies of Pawtucket, R. I. Both at the beginning and through-

out the war, the patriotism and benevolence of the women in the loyal States well matched the devotion and courage of the men. No record of the war would be complete that did not render to them this high praise. If they might not enter the field in person, they entered it in spirit. In fact, like ministering spirits, they did enter the camps and the hospitals, and sent their benedictions to our brave men in all our marches and on all our fields of battle.

# CHAPTER V.

## FORWARD TO FORTRESS MONROE, VA.

OCTOBER, 1861.

*The armies gathering to the front.*

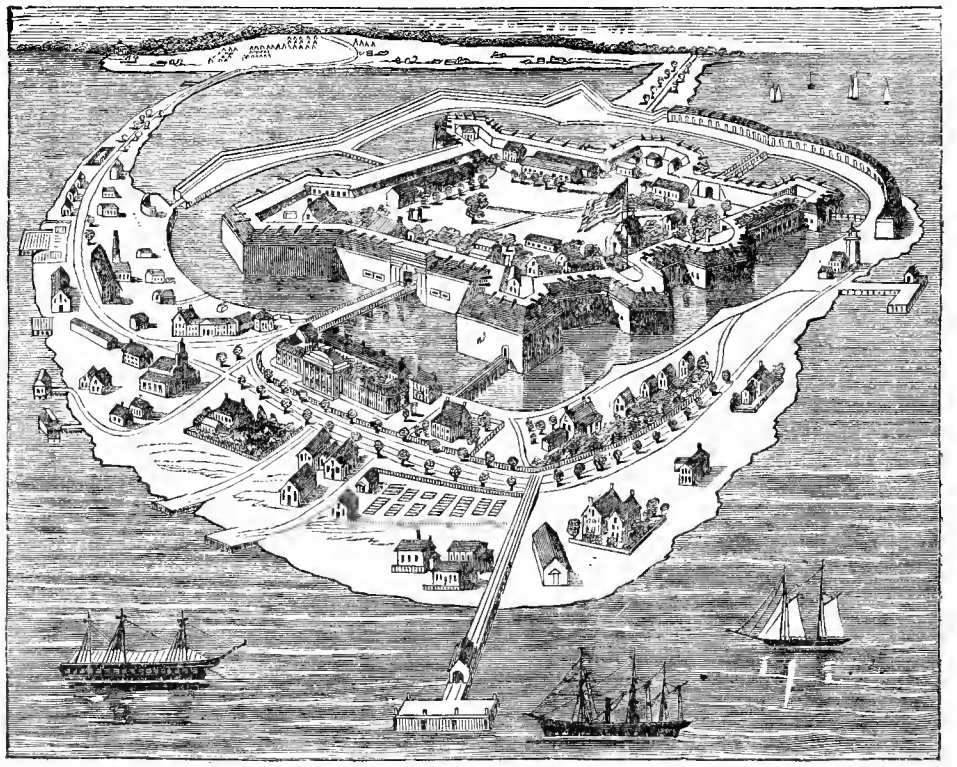
GENERAL SHERMAN had been vigorously preparing his Expeditionary Corps. His forces were now to be concentrated and fully organized for their appointed descent upon the rebel lines. Of our destination we remained profoundly ignorant. In war time soldiers may only know their orders.

Oct. 12. Animated by the order of "forward to the front," down came tents, together rolled our effects, and we embarked on the large, staunch steamer Cahawba (Captain Baker) and headed south. As the north star receded, the sea winds saluted us and introduced us only too fully into the mysteries of "life on the ocean wave." Quite too majestically for the strength and equilibrium of our stomachs did the ocean rock our speeding ship; moreover the rain kept us much between decks.

Oct. 14. Running up the Chesapeake, we disembarked in the afternoon, despite the storm, under the imposing walls and guns of Fortress Monroe, and were at once ordered to encamp about a mile beyond the fortress, towards the village of Hampton. We reached our camping-ground — low and now very wet — about 9 o'clock in the evening; and the water we had to drink was quite distasteful from its intimacy with the Virginia mud. We named our location Camp Hamilton.

Of our arrival here we will let Capt. A. E. Greene give a few incidents: — "And didn't it rain? It is my impression that the regiment felt about as blue at this time as at any period of their service; at least the writer of this did. But brighter things were in store for at least one officer and a few men. There was a young fellow of a jovial disposition, whom the Woonsocket boys knew at home before the war, by the name of Jim Thayer, but of whom they had not heard for some time. It appears that he had strayed away and joined a New York regiment, and was stationed near Fortress Monroe, and was on detached service in charge of some outside duty which

in a measure left him free from military routine. Well, it seems that as the regiment was marching through the rain towards their camp, Jim espied Company B, and knowing how we must feel, and desirious of doing as he certainly would be done by, made certain arrangements and the next day made his appearance in camp. And the word was passed among the right ones, "Jim Thayer has come and has brought a keg of lager." We greeted Jim heartily and soon made the acquaintance of his lager. And it is wonderful how soon things brightened up. A quart of lager inside a fellow who has been contending all night with the cold and rain makes the world look brighter to him, for a time at least. And as a sort of sequel to the lager, the storm



FORTRESS MONROE IN 1861.

cleared away, and during the remainder of our short stay here, we enjoyed ourselves very much in examining the different camps and, especially, as we were to be artillerists, in inspecting the fortifications and guns in and around Fortress Monroe."

Though our term of artillery study here was short, it was very serviceable to us in furnishing hints and general ideas. Our men were quick to accept the lessons presented to their view.

While here, Companies A and C exchanged their Springfield rifles for the Whitney rifles with sabre bayonets. Here, too, we laid aside our gray pants and blouse, except for fatigue duty, and drew blue pants and coats,

and donned the genuine regulation fatigue caps common to most of the troops.

We may here speak of our first acquaintance with the New York Engineers, under Col. E. Serrell. When they reached Fortress Monroe in a storm they were wet, chilled, hungry, and short of rations. Remembering our own landing here, we hastened to greet them as true brothers, and immediately furnished them with hot coffee and the rations requisite for their cheer. From that day a warm friendship existed between the commands, and the attachment was afterwards further cemented in heavy siege operations. Colonel Serrell was a worthy and efficient officer.

Fortress Monroe, commanding Hampton Roads, Norfolk, and James River, is built of brick and stone, and encloses an area of sixty acres. Its protecting ditch is 150 feet wide and twenty deep. The work mounts 400 guns. Opposite the fortress, in the middle of the Roads, is an old fortification now known as the Rip Raps, used as a place of imprisonment for criminal soldiers and sailors — especially those convicted of mutiny. The village of Hampton had been laid in ruins by the rebels. They even burned the old church, the bricks for which were brought from England. In the ruins around us we began to learn something of the spirit and resolution of the secessionists with whom we were soon to contend.

Our study of Hampton Roads and the surroundings prepared us to afterwards recall the locality with peculiar interest when it became the remarkable theatre of war between the giant Merrimac and the little but mighty Monitor; an event that marked a new era in our struggle and a new development of modern naval warfare. We could also in thought afterwards look upon the forces here marshalled under McClellan, under Burnside, under Butler, under Grant. And we were, in the end of the war, sure that rebel Jeff was "in a tight place" when he found himself a prisoner in Fortress Monroe.

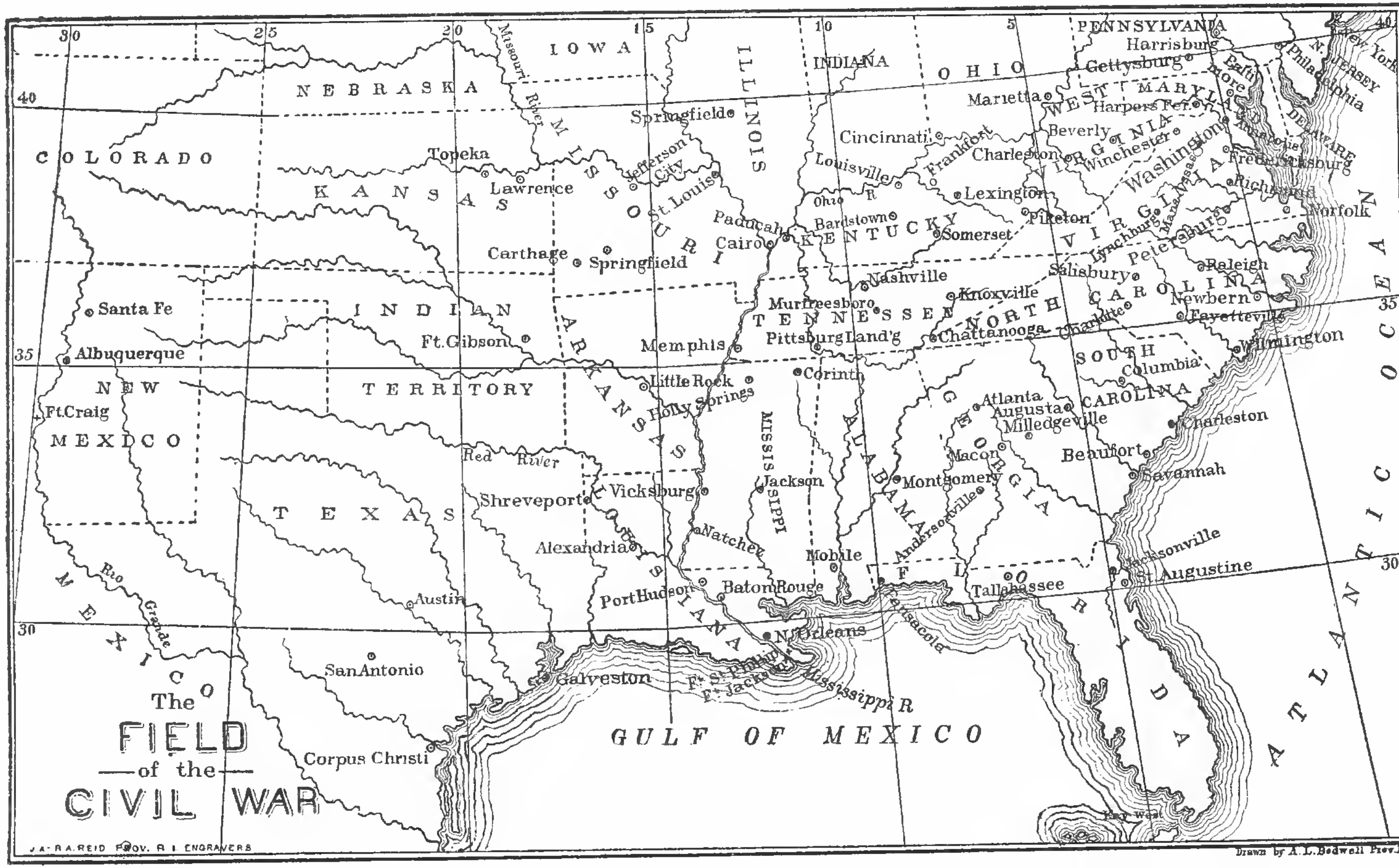
As Rhode Island was the first State in the Union to present to the nation a battery of light artillery — the first battery in the history of our country to use rifled field-pieces (James' rifled guns) — so was she also the first to present to the Government a regiment of heavy artillery, ten companies — soon increased to twelve — the first regiment in our country and in the world to wield monster rifled guns, and with them to achieve such results in reaching distant points and breaching forts of mason work, as have given to our country's gunnery a world-wide reputation, and compelled great modifications in the artillery theories and practices of the world. Our artillery pride, as a regiment, was doubtless not a little quickened from the fact that, among volunteers, we thus held the right of the line in our arm of the service.

It enters not into our design, however interesting and instructive the subject might be to some, to give a history of heavy guns and the manner of their construction; that matter would of itself require a volume. Artil-

lery, however, in a proper sense, has been known only a few centuries, and has, within the last century, undergone great changes of enlargement, improvement and efficiency, and now holds very great prominence in warfare. Up to 1860 English artillerists had but little confidence in rifled pieces, either for field or siege work. But rifled field guns were successfully employed by the French, in 1859. Our war, as the history of our regiment will fully show, made a new era in the construction and use of both light and heavy rifled ordnance. Other changes, especially in Germany, have since followed. And as the intricate science of the construction of heavy guns and the various projectiles, both solid and chambered, is yet in a state of evolution, we shall be more readily pardoned for not discussing the matter in our narrative.

To avoid repetition and save space in our volume, we may here state that we shall not pause in our narrative to give, under their respective dates, all the changes and promotions among the officers of the regiment, but refer the reader to the chapter giving our regimental roll, carefully prepared by our Adjutant, where all such information may be found in a succinct and reliable form. We intend, however, to mention, under the right dates, the killed and wounded, and all instances of death from wounds and diseases.

Of our experience at Fortress Monroe, Lieut. George Carpenter thus wrote in a home letter: "The rain fairly poured; the tents were scarcely any shelter, the water dripping down upon us; and soon the water began to rise around our feet. The men fairly broke and scampered for higher ground. But a Yankee in misery has a happy faculty of joking about it, and the camp rang with jokes and laughter. The tents and bed-sacks were fished out and the tents were pitched on higher ground, though there was small preference in elevation. Our last week there was little else than a continual storm; wet, dampness and discomfort reigned supreme." The soaked and flooded condition of the Twentieth New York (Turners), camped by our side, furnished a lively cut in the New York Illustrated News; it might have passed quite well for ours.


The
FIELD
of the
CIVIL WAR
PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg
Gettysburg
New York
N. JERSEY
Philadelphia
DELAWARE
MARYLAND
WEST VIRGINIA
Harpers Fer.
Beverly
Winchester
Washington
Fredericksburg
Richmond
Norfolk
Petersburg
Lynchburg
Manassas
Charleston
Marietta
OHIO
INDIANA
ILLINOIS
IOWA
NEBRASKA
COLORADO
KANSAS
Topeka
Lawrence
MISSOURI
Missouri River
Jefferson City
St. Louis
Springfield
Carthage
Cincinnati
Louisville
Frankfort
Lexington
Piketon
Ohio R
Bardstown
KENTUCKY
Somerset
Paducah
Cairo
Nashville
Murfreesboro
TENNESSEE
Knoxville
Chattanooga
Pittsburg Land'g
Memphis
Corinth
NORTH CAROLINA
Salisbury
Raleigh
Newbern
Fayetteville
Charlotte
Wilmington
SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia
Charleston
Beaufort
Savannah
GEORGIA
Atlanta
Augusta
Milledgeville
Macon
ALABAMA
Montgomery
Andersonville
Mobile
MISSISSIPPI
Jackson
Vicksburg
Natchez
Holly Springs
ARKANSAS
Little Rock
INDIAN TERRITORY
Ft. Gibson
Santa Fe
Albuquerque
NEW MEXICO
Ft. Craig
TEXAS
Red River
Shreveport
Alexandria
Port Hudson
Baton Rouge
LOUISIANA
N. Orleans
Ft. St. Philip
Ft. Jackson
Mississippi R
Galveston
Austin
San Antonio
Corpus Christi
MEXICO
Rio Grande
GULF OF MEXICO
FLORIDA
Pensacola
Tallahassee
Jacksonville
St. Augustine
Key West
ATLANTIC OCEAN
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10
5
J.A. & R.A. REID PROV. R.I. ENGRAVERS
Drawn by A. L. Bedwell Prov. R.I.

# CHAPTER VI.

## FORWARD TO SOUTH CAROLINA

OCTOBER — NOVEMBER, 1861.

*The stormy sea but glasses life.*

THE secret of our destination was as yet only known to Com. S. F. Dupont and General Sherman, under whose direction and leadership, in Hampton Roads and at Fortress Monroe, with great care and thoroughness, our expedition was fitted for the capture of Port Royal, South Carolina, the finest harbor on the southern coast — a broad, deep, beautiful estuary, nearly half-way between Savannah and Charleston, formed by the Broad and Port Royal rivers and various important bayons. This was to be a base of further advances upon the Confederate front in the south.

The fleet consisted of seventeen war vessels, with thirty-three transports and supply vessels — fifty in all — a fair armada, under the command of Commodore Dupont.

The steam transports were the Vanderbilt, Baltic, Atlantic, Ocean Queen, Daniel Webster, Ariel, Empire City, Illinois, Roanoke, Coalzacoalcos, Star of the South, Osceola, Philadelphia, Union, Marion, Parkersburg, Ericson, Cahawba, Potomac, Locust Point, Ben Deford, Belvidere, Mayflower, Oriental, Matanzas, Governor, Peerless, Winfield Scott, and perhaps others not now recalled. The sailing transports were the famous Great Republic, Ocean Express, Golden Eagle and Zenas Coffin. A list of the naval keels is not now before us, but many of their names will appear when we come to their hour of action. The whole fleet, moving in three columns, led by the flag-ship, Wabash, on the sea would occupy an area of twelve miles square. We belonged to the centre column and were near its rear, where we had a grand view of the whole fleet.

The army, commanded by Gen. T. W Sherman, consisted of three brigades, numbering fifteen thousand men, under Brig.-Generals Egbert L. Viele, Isaac I. Stevens, and Horatio G Wright — all veteran officers. First Brigade, Third New Hampshire, Eighth Maine, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York; Second Brigade, Eighth Michigan, Fifth Pennsylvania, One Hundredth ("Roundheads") Pennsylvania, Seventy-ninth New

York ("Highlanders"); Third Brigade, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Ninth Maine, Fourth New Hampshire. To these were added the Third Rhode Island, Hamilton's (late Sherman's) Regular Battery of six rifled pieces, and a battalion of New York Volunteer Engineers under Colonel Serrell, all of which reported directly to General Sherman, whose headquarters were on the Atlantic. Twenty-five coal vessels to supply necessary fuel, were dispatched, under convoy of the Vandalia, one day in advance of the armed command.

Oct. 29. All things being in readiness, we moved out of Hampton Roads on our war mission, with sealed orders. Our regiment was on board the Cahawba, that brought us from New York to Fortress Monroe, and on board of which we had been for six days, waiting for our consorts to complete their preparations. As we put to sea and passed out from the capes of Virginia, the view of our armada, the largest that ever passed along this coast, was a grand and sublime one. It was evident that heavy work was somewhere intended, though we could not conjecture where.

Oct. 30. The morning was pleasant, but soon a strong wind from the southwest raised a heavy and ugly sea that compelled the two ferry boats, Ethan Allen and Commodore Perry (intended for landing troops), to put back, since the waves dashed over and through them.

Oct. 31. With a smoother sea and a mild air, we sped on our way with all our remaining fleet, and greatly enjoyed the grandeur of the ocean. But this was only the lull before what was coming.

Nov. 1. In the middle of the day the wind from the southwest increased to a gale. Now we "land-lubbers" were put to our metal. A few amongst us, however, had smelt salt air before, and could box the compass and splice a rope. These, for a time, kept their legs. Some of the vessels hove to; others scud before the storm. In the night the wind rose to a hurricane. Our noble ship fell into a trough of the sea and made two alarming lurches, turning everything movable upside down, and throwing most of us from our bunks.

From the roll of the ship, a heavy water-cask broke its hampers and rolled with the noise of thunder back and forth across the ship and against the companionway This, with the smash of crockery in the cabin and the general confusion on deck, created such an alarm among the men below that they attempted to rush above, but were stopped by the guard, when a mixed scene occurred, some crying, some swearing, some praying. At this, Sergeant (afterwards Lieutenant) Keene, leaping from his berth in shirt, drawers and stockings, flew into the crowd and said: "Stand back! Go below! Don't be frightened! This is nothing. It will be time enough to make a fuss when the craft goes end over end."

The Cahawba was a fine transport steamer of seventeen hundred tons and capable of carrying fifteen hundred troops. Formerly she plied between New York and New Orleans, in which latter place she was when the wave

of Rebellion broke on the city, and she was seized by a party of Texans, but was released by the Governor of Louisiana. She was chartered by our Government for war purposes at a cost of $800 per day. Captain Baker was an accomplished seaman and gentleman. Thus we were fortunate in our transport, that, under her skillful commander, securely rode the ponderous and contending billows. Still, we were not in a mood to sing

"A home on the rolling deep."

If we are not mistaken Neptune's trident is a kind of stomach pump.

We had heard of Cape Hatteras, but now we took our hats off before the famous promontory, around which northern and southern winds struggle for the mastery. Here, now, all the furies seemed to be joined in deadly strife. It was a sublime and fearful war of the elements. The billows swelled, and foamed, and broke in awful grandeur. The gale rose and roared, sweeping clouds and seas before it as if it were an infinite and wrathful power, and the rain fell in torrents. Our navy and army in this battle shrunk into insignificance. We were the sport of the hurricane. Whatever we thought of our ability to meet hostile human forces, we here thought of the measure and irresistibility of Divine power. To add to the majesty of the hurricane, at one time in the deep darkness of the night the lightning broke above and around us in sheets of flame.

We may add a word in reference to the Governor. On her, Henry A. Bartlett, son of Hon. John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State of Rhode Island, was a Lieutenant of Marines. She was a transport, under Capt. C. L. Litchfield, carrying a marine battalion of 350 men, under Maj. J. G. Reynolds, and heavily laden with stores. The gale broke her hog-braces, carried away her smoke-stack and rudder-chain; meanwhile her cylinder-head blew out and her rudder-head broke. To her signal of distress — ensign half-mast, union down — the Isaac P Smith and the Sabine promptly responded, and by the latter all on board save a corporal and six privates were rescued.

The small steamer Peerless, laden with beef cattle, succumbed to the storm, though all the men were rescued by the gunboat Mohican.

The propeller Oseeola, Capt. J. F. Morrill, loaded with beeves and provisions, was driven on the Day Breaker, off North Island, on the coast of South Carolina, where all on board were taken prisoners.

The steamer Union, Capt. J. I. Swain, went ashore off Beaufort, N. C., where her crew and the soldiers — seventy-three in all — were taken prisoners.

The Winfield Scott barely escaped, and the Isaac Smith saved herself by throwing her armament into the sea.

Driven like chaff before the howling blasts, our vessels were widely and we feared hopelessly separated. Deep and convulsive sea-sickness prevailed. Old Neptune ought to have been satisfied with the tribute we paid him.

Withal the protracted voyage produced a tobacco famine, wherein there was not a little suffering; a plug of the narcotic constituted quite a capital; some men offered a dollar for a chew; some men exercised their benevolence; others indulged in speculation; we realized how great a thing a habit is.

Doubtless Dr. Stickney could have told us something about the loss of certain hospital stores, in the hold of the ship, during the voyage, such as a case of whiskey, broken more by bayonets than the billows, and some of the liquorice. All will recollect a very pungent odor that filled the whole ship, from a bottle of valerianate of ammonia, broken by the intruders upon the medical stores. The tell-tale perfume and the condition of certain of the marauders revealed the whole story.

Nov. 3. By evening twenty-five vessels had anchored off Port Royal bar, which was about ten miles from the coast.

Before us lay the prize we sought, the splendid harbor, around which lay the islands of Hilton Head and Pinckney on the south; St. Philip, Hunting, Helena, Paris and Port Royal on the north and west. The parish — St. Luke's — of which these islands formed a part, was the richest agricultural district in South Carolina, with a population of about thirty-nine thousand, of which thirty-two thousand were negroes. These islands, and particularly the city of Beaufort, on Port Royal Island, were the favorite summer resorts of the wealthy planters and leading men in South Carolina. Here, perhaps, more than in any other region, was planned and nurtured the unrighteous scheme of secession.

It will be remembered by historical students that Port Royal harbor was first entered by and received its name from the Huguenot colony, under the famous navigator Jean Ribault, of Dieppe, May 27, 1562, when a small but unsuccessful settlement was effected on the banks of Port Royal River, where still may be seen the remains of their concrete fort, then named Fort Charles, now called Fort Plantation. The name of the city of Beaufort and of the island, river and harbor, still perpetuate the memory of that heroic band that fled from the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century in their fatherland.

On our outward voyage occurred two deaths: William H. Worden (Company C), died of fever, Nov. 2, and was tearfully committed to the deep, after funeral solemnities, while still the gale was raging. We were also called to bury T. H. Trumbull (Company E), in the same billowy grave, Nov. 4th. "Philo" — Silas Weston — thus describes the last service we rendered: "The body was sewed up in canvas, with cannon balls attached to prevent it from floating. Mournful, indeed, was the sight when we beheld it lying upon the guards of the ship, with the beloved flag of our country wrapped around it during the burial service, — the solemnity of the scene being heightened as the flag was removed and the body was committed to the great sea." Adds another, "The affair was the most solemn that I ever participated in."

We were now near our objective point, and in the presence of the foe.

Nov. 4. Our gun-boats on a reconnoisance ran up and exchanged a few shots with the rebel forts and fleet, thus being assured that our landing would be stubbornly disputed.

Nov. 5. The navy had quite a skirmish with four of Tatnall's gunboats, pushing them up the harbor. We had thus learned the positions and strength of the enemy. Our ships of war now made ready their guns and ammunition. The troops on the transports quickly rubbed the sea-born rust from their muskets and set in order their accoutrements. Here, at last, was the real, ruffled front of war. But our spirits and purposes were unruffled by fear; we came to do the kind of work that lay before us.

# CHAPTER VII.

## CAPTURE OF PORT ROYAL, S C.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

*The hour of fiery conflict comes.*

THE channels of entrance to the southern ports are usually tortuous, and extend far outward to sea, leading through the broad belts of sand that shield the shores from the billows of the ocean. Long and winding is the entrance to Port Royal. On the coast of South Carolina, as all along the coasts of the seceded States, the rebels had removed the buoys and blown up all the light-houses that might guide our loyal keels.

Our fleet and the transports now lay off the bar. The channel was carefully sounded, and little buoys, with signal flags attached, were placed at all the channel angles. Expectancy was a tip-toe, and both navy and army were waiting and impatient for the stroke.

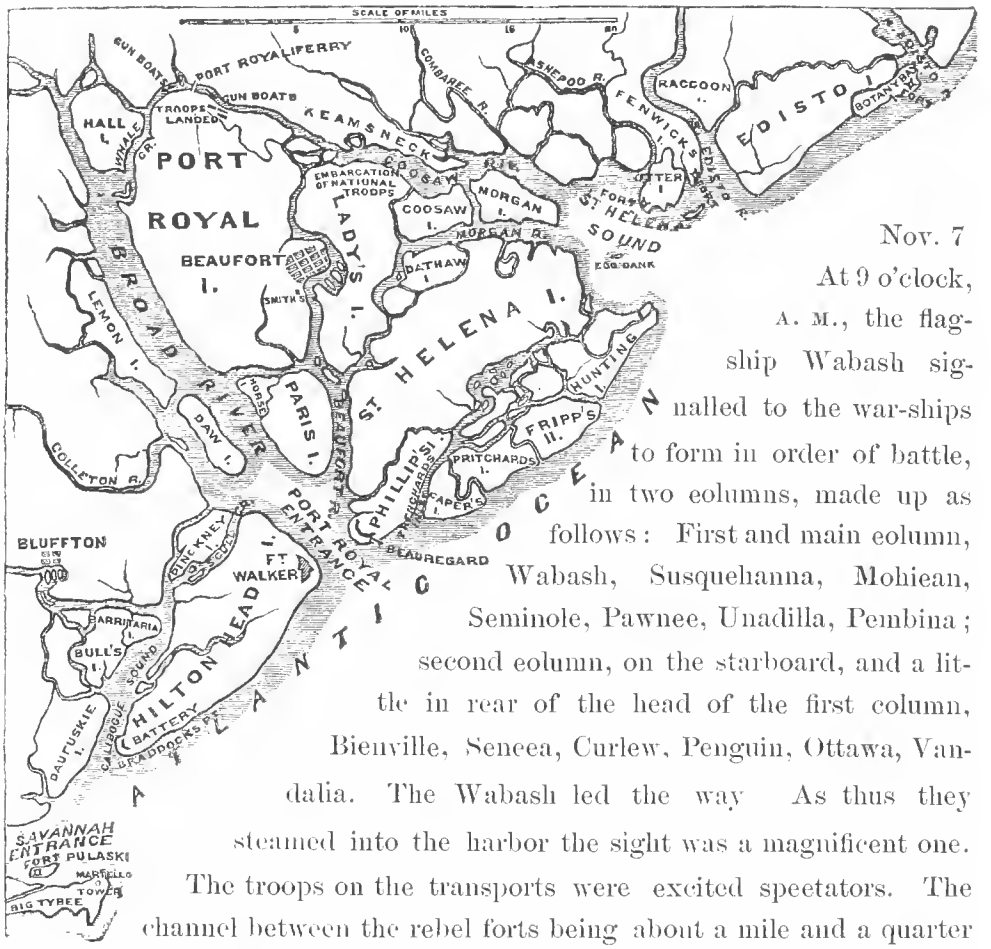
Some one tells the story of a slaveholder remarking to one of his negroes: "The forts at Hilton Head are impregnable; they cannot be taken. I tell you that God Almighty could not take those forts at Hilton Head." Whereupon, the slave, with a significant look and turn of the head, replied, "Yes, Massa; but spose de Yankees come wid God Almighty?"

And here it may be stated that while Gen. T. F Drayton was in command of the rebel force on Hilton Head, his brother, Capt. Percival Drayton, a loyal officer, true to his country and obedient to orders, commanded the Pocahontas, in our fleet, and took his place in the battle to sweep the insurgent front. Capt. Charles Steedman, of the Bienville, was also a South Carolinian. Verily, the few loyal men in the South, particularly those holding commissions from the Federal Government, were peculiarly situated. The more honor to those who stood by the nation.

At the entrance of Port Royal harbor were two large and formidable rebel fortifications. Fort Walker, on Hilton Head, at the south of the channel, mounting twenty-three heavy guns, some of them rifled, several of them imported from England, and Fort Beauregard, on Hunting Island, at the north of the Channel, on Bay Point, mounting twenty guns, and

supported by an outwork half a mile distant, mounting five guns. These forts, Walker and Beauregard, were two and a half miles apart, and fully commanded the channel and harbor. Some two miles beyond the forts, near the junction of Port Royal and Broad Rivers, was the boastful fleet of the ill-starred Commodore Tatnall, consisting of eight gun-boats. The rebels also had a strong land force on Hilton Head, for the support of fleet and forts, commanded by General Drayton, whose residence was near Fort Walker.

MAP OF COAST.




Nov. 7 At 9 o'clock, A. M., the flagship Wabash signalled to the war-ships to form in order of battle, in two columns, made up as follows: First and main column, Wabash, Susquehanna, Mohican, Seminole, Pawnee, Unadilla, Pembina; second column, on the starboard, and a little in rear of the head of the first column, Bienville, Seneca, Curlew, Penguin, Ottawa, Vandalia. The Wabash led the way As thus they steamed into the harbor the sight was a magnificent one. The troops on the transports were excited spectators. The channel between the rebel forts being about a mile and a quarter wide, gave fair scope for the naval manœuvre contemplated.

As the fleet moved up, the rebel forts opened their largest and best guns with heated shot on the head of the main column. At ten minutes past ten o'clock, the Wabash, having reached the point between the forts, opened with all her guns, giving two broadsides, one to each fort, plowing their fronts handsomely This column then took a circuit in the form of an ellipse between the forts, giving each fort broadsides as the vessels passed them, hugging up to the forts as closely as the channel of the har-

bor would allow. The second column, passing on the left of the harbor and giving broadsides to Beauregard took its station beyond, up the harbor to engage Tatnall's fleet, if necessary, and prevent its interference, and also keep up a flanking fire on Fort Walker.

The first and main column was now hotly engaged in its work, moving in its elliptical orbit, pouring its thundering broadsides into the forts as they were passed, and receiving in return the fiercest, heaviest blows the rebels could inflict; the approach of the column to Fort Walker was within six hundred yards, It was a magnificent fight between fleet and forts. We had read of the battle of the giants, and had seen falling stars; but here was something new; so thought the rebels. Tatnall, with his gunboats fled into Skulk Creek towards Savannah. Drayton's infantry was as powerless to help the forts as our army was to assist Dupont.

Three grand, thundering circuits of the harbor were made, and about fifty blazing broadsides had been delivered, when the bruised and disabled forts gave over the contest and the rebels struck their flag. This was at a quarter to three in the afternoon. Tears of joy ran down the hardest cheeks, while huzzas from navy and army rent the air. One of the tars exclaimed: "We have given them Hatteras."

Away fled the "Confeds," as one expressed it, at "treble-double quick," leaving everything behind, tents, trunks, clothes, knapsacks, muskets, revolvers, camp equipage, and even swords; nor did they stop to spike their guns or carry off their dead. This was worse than the stampede of Bull Run.

When the flag-ship's boat reached Fort Walker, its officer found a perfect desolation, while General Drayton and his bruised, panic-stricken force were flying over fields and through forests to the shores of Skulk Creek. Quickly went up over Walker the Stars and Stripes, when again the most rapturous cheering from fleet and transports filled the heavens. Around lay the dead and a scene of indescribable ruin. A rebel surgeon had been killed in the bomb-proof while dressing a wound.

In the battle we had eight killed and twenty-three wounded. The enemy lost 120 killed, and had about 100 wounded. We captured twenty-five prisoners, forty-eight cannons, and quantities of stores.

Thus, in about six hours, throwing 3,500 shot and shell, we had utterly broken this proud rebel front, captured the strongholds, demoralized Drayton, disgraced bragging Tatnall, routed all opposition, and taken possession of the best military base on the southern coast.

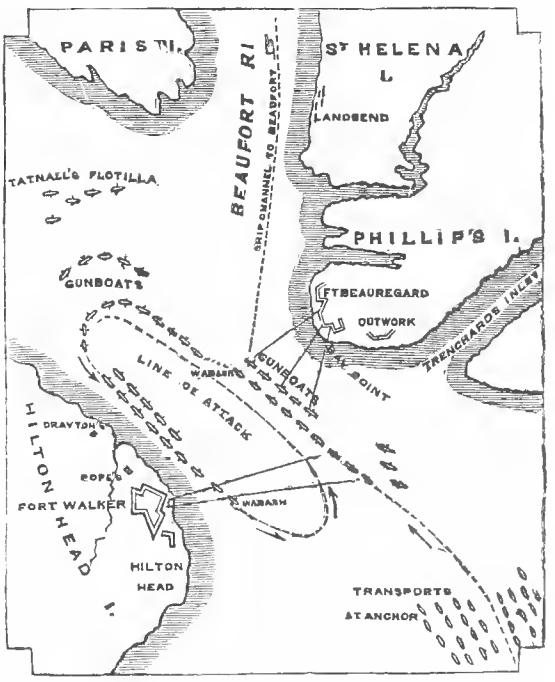
And here we would not forget to mention that the rebel dead were tenderly buried, not far from the fort, under the direction of Commander Charles Steedman, the Episcopal service being pronounced by the Chaplain of the Wabash.

Special mention should be made of the valiant and effective part played in the bombardment of Fort Walker by the steam-tug Mercury, acting

apart from the regular line of assailing ships. She ran close in to the shore, directly under the shadow of the fort, so near that the guns of the fort could not be sufficiently depressed to harm her. Here she played her guns on the foe in the most gallant and telling manner.

General Sherman disembarked some of his troops from the transports in boats directly in front of Fort Walker, and a few in boats on the ocean-face of the island, in the rear of the fort; but he found no occasion for charge or assault.

The strategy employed in the capture of Port Royal harbor is worthy of special remark. The original plan of landing troops in boats on the sea-face of Hilton Head to attack Fort Walker in the rear, when the navy had disabled the guns in front, had to be abandoned on account of our loss of lighters and surf-boats in the gale, and the heavy Confederate force on the island to dispute our landing. And the rebels, in anticipation of a naval attack — for somehow they had received intelligence of our coming, — and supposing that our war-ships would take position in line along the centre of the roads, had trained their guns and practiced on that line. But Dupont — genuine sea-king as he was — not only kept his ships in motion, but avoided altogether the fatal line selected; now hugging Beauregard, now hugging Walker, never passing twice exactly in the same track; thus constantly thwarting the enemy's aim. The manœuvre was alike novel and astounding, inaugurating a new feature in naval warfare.




PLAN OF BATTLE AT PORT ROYAL HARBOR.

Company C, of our regiment, was the first of the army to set foot on the shore and to enter the fort, and with Company B were put into the fort at once as its loyal garrison. The next day Company D was thrown into Fort Beauregard, to hold it with the region around it. Infantry encamped around the forts. In Fort Walker we found the rebel shot-heater still in blast with its red-hot shots, and the grommets of Spanish moss in buckets of water, to use as wads between the cartridges and the hot shot.

And here we have the satisfaction of recording the fact, appreciated by all soldiers, that the Confederate flag of Fort Walker, the first captured

in South Carolina, was found by Capt. C. W H. Day (Company C), in the magazine, and so became the trophy of our command, and afterwards was put in the keeping of Prescott Post, No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, Providence, R. I., where unfortunately it was destroyed by fire in the Fall of 1877

By the capture of Port Royal harbor we at once gained possession of the coast, from the North Edisto River, South Carolina, to Ossabaw Sound, Georgia.

General Drayton reported that he had under him, on the morning of the 7th, 1,837 men, the force being Colonel Wagner's First Regiment Artillery, South Carolina Militia; three companies of Colonel Hayward's Ninth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers; four companies of Colonel Dunovant's Twelfth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers; Captain Screven's mounted guerillas, as scouts and couriers; 450 of Captain Berry's Georgia troops; Captain Read's battery of two eleven-inch howitzers and fifty men; and Colonel DeSaussure's Fifteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers. Fort Walker was manned by 220, afterwards augmented to 255 men. The force at Bay Point consisted of 640 men, under Colonel Dunovant; the 149 men in Fort Beauregard being under Captain Stephen Elliott, Jr.

On taking possession of Fort Beauregard, at Bay Point, we fortunately discovered, in season to avert a catastrophe, a well-laid plot for blowing up the fort and destroying the loyal party that might first enter it. A train of powder, connecting with the magazine, was so laid that the hand that should haul down the Confederate flag would at the same instant fire the diabolical train. An eagle-eyed Yankee detected the connecting link and the train.

A short distance from Fort Walker stood the large two-storied mansion of General Drayton, and here, before the battle, might have been heard

"The sound of revelry by night."

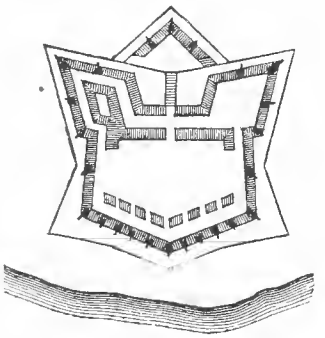
It was another sound when one of our eleven-inch shots let new light straight through the lordly castle.

# CHAPTER VIII.

## FORTS AND OUTPOSTS

NOVEMBER — DECEMBER, 1861.

*Beneath the proud palmettoes camped.*



FORT WALKER.

WE immediately devoted ourselves to the work of holding the ground we had captured. Fort Walker was repaired and named Fort Welles. Fort Beauregard was refitted and named Fort Seward. Fortified outposts in the rear of these forts and on the exposed points of the islands were secured as soon as possible. On Hilton Head batteries were sent to Seabrook and Braddock's Points. The men of our command were relied on for handling the heavy guns. The headquarters of the command for a time were in Fort Welles. Shortly, Lieutenant-Colonel Bucklin quartered with the companies stationed at Bay Point.

Not a little of historic interest attached to the capture of the islands around Port Royal harbor, from the fact that here were the homes of the Elliotts, Draytons, Popes, Jenkins, Barnwells, Stuarts, Fripps, Capers, Middletons, Fullers, Rhetts, and other of the old dominant families of South Carolina. And here once lived some of the famous Pinckneys. One can hardly imagine more attractive shores, rivers, bays, islands, and grand specimens of semi-tropical forests.

The city of Beaufort, though small, was the seat of a proud aristocracy of the southern type. And we found, near the centre of the island of Port Royal, alone in a clearing among the great trees, on the north side of the Shell Road, a large one-storied building, called "The Club House," reported to have been built purposely by a wealthy political club — the leaders in society — for the secret discussion of southern questions of state. When the meetings were held, a watch was stationed around the building, and no written record of the doings was permitted. Here, it was said, the heresy and crime of secession was born and fostered. Here Calhounism developed into rebellion.

Be it remembered as a historic fact that before the war the inhabitants of South Carolina consisted of five classes, thus: (1.) The aristocracy, founded on blood and wealth, slave-holding planters (plantations averaging 1,600 acres and more than 200 slaves), holding more than half the land and slaves in the State, and devoted to the chase, dissipation, study, hospitality, politics, and public interests. (2.) The respectable people, having wealth and culture, but no ancestral rank, having less lands and slaves than the aristocracy, and called farmers; or being merchants, clerks, and corporation men. (3.) The working people, owning no slaves; such as farmers doing their own work, and carpenters and the various kinds of mechanics. (4.) The poor whites, or sand-hillers, or crackers, squalid, lazy, ignorant, penniless, nearly as much despised as the slaves. (5.) The slaves counted as nothing in themselves, but set as cyphers at the left of their masters' names. Slavery, state-rights, and the rebellion had their paternity and encouragement from the aristocracy.

When the rebel forces, and the planters with their families, on the capture of Port Royal, fled to the main-land, they forced away with them as many as possible of the slaves, and, in their haste, aimed to burn all the cotton in their store-houses. During the night following the capture, flames of the burning cotton and buildings lit the skies far and near on the neighboring islands. Yet, quantities of valuable cotton and other crops fell into the hands of our government. The negroes remaining on the lands rejoiced at our coming, and offered to us their services. Many who at first were forced away by the rebels, soon escaped and crowded joyfully within our lines. Only a few of them believed the horrid stories told them by their masters, that the Yankees originated the war to obtain negroes to be worked like oxen and mules. It was true

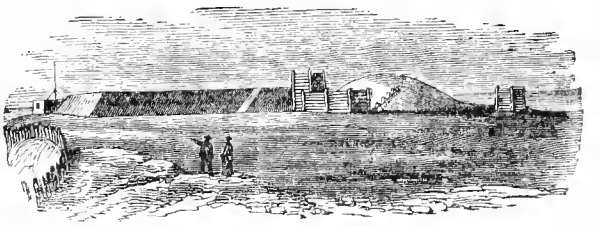
"Ole massa run away,
De darkies stay at home."

One negro, a body servant of one of the lordly Popes, was sent back in the night, across Skulk Creek, with orders to burn several store-houses filled with cotton, that had been left unharmed in the retreat. The negro cunningly entered into his master's scheme, secured a boat, selected his trusty rowers and a few favorites of his kin as passengers, and took the precaution of carrying with him a white towel. Under the mantle of midnight and the fog of the creek he reached Hilton Head and landed in a cluster of woods, undiscovered by our picket. Here he instructed his company to lie low and silent till daybreak, when, with his towel attached to a stick, he ventured out to our sentinel and surrendered himself and his associates to the service and protection of the Yankees. In this case, at least, darkness comprehended the light. Other similar cases occurred.

The original Confederate flag consisted of a blue union, with a circle of seven stars (representing the seven States that first seceded), and three bars, upper and lower red, and middle white. It was afterwards changed,

the blue union containing a white cross in which were the stars. Hence the flag was sometimes styled "the Stars and Bars." It was intended to add other stars as other States joined the Confederacy It may be remembered that Leroy Pope Walker, the rebel Secretary of War, said, on learning of the fall of Sumter: "I will prophesy that the flag (Confederate) that now flaunts the breeze here, will float over the dome of the Capitol at Washington before the 1st of May." In honor of this windy prophet Fort Walker took its name. Doubtless he had a different prophetic spasm when he heard that the "greasy mechanics" of the North had captured this stronghold of South Carolina.

The Department of the South, assigned to the Tenth Army Corps, embraced the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and so much of the main-land as might be recovered. This coast in general consists of a multitude of low, flat, rich islands, of all conceivable sizes and shapes, making a grand fringe or net-work between the ocean and the main-land. Amongst these islands and the marshes that separate them from each other and from the main-land, run numerous rivers, great and small, and innumerable narrow, deep, bayous and creeks, into which the tides, rising and falling from seven to ten feet, carry the life and warmth of the sea. These are the famous Sea Islands, underlain by a deep, rich, vegetable stratum, and blanketed by the fine sands of the ocean's margin; on an average about six feet above the ocean level, and presenting on their ocean-side numerous sand-hills or bluffs.



FORT BEAUREGARD.

Here grows in its glory the Sea Island cotton, with green seeds and long, silky fibre. Here rise in majesty the fat, southern pine, the slender cypress, the proud, pompion-shaped palmetto; and here spreads abroad the stout, solid live-oak. Shrubs, vines, grasses, mosses, and flowers are in tropical abundance and luxuriance. Beauty and fragrance abound, from the lovely jessamine to the lofty magnolia. The forests teem with beasts and birds, and the waters nourish great varieties of the finny tribe and of mollusks. Between these islands and the elevated portions of the main-land lie the rice swamps. The whole is naturally as rich as a garden.

While we were engaged in strengthening the captured posts around Port Royal harbor, the fleet was busy in running along the coast north and south, and probing the bayous and rivers.

Charles W Weeden (Company E), died in Pawtucket, R. I., Nov. 15. 1861. Henry Carroll (Company I), died at Hilton Head, Nov. 30th.

The *Charleston Mercury*, of Nov. 30th, contained the following language:

"Patriotic planters on the seaboard are hourly applying the torch to their crops of cotton and rice." "Such a people can never be subjugated. Let the holy flames continue to ascend, and let the demons of hell, who come here on their diabolical errand, learn a lesson and tremble. Let the torch be applied wherever the invader pollutes our soil, and let him find, as is meet, that our people will welcome him only with devastation and ruin. Our people are in earnest, men, women and children — and their sacrifice will ascend as a sacred holocaust to God, crying aloud for vengeance against the fiends in human shape, who are disgracing humanity, trampling down civilization, and would blot out christianity."

Our command had the pleasure of receiving the accompanying cheering letter: —

"STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, Dec. 1, 1861.

"*To the Third Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers:* —

"The Commander-in-Chief, on his own behalf, and in behalf of the people of Rhode Island, congratulates Colonel Brown, his officers and men, of the Third Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, for the efficiency displayed by them in the operation of taking and occupying Port Royal, in South Carolina.

"He thanks God, and the brave soldiers of this Regiment, that they are upon South Carolina soil, as it has been his fervent hope that Rhode Island might meet South Carolina face to face; that the people who have exhibited the most energetic determination to defend the rights of freemen, government, and law, should meet those who have exhibited a like determination to destroy.

"Go on, then, brave soldiers of the Third Rhode Island Regiment. The accomplishment of one gallant act calls for others still more gallant. You have no inglorious part to perform. Hasten, then, for yourselves, your country, and your race. Let it be said of you, as you pass, 'There goes one of the brave army of Sherman.' Rhode Island entrusts her honor to you. You will not prove recreant.

WM. SPRAGUE."

Passing from Port Royal harbor up Beaufort River to the city of Beaufort, some of the views were very attractive and impressive. The island of St. Helena on the right is rich in forest and field, and boasts lordly old homesteads with surrounding gardens. Midway between this and Beaufort, on the left, on a bold and beautiful angle of Port Royal Island, are the quaint remains of old Fort Plantation. Unlike the Martello Tower in form, it was a battery or low fort. Its outline is yet very distinct, but the tides and storms have encroached upon it and jostled out of place portions of the wall. Near this is an old, rich plantation residence, shaded by moss-draped live-oaks, specimens of the pride of India, magnolias, lines of orange trees, and ornamental bowers. In the rear cowered a cluster of low, dark, slave cabins. Back into the island stretched the fertile plantation.

Southern plantation-houses to our northern eyes were by no means prepossessing. Our reading, and our studies of the pencils of artists, had led us to expect something more tasteful and elegant. Reputed wealth and cavalier pride naturally promised culture and excellence. But we found

the slave-holders' mansions quite unlovely; usually large, but coarse and unfinished, showing best from a distance; for sanitary reasons, without cellars, and raised a few feet from the earth on stone or brick piers, and largely furnished with coarse verandas; all revealing a lordly ambition without a lordly cultivation. Even the abundant surrounding shade-trees lacked the superintendence of knowledge and taste. These mansions were, as a general thing, the castles of haughty indolence and aspiring inability Their back-ground consisted of low, dark slave-barracks. Magnolias overshadowed misery.

# CHAPTER IX.

## RECONNOITERING SERVICE

DECEMBER, 1861.

*With wakeful eye survey the foe.*

THOUGH the rebels made no systematic resistance on the islands around Port Royal harbor, after the capture of their forts, they yet lurked in every place that afforded them facilities for harassing our front. Occasionally small raiding parties would dash within our lines in the night. Constant vigilance was the price of security. As soon as possible, in connection with the navy, we fitted and armed such transports as might run up the rivers and creeks to feel out the enemy's front. In these reconnoissances, with shot and shell, we probed every little cape, peninsula, and landing-place that might be of avail to the foe.

Dec. 18. Captain Day (Company C), with twenty-five of his men, on the steamer Mayflower, that mounted a six-pounder, accompanied by Colonel Bell (Fourth New Hampshire Regiment), made a reconnoissance up Broad River and Whale Branch to Coosaw River. At a narrow place in the river we were hotly fired on by rebel infantry, but our muskets and cannon soon repulsed the assailants. Shortly after, we encountered, near Port Royal Ferry, a rebel battery of three field-pieces, one shot from which hit the boat. While the enemy fired seven shots we gave them ten, and an appropriate amount of metal that sent them suddenly to their plantation retreats. Above this point the steamer grounded, when we were again attacked by infantry, but without damage. On our return we were complimented from two pieces of light artillery; but one of our shells, bursting splendidly in the midst of the assailants, concluded the dispute by persuading them into a hurried retreat. In all these attacks we suffered no loss of life. This action was complimented by General Sherman, who mentioned it in a report that we shall hereafter quote.

After this bold and plucky advance, that gave the Captain and his men very honorable position, Company C was furnished with four good field howitzers and necessary horses, that they might be ready for future expeditions. This step shortly led to the regular formation of the company as a light battery, in which rank it ever after served with honor and success.

Henceforward, through the war, services similar to this on gun-boats and armed transports, were performed by detachments of our regiment. Sometimes these detachments would serve for months. This picketing and reconnoitering of the rivers, bays and creeks was a difficult and responsible service, though seldom attended with conspicuous and brilliant encounters with the foe.

What we had been in reality since the 7th of September, we now became by action of the War Department, as shown by the subjoined paper: —

"HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 19, 1861.

*Special Orders, No. 333.*

3. The Third Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers is, by direction of the Secretary of War, increased to twelve companies, to serve as heavy artillery.

By command of Major-General McClellan,

L. THOMAS,
*Adjutant-General.*"

By this order we were also entitled to two first lieutenants and two second lieutenants for each company, and a major for each of the three battalions, and to don the red designating our arm of the service.

STONE FLEET BLOCKADE.

Necessarily, besides our proper garrison duty, we performed not a little fatigue work in the reconstruction and enlargement of the fortifications, and in erecting the new batteries called for at different points. Indeed, first and last, we performed no unimportant service in constructing and arming the entrenchments for the permanent defense of the head-quarters of the Department.

Meanwhile our New England eyes were busy with the new scenes in the strange region around us. The great, ridged fields, recently white with cotton as with a blanket of snow, but now full of dry stalks, where the Confederate army had not trodden them down, in their desolation were a fair war picture. The mansions of the Popes, Draytons and Lawtons, were the bivouacks of confused and wondering blacks. Even the mocking-birds seemed to be filled with astonishment at the new order of things, and were trying to catch the language and songs of the Yankees.

Dec. 20. The Federal Government, in lack of a sufficient number of ships of war to enforce the blockade that had been proclaimed relative

to the rebel ports, adopted the project of temporarily obstructing the channels of some of these ports by sinking in them the hulks of old vessels, loaded with stone. These worn-out ships were purchased in northern harbors and towed to their destinations. Under the direction of Fleet Captain Charles H. Davis, sixteen of these stone-freighted hulks were scuttled and sunk in the channels of Charleston harbor. These were called the "Stone Fleet." The project, however, proved unsuccessful, as the swift tides cut new channels in the vast beds of surrounding sand.

Dec. 24. Detachments from Companies A and E — forty men from each — under Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Fry, accompanied by Lieutenant Wilson, United States Topographical Engineers, with three days' rations, left Seabrook in surf-boats for a reconnoissance in the vicinity of Savannah. In the night, passing north of Daufuskie Island and through Pull-And-Be-Damned Creek (so named on account of the swift tide), they pushed up to Pine Island, and finally landed within the enemy's lines. One boat and company reached, the next night, within five miles of Savannah and came upon the rebel gun-boat Samson (four guns and fifty men). Fired upon by rebel pickets, Lieutenant Wilson returned the address. After feeling out the rivers and creeks, visiting a few plantations, finding a little cotton, and mapping the path of future operations, the three days' exploration satisfactorily terminated. However, a report had reached camp that our party had been cut off and Captain Bailey had been killed. The whole affair had the credit of being a bold one.

Jan. 1, 1862. As the rebel forces on our front were combining for raids as well as resistance, and occasionally dashed from the main-land by night, upon the islands, and in a particular manner seemed anxious to recover Port Royal Island — the gem of their coast — we fitted a strong, mixed expedition — navy and army — to make the circuit of Port Royal Island and push the foe farther back upon the main. Some of our men acted on the armed transports, and a lively dispute of arms occurred with the enemy at Port Royal Ferry. At this point was at once established a strong picket station, with a heavy reserve. The Federal loss was one killed, ten wounded, and two missing.

Charles H. Monroe (Company E), died of heart disease, at Hilton Head, Dec. 31, 1861.

# CHAPTER X.

## GUNS ON OTTER AND ST HELENA ISLANDS

DECEMBER, 1861 — MAY, 1862.

*Unsleeping are our enemies.*

CAPTAIN STRAHAN, with his command (Company I), was sent up the coast to Otter Island to assist in completing Fort Drayton, and in holding that post. He left Hilton Head in December, 1861, and remained on Otter Island till May, 1862. This small, low, sandy, but beautiful island, facing the ocean, is the extremity of land lying between South Edisto River on the north and St. Helena Sound on the south. The service of Company I was circumscribed and monotonous, though affording an excellent opportunity for heavy artillery drill.

Fort Drayton was a small but strong earthwork, captured from the rebels, and refitted and enlarged, and named in honor of the loyal Carolinian, Capt. Percival Drayton, who led the naval forces in taking possession of that part of the coast. It was a triangular work, with two faces towards the sea, measuring two hundred and fifty feet each, with bastions, and a curtain on the land side, the whole surrounded by a ditch. When captured, the magazine had been blown up, and everything had been destroyed or carried away except a bursted eighty-pounder rifle gun and a quantity of timber and palmetto logs. The rebel batteries or small forts on Edisto Island and the banks of the rivers emptying into St. Helena Sound readily succumbed to the guns of our navy, supported by detachments of infantry. And Otter island for a time became a famous rendezvous for the escaping slaves. It was occupied by our troops, to guard, in connection with the navy, the South Edisto River and St. Helena Sound. Its importance as a strategic point will be understood by remembering that it was the key to the inland water communication between Charleston and Savannah, and was an effectual protection against a flank attack of the enemy on our right. Commanding St. Helena Sound it held for us a second excellent harbor. Between St. Helena Sound and Port Royal were Trenchard's and Pritchard's Inlets, but they were too shallow to afford play for our heavy naval keels.

Sergt. Abel Waite (Company H), thus writes: "About Dec. 10th,

Company I was embarked from Hilton Head on the transport Parkersburg, under orders from General Sherman to proceed with an expedition to Otter Island and report to Col. Thomas Welsh, commanding the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers. I also had orders from the commanding general to go on the same transport and report to Colonel Welsh as Acting Ordnance Sergeant of the Post. When we arrived there we found the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania on the island, and in the channels a gun-boat and the sloop-of-war Dale, commanded by Captain Truxton, lying where their guns could sweep the island. Here we found gulls' eggs in great quantities, and green crabs in the creeks. The island was composed of marsh with a very little upland, where a few stunted trees were trying to show what a small difference there was between life and death.

"The enemy were in possession of Fenwick Island and the islands above. One of these was separated from us by a small, narrow, unfordable stream, across which one could throw a stone. After landing guns, ammunition, and stores, Company I assisted the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers and the Engineers in reconstructing and arming the fort. It had a magazine in the centre and mounted five guns — two thirty-two and two twenty-four pounders, of the smooth-bore pattern, rifled for the James' projectile, and one eight-inch columbiad. It required in throwing up and turfing the parapet and magazine, digging the trenches, cutting, hauling, sharpening and driving the pine logs for the stockade, a great amount of hard work, of which Company I had their full share. All the logs were cut and towed over from the other islands. We had also much to do in scouting and foraging.

"Once it was rumored that rebel rams were about to attack us. Company I, being the only artillerists, were formed in detachments, each man assigned his proper place, every gun loaded, and shot and shell made ready. But the alarm was a false one.

"The sloop-of-war Dale almost daily sent her launch, with a howitzer in the bow, up about the islands to shell the 'rebs' whenever our men could get near enough; and they sometimes had quite a little brush; but the 'rebs' would always retire as the boat advanced, and when the launch came back they would follow. Sometimes the gun-boat would go up cruising; and once this party stumbled into quite a hornet's nest, in the shape of a rebel sand-battery, that gave them a nice little fight for a short time. But that was the last of that battery.

"In many of those skirmishes the naval forces were accompanied by the troops to act in concert with them. At other times the land forces would take an independent scout; and Company I, on such occasions, would have their due amount of the programme to fill."

Captain Strahan was supported by Lieutenant Lanahan of his company, and Lieutenant Barney (Company A), detached for this service.

Company H that had been thrown across the harbor with Company D,

to hold the islands around Fort Beauregard, was sent out in detachments, early in January, to different points. Captain Rogers held a part with his head-quarters at Coffin's Point, on the north end of St. Helena Island, opposite Otter Island. Lieutenant Brayton had a portion of the company at Brickyard Point, on Lady's Island. Squads under Sergeants Burroughs and Hiepe were sent across St. Helena Island to St. Helena village — quite a hamlet of near fifty houses of all sorts — and quite a summer resort for southern gentility As the rebels had stampeded, everything was in the hands of the negroes, who received our men with delight, and furnished them with a good supper. Says Sergeant Burroughs, "We were the first Yankee troops they had seen. We found the men clothed in suits made from Brussells and tapestry carpets, and from cloth cut from the covering of old massa's furniture. They were helping themselves to everything, even tearing down their old masters' residences to build up their own huts." Sergeant Hiepe was left with a squad in charge of this village.

Sergeant Burroughs, with ten men and a boat's crew of negroes, passed over to Coosaw Island, in the Coosaw River, and was joyfully welcomed by the "contrabands." Here he found the abandoned plantation of General Barnwell, with a quantity of cotton that the flying rebels had failed to burn. The Sergeant immediately detailed the negroes on the fatigue service of baling this "King" of South Carolina, while he took up his military head-quarters in the Barnwell mansion. This was a war-picture, and we wish a photographer had been present to seize it. The Sergeant said he had a plenty of fresh meat, sweet-potatoes, Johnny-cakes, and milk. So General Barnwell's secession tables were turned.

The Sergeant was a true, administrative genius, and equal to his times. We see him sitting up to his live-oak fire in the Barnwell castle, in the heart of South Carolina, with his men rubbing up their rifles, and his detail of happy negroes strapping up "King Cotton" for a Yankee market. Meanwhile he counted the probabilities of his situation. Apprehensive that the exasperated chivalry might venture to attack him, having only ten men in full mail, he concluded to enlist a number of the negroes, who had old shot-guns, used in bringing down game for Massa Barnwell. The "contrabands" were ready, and he supplied them with ammunition. So they gladly stood guard and gloried in their new dignity. These, we are sure, were the first colored troops in the Department of the South. In this the Sergeant was in advance of General Hunter.

Apropos to the Sergeant's Johnny-cakes; the corn was ground by the negro women, in little hand-mills, the only sort used on the Sea Islands, after the pattern of the ancient (old Hebrew) mills — "two shall be grinding at a mill," — the two mill-stones, about the size of No. 1 Northern cheeses, mounted on a bench or block of live-oak, the upper stone revolved by a stick inserted in a hole near its margin. One person attended to the revolving of the stone, while the other fed in the grain; and both usually sung some easy and cheering refrain. Perhaps it would be this: —

"I'm gwine to jine de mornin' band,
Hail! hail! I'm on my journey home;
Ef you get dare before I do,
I'm on my journey home;
I'm on my journey home;
Look out for me; I'm comin', too,
I'm on my journey home;
I'm on my journey home;
Hail! hail! I'm on my journey home."

Not unfrequently strange and painful scenes occurred along the coast. Thus, W T. Truxton, Lieutenant-Commanding United States ship Dale, St. Helena Sound, S. C., June 13, 1862, writes: "There was a large fire this morning on Hutchinson Island. I immediately started a canoe containing three negroes was met, who stated that the rebels three hundred strong were at Mrs. Mardis' plantation, killing all the negroes. On arriving at Mrs. Mardis' the scene was most painful. Her dwelling and chapel in ruins, and the air heavy with smoke, while at the landing were assembled one hundred souls, mostly women and children in the utmost distress. The rebels, during the night, landed on the island from Fort Chapman; at early dawn they fired a volley through the house, and as the alarmed people sprang nearly naked from their beds and rushed forth frantic with fear, they were shot, arrested, or knocked down." A number were riddled with bullets.

Can men read fates? Why strikes the hand of war so heavy on this coast? Why fall the blows so emphatically in the line of slave-redemption on this fair portion of the southern shore? Look within the forest-shaded inlets and creeks, between Port Royal harbor and St. Helena Sound, among the yet wild and deer-trod Hunting Island, and you may see the site of a quite recent barracoon where slavers landed their dark and lamenting cargoes to supply the lords of the Sea Islands with hands for raising rice and cotton. On St. Helena we found one black who remembered her African home, and her kidnapping, and her voyage to South Carolina. Could the bayous and creeks of this coast speak, sad and thrilling would be their story. Heaven now bade that barbaric chapter close; and Freedom's shot and shell were the chosen agents in the work.

To spectators, the drill of heavy artillery, saving the fire of the pieces which is rarely indulged in drill, is less exciting than that of cavalry or infantry; but it is far more laborious and complicated in its particulars, as it involves not only the movement of heavy pieces and the delicate management of magazines, but also many intricate scientific questions of range, forces of nature, distance, and elevation. Moreover, heavy artillerists are also expected to be expert in the use of muskets, as light artillery are required to be proficient with pistols and sabres as well as with their guns. In short, heavy artillerists are supposed to be skilled in the use of cannon of all calibres, under all varying circumstances, and at the same time to be ready as infantrymen and also in some measure as engineers. The drill of our regiment, therefore, called for much labor and intelligence of officers and men.

# CHAPTER XI.

## HILTON HEAD ENTRENCHMENTS.

DECEMBER, 1861 — MARCH, 1862.

*The right has bulwarks large and strong.*

In all the operations of the Department of the South, Commodore Dupont and General Sherman united their forces, and their co-operation was always cordial and harmonious. As Port Royal was the naval rendezvous, and Hilton Head was selected as the base for the army and the depot of supplies for the Department, it became necessary to have this base thoroughly protected. Hence, immediately upon its capture, measures were taken to fortify the post against all possible attacks, for the Confederates were exasperated on account of our foothold on the soil of South Carolina.

The line of entrenchments projected and built at Hilton Head on the margin of Port Royal harbor measured a mile and three-quarters in length, and embraced an area of perhaps six hundred acres. The palisades and embankments, beginning at the ocean beach on the east, extended across marshes and the upland to a creek on the west near to what was finally known as Mitchellville — a settlement of freedmen. Thus, the fortified post had the harbor with forts and batteries on the north, the ocean on the east, the palisades and earthworks with batteries on the south, and the creek with palisades and batteries on the west. The whole work was immense, elaborate, scientific, expensive, and strong. Within were the headquarters of the Department of the South and the depots of ordnance and supplies for the army. A long, heavy pier soon connected the beach with the channel of the harbor. The sally-ports of the entrenchments were on the south and west, well guarded by trenches and guns.

Jan. 10. Alfred S. Ketchum (Company K), died at Hilton Head. As we make record of the deaths of our comrades we could wish that we had the facts of their lives and space in our volume for brief biographical sketches. They will ever live in our memory, and their names are found on our roll of honor as they also are upon our State monument, and in our State's history.

Jan. 17. Edwin R. M. Horton (Company A), died at Hilton Head.

Jan. 18th, John Bulloek (Company D), died at the same post. In the hospitals our siek men reeeived kind attentions and skillful treatment, and the dead were tenderly buried with military honors in the Pine Grove Cemetery, south of the entrenehments. None of us may forget the dirges, the funeral trains with reversed arms, and the parting volleys above the graves.

The narrow but deep, crooked ereek on the west of Hilton Head, connecting Port Royal harbor with Calibogue Sound and the Savannah River, has been variously ealled Seull, Skull, aud Skulk Creek. Its present name, Seull, is an euphonism of its old name, Skulk; the old name derived from the notorious faet that formerly slavers, with their Afriean eargoes, dodged into Port Royal harbor and the mouth of the Savannah, and then skulked into this narrow, shaded ehannel, where they eould land their living ehattels without deteetion. And many of the negroes that we found in this region and in the vieinity of Savannah, told us that their parents came from "the negro country." We even found in the vieinity of Savannah some speeimens of reeently imported eargoes. The barbarous trade had few to expose or eondemn it on this coast. And why should the southerners have eondemned a "divine institution?"

POPE'S HOUSE.

Our eut will reeall one of the aristoeratie mansions eommanding a fine view of island and ereek.

Every soldier well remembers when he first heard the beat of "the long roll." This occurred to us not long after we had taken possession of Hilton Head, and before we had seeured ourselves by the eompleted entrenehments. Our seeurity against surprise depended upon the fidelity of our piekets, and the promptness of all the troops to obey an instant eall. It was a dark, drizzly, winter night, peeuliarly uneomfortable, notwithstanding our uniforms. Suddenly there broke from the headquarters of the post, and instantly sounded through all the eamps, the startling, thrilling "long-roll" — the summon to arms in a mouent. The sharp, rapid, rising, reiterated roll of the drums and the shrill, piercing notes of fife and bugle roused every nerve and limb. At onee we were in rank and line, waiting orders for action. No action eame; it was only an alarm. The unpleasant night was wakefully spent.

Feb. 22. Our Surgeon, Fenner H. Peckham, M. D., an able and faithful physieian, who had served the Second Regiment in Virginia before joining our eommand, now, by reason of his health aud the peculiarities of the elimate, resigned his eommission, greatly to our regret.

Mar. 23. Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding, our first real eommander, having aecepted in Deeember, 1861, a Major's eommission with us, and having opened a recruiting-office to raise our command to its maximum of

heavy artillery — 1,800 men — now rejoined us at Hilton Head with 225 recruits, and was heartily welcomed by officers and men. On the outward passage he and his men suffered greatly from a severe gale off Hatteras. On account of his qualifications, the Major at once filled important places and performed valuable services. The recruits he brought completed Companies L and M. These, with other recruits received, raised the number of each company from 110 to 140.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bucklin still had his head-quarters with our companies at Bay Point.

When Major Blanding began to recruit for us, Colonel Brown wrote: "The Governor has advised me of your appointment and acceptance, and I feel now like a strong man armed; hurry out here, for I need you." Major Metcalf, with his characteristic magnanimity, and, in proof of his firm friendship, offered to resign his place, that Major Blanding might rank him; but such changes were not deemed necessary. These little incidents revealed the fraternal spirit ruling among our superior officers, and will be pleasantly remembered. Major Blanding sent us one squad of recruits by a sailing-vessel before coming on himself with the 225.

Certainly the early experiences of Companies L and M were somewhat trying to men who had just left the easy walks of secure homes.

Their voyage on the Oriental to Hilton Head was very stormy and perilous. The captain of the vessel was ill; the crew was disorderly from whiskey; no fire could be used in cooking on account of the wind and sea, and the steamer once took fire. When off Charleston they were mistaken for a blockade-runner and fired upon.

After reaching Hilton Head, on being told that they were to take muskets and drill as infantry, in order to become full-fledged artillerists, they were exasperated and threatened insubordination. Drawn into line for inspection, General Sherman himself addressed them, complimenting them on their fine appearance, sympathizing with them in their disappointment, hoping they might yet be mounted as light batteries, but assuring them that mutiny would be summarily dealt with. This calmed the excitement. We were not offended that the men had grit.

March 25. Benjamin Chase (Company D), died of heart disease, at Bay Point.

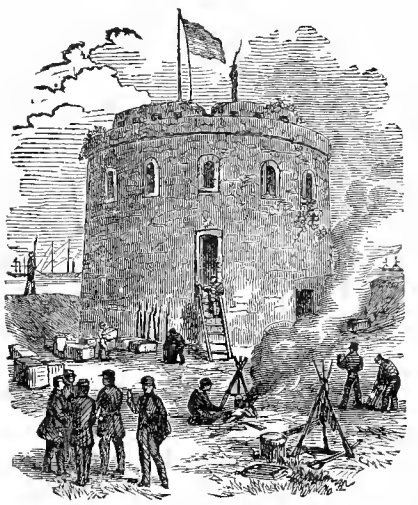
General Viele, when in command of the entrenchments at Hilton Head, having issued very strict orders in reference to countersigns and passes, was among the first caught in neglecting them. He allowed himself to remain outside of the sentinels till after taps without the countersign or a night pass. He was at his wits' end. His orders could not be recalled, and must not be violated. No exceptions might be made in favor of officers, not even for the commandant of the post. Finally an idea dawned on him. Searching till he found a piece of board, he pencilled on it a night pass for himself over his own signature. As the sentinel recognized him, he accepted the genuineness of the pass and admitted the bearer.

# CHAPTER XII.

## SIEGE BATTERIES ON TYBEE ISLAND, GA.

JANUARY — APRIL, 1862.

*The right sees triumph won by toil.*



MARTELLO TOWER.

SHORTLY after the capture of Port Royal harbor and its surrounding islands, the gun-boats Flag, Augusta, Pocahontas, and Seneca made a demonstration upon the mouth of the Savannah River to more firmly close that avenue of blockade-running. On approaching Tybee Island, which guards the river mouth on the south, they met with only momentary opposition from a rebel force in the Martello Tower, and surrounding earthworks on the point. A few well-directed eleven-inch solid shot, one of which struck the Tower, put the "chivalry" to flight, who left the front and took refuge in Fort Pulaski, the heavy work that effectually held the channels of the river about its mouth. The lofty and costly light-house near the tower was a victim to rebel flames, that consumed all its interior and irreparably injured its walls. By the way, the Martello Tower is a real curiosity, built, they say, by the Spaniards, near 1530, hence a relic of the earliest colonial times. It is cylinderical in form, forty feet in diameter, and about forty feet in height, of solid mass — mortar and shells. The walls are ten feet thick, pierced by small openings in the two lower-stories, and twelve loop-holes in the third-story, and has a slightly retreating parapet. The top affords a splendid military picket-post and look-out; but the structure has no military strength against modern instruments of warfare.

Jan. 21. An expedition was fitted out at Hilton Head to operate against Fort Pulaski by using Tybee Island as a final base for siege-work,

and Daufuskie Island as a base from which to push forward men and means to Jones, Bird, and Long Islands, for cutting off reinforcements and supplies from Pulaski.

Feb. 21. The first vessel with ordnance and ordnance stores for the siege arrived in Tybee Roads. . The forces chosen to prepare for and conduct the siege were the Seventh Connecticut, the Forty-sixth New York, Colonel Serrell's Engineers, and Companies F and H (and afterwards Company B), of our command; we, of course, being the special artillerists. Immediately the work of landing and hauling ordnance, erecting earthworks, building magazines, constructing splinter-proofs, making roads over marshes, completing the batteries, and mounting the heavy guns was commenced, and continued day and night till the 9th of April. Remember, everything was landed by boats and rafts through the surf on the ocean-side of Tybee and then moved across the island near to Goat Point, two and a half miles from the place of landing. Much of this was night-work, and very fatiguing to the men. The road to Goat Point was built largely over a swamp — deemed impassable by the rebels — by piling brush, pine logs, and poles on the mud, and covering all with sand, on which were laid planks for the wheels of the sling-carts. No beasts could be used; all was done by human hands. The work was performed secretly under cover of the forests, and the batteries near Goat Point and along the north side of the island were so hidden by the chaparral and vines, that the garrison in Fort Pulaski did not suspect our real work.

Says General Gillmore, "No one except an eye-witness, can form any but a faint conception of the Herculean labor by which mortars of eight and one-half tons weight, and columbiads but a trifle lighter, were moved in the dead of night, over a narrow causeway, bordered by swamps on either side, and liable at any moment to be overturned and buried in the mud beyond reach. The stratum of mud is about twelve feet deep; and on several occasions the heaviest pieces, particularly the mortars, became detached from the sling-carts, and were with great difficulty, by the use of planks and skids, kept from sinking to the bottom. Two hundred and fifty men were barely sufficient to move a single piece on sling-carts. The men were not allowed to speak above a whisper, and were guided by the notes of a whistle." Herein was a development of Yankee ingenuity, tact, hardihood, and persistency.

The landing of our troops on Tybee Island greatly excited the Georgians. In a printed address sent out to the people of the State, signed by Howell Cobb, Robert Toombs, Thomas R. R. Cobb and M. J. Crawford, we find the following language: "The foot of the oppressor is on the soil of Georgia. He comes with lust in his eye, poverty in his purse, and hell in his heart. He comes a robber and a murderer. How shall you meet him? With the sword at the threshold! With death for him and for yourself! But more than this; let every woman have a torch, every child a fire-brand;

let the loved homes of youth be made ashes, and the fields of our heritage be made desolate." In one part of the address the Federals are spoken of as "a nation already sunk below the contempt of the civilized world."

It may be confessed that as we toiled through the swamps of Tybee, and arranged our line of siege batteries in the sand-banks and among the tangled bushes, the idea of our success would at moments tremble in the balance. There stood the lofty, solid, frowning fort, huge black guns protruding defiantly from the casemates of three of its sides, and monster barbette pieces bristling on its parapets. And, in case of our making a breach that might prepare the way for an assault, our advance must then be over the south channel of the river, across the marshes of Cockspur, over the embankment, by the water batteries, and through the wet ditch of the fortress. Even to Yankee hopefulness and enthusiasm this looked like a difficult task. But the songs of the birds in the forests of the island cheered our spirits.

The following were the batteries on Tybee Island, their armaments, and distances from Pulaski: —

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | Stanton, | 3 13-inch mortars | 3,400 yds. |
| 2. | Grant, | 3 " " | 3,200 " |
| 3. | Lyon, | 3 10-inch columbiads | 3,100 " |
| 4. | Lincoln, | 3 8-inch " | 3,045 " |
| 5. | Burnside, | 1 13-inch mortar | 2,750 " |
| 6. | Sherman, | 3 " " mortars | 2,650 " |
| 7. | Halleck, | 2 " " " | 2,400 " |
| 8. | Scott, | 3 10-inch, 1 8-inch columbiads | 1,740 " |
| 9. | Sigel, | 5 30-pounder Parrott's, 1 48 " James' | 1,670 " |
| 10. | McClellan, | 2 84 " " , 2 64 " " | 1,650 " |
| 11. | Totten, | 4 10-inch siege mortars | 1,650 " |

Each battery had a service magazine. There was also a depot powder-magazine of 3,600 barrels near the Martello Tower, the landing-place for all supplies.

| | |
|---|---|
| Number of guns bearing on the fort | 20 |
| " " mortars " " " | 16 |
| Total pieces | 36 |

If our scheme of operations was at last suspected by the rebels, they deemed it hair-brained and impracticable. How could siege batteries ever be built on Goat Point? How could siege guns be transported over the bottomless mud of Tybee marshes? And even if guns should there be brought into position, how could they break the heavy walls of Pulaski, more than a mile away, especially while Pulaski's heavy barbette pieces had a fair, plunging fire on the assailants? In fact, the best artillery practice of the world up to this time, justified the conclusion that our scheme was chimerical; and hence Colonel Olmstead felt perfectly secure in his fortress. But here was to be written a new chapter of artillery tactics and achievements, as our subsequent operations will show.

# CHAPTER XIII.

## GUNS ON JONES, BIRD, AND LONG ISLANDS

JANUARY — APRIL, 1862.

*Truth makes the earth beneath us firm.*

WHILE the plans and operations on Tybee Island for reducing Fort Pulaski were progressing as rapidly as possible, it became necessary to hasten the completion of the batteries proposed by General Gillmore up the Savannah River, to isolate the fort from the rebel front and assist in beleaguering it. This work was particularly disagreeable and laborious, but absolutely necessary to the plan of reducing the fort and closing the Savannah River. Companies E and G, and a detachment of Company A of our regiment were chosen to handle and operate the heavy guns, after assisting in the erection of the proposed batteries.

Wall's Cut, a narrow, artificial channel between New and Wright Rivers — the inland passage between Savannah and Port Royal harbor — had been obstructed by the rebels with heavy piles and the hulk of a large schooner. These obstructions were removed by our engineers, under Major Beard (Forty-eighth New York), with his men and a detachment of sixteen men of our regiment (Company G), under Sergt. J. B. Hudson. They sawed off the piles close to the bottom of the channel — by a peculiarly operating Yankee saw — and swung the hulk to one side of the stream. Commencing their labor on the 10th of January, by prosecuting it day and night, it was completed on the 14th, giving passage to our gun-boats. In the meantime our navy and the rebel gun-boats had a sharp, short fight in the Savannah, in our view.

Jan. 28. A reconnoissance — navy and army — in boats and armed keels, was made through New River, Wall's Cut, Wright and Mud Rivers, up to the Savannah; and it was concluded to locate batteries on Jones and Bird Islands — Jones on the north and Bird on the south side of the Savannah's main channel. These islands — long and narrow — are vast, mud marshes, clothed with tall grasses and reeds, the mud being about fifteen feet deep. For Jones Island, the battery was located on Venus

Point, about 1,300 yards from Mud River, to which it became necessary to make a causeway of poles, sand, and plank. This was the first point to be secured; then the advance was to be made to Bird Island.

Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4. These days were spent by fatigue parties in cutting poles and saplings, on Daufuskie Island, for the contemplated work on Jones Island. They cut 10,000 poles, from five to six inches in diameter and nine feet long, and transported them on their shoulders to the boats. Hannibal crossed the Alps, but we imagine he would have stuck at Savannah mud.

Feb. 5, 6. Fatigue parties were still toiling, cutting poles and filling sand-bags on Daufuskie, and making wheelbarrow tracks across Jones Island. Little knew the rebels of what we were doing.

Feb. 7, 8. We commenced the floor and sides of the battery on Venus Point, and named it Battery Vulcan, as in fact it seemed more mythological than real. Had Vulcan been with us, he would have desired something more firm than this island for his anvil.

Major Bailey (then Captain) tells with a good relish of the negroes at their oars, assisting in rowing a boat through Pull-And-Be-Damned Creek, keeping time for their oars with their rude melodies. On one occasion, pulling against the strong ebb-tide that had just set, and extremely anxious to reach the landing on Jones Island, they bent themselves to their utmost and raised a favorite song, the refrain of which was

"We're boun' to go,
We're boun' to go,
We're boun' to go,
We're boun' to go."

meanwhile the boat had grounded fast on the muddy bottom. The stuck boat and the lusty song of the sweating oarsmen, were quite too much for the Captain's gravity. He often refers to this "fast in the mud" and "boun' to go."

Feb. 8. Daniel Golden (Company G), was killed by lightning, on Daufuskie Island.

Says Lieut. Horace Porter (of Ordnance, United States Army): "The boats lay at anchor in New River until February 10th, guarded day and night by two companies of the Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, Captains Gould and Bailey, whose skill and energy alone saved the flats during the long time they were exposed to rough waters, winds, and tides." He might have added a detachment of Company A.

Men, materials, and guns were advanced through New River, Wall's Cut, Wright River, and Mud River, and landed on the north side of Jones Island, opposite Venus Point.

Feb. 10. The heavy flats, loaded with guns and materials for the causeway and battery, were towed by row-boats through Wall's Cut up Mud River, to the chosen landing on the north margin of Jones Island.

Now commenced the full work of the path across the island, and the construction of the battery; and it was work, indeed. Fatigue parties found sore fatigue. The guns were moved a few feet at a time, taking up the planks in the rear and moving them forward. A fearfully muddy task it was; men miring to their waists; the plank sinking into the ooze and becoming slippery; the guns sometimes sliding from the planks into the soft marsh; all wheels settling to their axles; the labor reaching through day and night. The joke of "mud-sills" was here not so much out of place; but we were bound to succeed.

Feb. 11. Some of the men, by order, cased their feet in sand-bags up to their knees, giving them a very comical look, though the floundering in the mud was far from comical exercise. At last, laying the planks end to end, and changing them forward, we brought six guns to the battery and mounted them.

Feb. 13. We were prepared just in time to give nine shots to the rebel steamer Ida as she passed down to Fort Pulaski.

Feb. 14. To open the way for the Ida to return, four rebel gun-boats — the relics of Tatnall's fleet — came down to within about a mile and opened a lively fire. The "mud-sills" were more strongly bedded than the enemy supposed. We fired about thirty shots, striking and crippling one of our assailants. Finding our pepper too pungent for their taste, the rebels withdrew. Some of our gun-boats came to our support in the fight. The action was a sharp one.

Great was the astonishment and excitement in Savannah on learning that the Yankees were entrenched within sight of the city, and had cut off supplies from Pulaski. Our brave workers on Tybee, on hearing the roar of our guns and observing the fight of the rebel gun-boats — the boasted force of Tatnall — tossed up their caps behind their batteries, and, as soon as possible, sent us their congratulations. Indeed, as a matter of engineering and of gunnery, our work up the Savannah deserves a handsome record.

General Sherman's Adjutant-General sent the following letter to General Viele, and ordered a copy sent to Colonel Brown: —

"*General:* —

The Commanding-General directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your highly satisfactory report of yesterday's date, and to request that you will thank the Chief of Artillery, and the officers and men of the Third Rhode Island Artillery, for the admirable conduct displayed during the recent engagement with the rebel gun-boats on the Savannah River, having every confidence they will always distinguish themselves; and at the same time express his conviction that when opportunity offers, every other Company of the Regiment will emulate the conduct of Companies E and G, and the detachment of A, on the occasion alluded to.

Very respectfully, etc.,

L. H. PELOUZE,

*Captain Fifteenth Infantry, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

This was in accordance with the report of General Viele, made from his head-quarters on Daufuskie Island: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
SAVANNAH RIVER, February 15, 1862.

SIR: I have the honor to report that the batteries on Venus Point were attacked at three o'clock, P. M., yesterday, by four rebel gun-boats, with a view of effecting a passage from Fort Pulaski for the rebel steamer then at that place.

After an engagement of one hour, the rebels were driven off, the flag-boat being disabled and taken in tow, and the steamer that attempted the passage of the river returned to Fort Pulaski.

The guns were manned by the Third Rhode Island detachment, under Captain Gould, and effectively worked. There was no loss on our side.

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT T. VIELE,
*Brigadier-General.*

*To Capt. L. H. Pelouze, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

The armament of Battery Vulcan (Jones Island), consisted of one ten-inch Columbiad, two twenty-four pounder howitzers, two thirty-pounder Parrots, and two twenty-pounder Parrots.

On first landing on the island we inquired of a "contraband," "How much water is there on these islands at the spring tides?" He replied, "Wal, massa, not more'n fo' or five foot;" which was very encouraging. The negro's figures proved to be a little extravagant.

As the island was submerged by the spring-tides, the battery and the camp were surrounded by a protecting embankment, making our position a miniature Holland.

Feb. 20. Battery Hamilton, on Bird Island, was completed and furnished with one eight-inch siege howitzer, a thirty-pounder Parrott, a twenty-pounder Parrott, and three twelve-pounder James guns, under command of Capt. J. E. Bailey. Much of this work was done by tow-boats through Mud River and the Savannah. The forces engaged on these works up the river to isolate Fort Pulaski were the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, two companies of the New York Engineers, and two companies from our regiment. The guarding and the handling of the guns was the special work of our men. We also had the assistance of a portion of the Seventh Connecticut in the whole work. The experience of all these commands in this novel and exhausting work, by day and by night, in the vast realm of Savannah mud, might make a lengthy and curious chapter. Here our boys learned to eat alligator-steak; but they refused to cook the snakes they found.

While on Bird Island completing the battery and mounting the guns, fortunately Lieutenant Turner discovered something coming down the river, borne by the stream. Immediately ordering a boat and crew, he pushed up the river to reconnoitre the advancing object, when he found, to his great satisfaction, that it consisted of detachments of a huge raft of

large, yellow, pine timber, some of the logs being sixteen or eighteen inches square and about thirty or forty feet in length. These had broken from their moorings up the river, perhaps at Savannah, and were still connected in parts by ropes and chains. Details from Jones Island and from the steamer Western World assisted in towing these rafts to the islands, where our men were happy to use the fat wood in feeding camp-fires and meeting other military necessities. Altogether the timber was a prize.

Sergt. (afterwards Lieut.) C. H. Williams (Company A), reported a log-like object in the Savannah, and suggested an examination of its nature. When reached by a squad in a boat, it proved to be a veteran alligator. A few bullets in his vulnerable points from Captain Bailey's rifle soon turned the old settler on his sides and compelled his surrender. He measured above fourteen feet in length. Age exempted him from the frying-pan; the boys preferring "game" that measured about five or six feet. During the firing of our cannon on the islands these proprietors of the world of mud were greatly disturbed and revealed their hiding-places.

During our operations here we had to be on our guard against torpedoes, for our gun-boats found a number of these infernal machines located at the mouth of Wright River. This was the first use of torpedoes in the war.

On securing indisputable footing on the islands commanding the upper side of Fort Pulaski, and so cutting off supplies from its garrison, Captain Gould (Company G), took a boat's crew, and, crossing the south channel of the Savannah to McQueen's Island — another realm of mud and lofty marsh-grass — destroyed the telegraphic line, posts and wires, connecting Pulaski with the city of Savannah. The boys will remember the amount of mud brought away on Federal uniforms, particularly on that of the Captain. Reasoning from this part of the kingdom of "Secessia," we concluded that the entire realm was an unsubstantial and oozy affair, as in the end it proved to be; it had no better foundation than mud and reeds.

After completing the batteries on Jones and Bird Islands, a detachment was thrown upon the east end of Long Island, next to Cockspur Island, nearer the fort than the two other positions, where a mortar battery was hastily constructed to aid in the siege of the fort by a flanking fire. This battery, successively under the command of Lieutenants Turner and Tisdale, was of service in the siege, and especially called out the angry fire of one of Pulaski's barbette guns, named Beauregard. Perhaps the men engaged in the erection of this Long Island battery will remember, with a laugh, the condition in which they found the mortar they first landed there and left unguarded for the night. Rebel scouts had visited it during the night and profaned it.

Michael Migan (Company G), died on Daufuskie Island, April 8th; and on the same island, Edward Haskell (Company G), died April 21st.

Rarely may the eye fall upon a more beautiful, fertile, luxuriant, quiet island than Daufuskie. Looking out through heavy forests on Skulk Creek, Calibogue Sound, the ocean beyond the sand-bars, and the Savannah river, with its islands on the south, it seemed to invite to indolence, luxury, and ease. The large and elegant Stoddard mansion, with ample out-buildings and rich gardens, graced the native, semi-tropical wildness of this charming Sea Island. The island also contained a few smaller plantations, on one of which General Viele had his head-quarters. Here, also, we had a hospital. One glory of the floral kingdom — the passion flower — abounding here, cheered our vision, preaching of triumph through suffering.

As our regiment was necessarily distributed to different points for effective work, we may here state the positions of the companies.

April 8. Head-quarters, Camp Stephen Olney, entrenchments, Hilton Head: Company A, Fort Wells, with a detachment on Savannah River; Company B, Tybee Island; Company C, one section at Hilton Head, one section on Edisto Island; Company D, Bay Point; Company E, Savannah River; Company F, Tybee Island; Company G, Savannah River; Company H, Tybee Island; Company I, Otter Island; Company K, Hilton Head; Company L, Hilton Head, with a detachment on two guns at Edisto Island; Company M, Hilton Head.

# CHAPTER XIV.

## CAPTURE OF FORT PULASKI

APRIL, 1862.

*The pelican dared the eagle's beak.*

FORT PULASKI, commanding the channels of the Savannah River, is a large and costly brick fortification, on the eastern portion of Cockspur Island, between the channels. It is five-sided, with a large demilune adjoining the gorge wall on the west, and surrounded with a wide, deep moat. It was designed to strike north, east, and south. It mounted forty-eight guns in casemate and barbette, and was capable of an armament of 140 guns. Goat Point, on Tybee Island, bears southeast from it, and is about one mile distant.

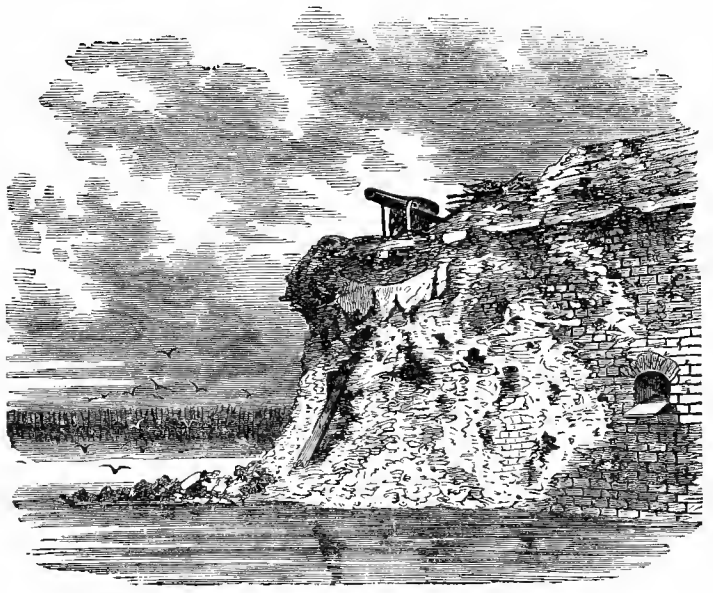
It ought to be remembered — as one of the facts showing who inaugurated the war and gave it justly the name of Rebellion — that on the 2d of January, 1861 — before our government had taken a single military step, the Governor of Georgia, Joseph E. Brown, ordered Col. A. R. Lawton, commander of the First Regiment Georgia Volunteers, Savannah, to immediately take possession of Fort Pulaski, in the name of the State of Georgia. The next day this officer, with artillery and infantry, by steamer and transports, reached the fort, and, forcing our national guard — consisting of an ordnance sergeant and a few assistants — took possession of the works and the island, lifting over all the Pelican flag. And be it remembered, too, that Georgia did not pass her formal act of treason and secession till Jan. 19, 1861.

The Nation's Flag
By a Pelican rag
Assaulted, trailed, and flouted.

Cockspur Island, containing the fort, its entrenchments, water batteries, wharves, and a few houses for outside workmen — notable among which was the "Pelican House," is little else than a vast marsh, about one mile long and half a mile wide, covered generally by grass, reeds, bushes, prickly-pear, and a few palmettoes. Above it is Long Island, of similar size and wholly marsh. Above Long is Bird Island. North of Bird is Jones Island. South and west of Cockspur is McQueens Island, all

marsh. Between McQueens and Tybee Islands runs Lazaretto Creek, connecting with Wassaw Sound.

Our batteries for the siege-work, constructed under the immediate direction of General Gillmore and able engineers, were now ready to open fire along their whole line, from a point a little above the Martello Tower, following the margin of the island, to Goat Point. In a previous chapter we have named these batteries and their armaments. A formidable front they were, in which some of the guns, particularly the rifled-pieces, were destined to achieve a remarkable success and a world-wide fame. Gen. David Hunter came into command of the Department a few days before the siege opened. Everything had been made ready, however, by General Sherman.



BREACH IN FORT PULASKI.

April 10. All things being in readiness to open the bombardment, General Hunter sent Lieut. J. H. Wilson, of the Engineers, to demand the surrender of the fort, by its commander, Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, of the First Georgia Regiment. Colonel Olmstead replied, "I am here to defend the fort, not to surrender it." At a quarter-past eight in the morning, the batteries opened and continued firing all day, disabling and silencing some of the enemy's barbette guns. That was a warm and musical day's work on both sides, as both parties will remember.

Companies B, F, and H were prominent actors in this fiery work. Capt. Horatio Rogers, Jr. (Company H), commanded Battery McClellan, composed of two eighty-four and two sixty-four pounder James rifle guns — sometimes called forty-two and thirty-two pounders, because that would be their calibre with round shot. This battery was sixteen hundred and twenty yards from the walls of Pulaski. Captain Mason (Company F) had charge of Battery Scott, about forty yards further off, containing three ten-inch and one eight-inch columbiad guns, which were handled with great vigor and success. Captain Tourtellot (Company B) had two batteries about two miles distant from the fort, and his guns were served

with telling effect, the firing receiving the commendations of Generals Hunter and Benham. There were also employed some thirteen-inch mortars.

The battle was kept up on both sides till dark, and two of our guns fired at intervals of eighteen minutes through the night. The James guns were very effective, more than realizing our expectations. On this day (the 10th) Captain Rogers fired 383 solid shot and twenty shell. His guns were elevated from four to five degrees; their recoil on sanded railways was from three to five feet. Guess how our brave men bent themselves to their loyal, warrior-work, under the clouds of smoke that rose from their heated guns.

Was there ever a more exciting and impressive battle of big guns? The defenders of the fort doing their utmost, blazed their pieces from casemates and parapets — a steady and heavy roar. A far heavier fire continually poured from the line of besieging batteries. The screeching shot and howling shell — making an awful flying arch of fire and iron over the south channel of the Savannah — as they passed each other in mid-heaven and as they smote their objects, were, at least, suggestive of the legendary wars of the gods. Ah! the old Greek fabulists never saw anything of this kind.

April 11. At five and a half in the morning all the guns opened again, and played their awful notes, and struck their deadly blows, tearing through the pan-coupe and southeast wall of Pulaski, and dismounting the rebel guns, till two and a half o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels, finding the fort cut through, and their magazine exposed, run up the white flag for surrender. On this day Captain Rogers fired 187 solid shot and 203 shell — the shell doing the cutting and tearing work. His battery was highly complimented by General Gillmore, whose first words on reaching the fort, after receiving the surrender, were, "Tell Captain Rogers the forty-two pounders did it." Colonel Olmstead, the rebel commander, declared that but for the James guns he should not have surrendered, and that their penetrating force was overwhelming. We were proud to remember that James, the inventor of the shell, was a Rhode Islander.

When General Gillmore went to receive the surrender of the fort, he was accompanied by Chaplain H. L. Wayland (Seventh Connecticut), Mr. Sears (of the *New South*), and other officers of good height. When they passed through the breach of the fort, showing their height to advantage against the horizon, the rebel surgeon in the fort, standing by his commander on the parade, exclaimed, "My God, what Yankees!" The commander, Colonel Olmstead, was generously allowed to retain his sword.

The rebels called our James shells, on account of their singular appearance, "cart-hubs." In one instance, when, from difficulty in ramming home the shell, a billet of wood had been used that could not be withdrawn, and was shot from the piece with the shell, and both reached the fort, the rebels vowed we "fired cart-hubs, spokes and all."

During the action, a shot from the fort killed one of Colonel Serrell's engineers, near the old chimney by the landing on Goat Point.

The formalities of the surrender are thus described by an actor in the scene: "The ceremony was performed in Colonel Olmstead's head-quarters, all standing. It was just at dark, and the candles gave only a half-light; the weapons were laid on a table, each officer advancing in turn, according to his rank, and mentioning his name and title; nearly every one adding some remark; the Colonel's was dignified, 'I yield my sword, but I trust I have not disgraced it.' Some of the others were not equally felicitous. Major Halpine spoke gracefully in reply As soon as the surrender was complete, Colonel Olmstead turned to his officers and addressed them, whereupon his captors withdrew. The American flag was then raised upon the ramparts, and Pulaski became again part of the possession, as well as of the property of the Union.

"The arms of the privates had been previously stacked on the parade, and the men marched to quarters. Both officers and men were allowed to remain all night in their usual quarters. The interior of the fort presented a sorry sight. Blindages had been put up extending on all sides of the ramparts, and a part rendered bomb-proof; but shot and shell had burst through many of them, had knocked in walls, had broken down stairways, entered casemates, upset guns, and piled up masses of rubbish and *debris* all around. Seven guns on the parapet were dismounted, nearly every traverse had been struck and partly torn to pieces; all the passage-ways were obstructed by piles of stones and fallen timber; the magazine had been struck, and part of its outer casing of brick torn away; while at the breach the havoc was, of course, greatest of all. The breach was quite practicable, and so acknowledged by the commandant; the ditch, sixty feet across, was more than half filled up by the fragments that had fallen, and half a dozen men abreast could have entered the aperture. The Colonel declared, however, that he should have held out until nightfall had the magazine not been struck. This, of course, settled his fate, and rendered any prolonged resistance a useless risk of life."

Company B, that had reached Tybee on the 7th to assist in mounting and working the guns, was divided and put in charge of two batteries on the right of the line; Captain Tourtellot with Lieutenant Potter and half of the company in Battery Lyon with ten-inch columbiads; Lieut. A. E. Greene with the remainder — smaller-sized men being from the left of the company — in Battery Lincoln with eight-inch columbiads. These batteries were a few rods apart. Of Battery Lincoln the following incident is told: —

"On the second day of the siege, Sergeant Hackett was approached by a staff officer, who inquired, "What battery is that, and who commands it?" Said the Sergeant, "Battery Lincoln, under Lieut. A. E. Greene, Third Rhode Island." Shortly after an officer arrived accompanied by a negro, the

latter bearing a case of claret wine. The officer inquired for the Lieutenant, calling his name and his regiment. When the Lieutenant appeared the officer said: "Lieutenant Greene, of the Third Rhode Island, and his men will accept this case of wine from General Hunter, with his regards for the splendid firing of this battery." The heated and fatigued men soon disposed of all the wine save one bottle that it was proposed to send to Captain Tourtellot. The men of Captain Tourtellot's detachment grumbled a little, arguing that the wine and compliments were intended for the whole company. The men in Lincoln replied, "We can't see it. If you large fellows want to band together and try your skill against us, all right; we've no objection to it; but you can't claim our honors and wine."

No doubt General Hunter, who was a gentleman, paid like compliments to other batteries that were heroically manned and did famous service.

On account of smoke, sand, and the fire of the enemy's guns, the work in the batteries on Tybee was extremely trying. Twice during the siege Battery McClellan, against which the rebels concentrated their guns, came near being blown up. Once a shell burst directly over the magazine into which Captain Rogers had just stepped, blowing it to pieces and burying him up with sand and splinters, without seriously injuring him, however, but slightly wounding two men. Again, a ten-inch columbiad shot struck the front of the magazine, carrying off the sand-covering and baring the boards beneath. Captain Rogers was one of the first to spring upon the magazine to direct in its speedy repair.

Fragments of this ten-inch shell struck James Campbell (Company H), crushing his head and cutting his thigh. He was at the same time nearly buried by the sand. He was immediately extricated and sent to the hospital, but, though perfectly conscious, he died in less than an hour. Private Christian Noller (Company H), was hit by a splinter of the same shell, but a little metal box in his vest pocket proved the shield of his body, though a painful contusion was left on his side. Of course, under such a heavy hail of rebel shot there were many narrow escapes.

In working his battery Captain Rogers was bravely sustained by Lieutenants Brayton and Barney, one of whom was knocked down by a fragment of the exploded shell. And his brave men witnessing the effect of their shots, opening a yawning breach in the wall in direct line with the magazine, were enthusiastic in their work and cheered their favorite guns.

Similar scenes were witnessed in most of the batteries, particularly in Scott and Sigel. Captains Bailey and Gould, up the river with their respective commands preventing retreat, bore an honorable part in the memorable contest; and the mortar battery on Long Island played a flanking fire.

On the surrender of the fort, Company B, of our regiment, and the Seventh Connecticut were selected for its garrison, entering it about midnight. We captured forty-seven heavy guns, a large supply of fixed

ammunition, forty thousand pounds of powder, a large amount of commissary stores, and three hundred and eighty-five prisoners. And now we had command of the mouth of the Savannah and the range of the adjacent islands.

We had fired on the fort 3,543 shots from guns and 1,732 from mortars; total, 5,275 shots.

Sergeant Hiepe (Company H), an old English soldier of true grit, was in the regimental hospital, near the Martello Tower, on account of an injury in his foot. But when the siege was about to open he was unable to restrain his martial impulses; so, hiring a passage to the front in a small dump-cart, drawn by a mule, he reported in his company's battery (McClellan) and demanded his right to his relief on one of the heavy guns (No. 3), where, despite his lameness, he did valiant service. The boys gave him their cheers.

In view of the loss of their comrade, the members of Company H raised for Campbell's widow a contribution of one hundred dollars, that their words of condolence might have the more significance.

Sergt. George W Greene (Company B), afterwards Lieutenant, received a wound in his face from a fragment of the copper primer of the gun he was working. Thinking little of the injury, as he was always fearless and intent on his duty, he did not report to the surgeon. His wound, for some cause — perhaps from the copper and mercurial powder that long remained in his face — finally became most serious, and, though he faithfully served his three years, produced great suffering and led to his death.

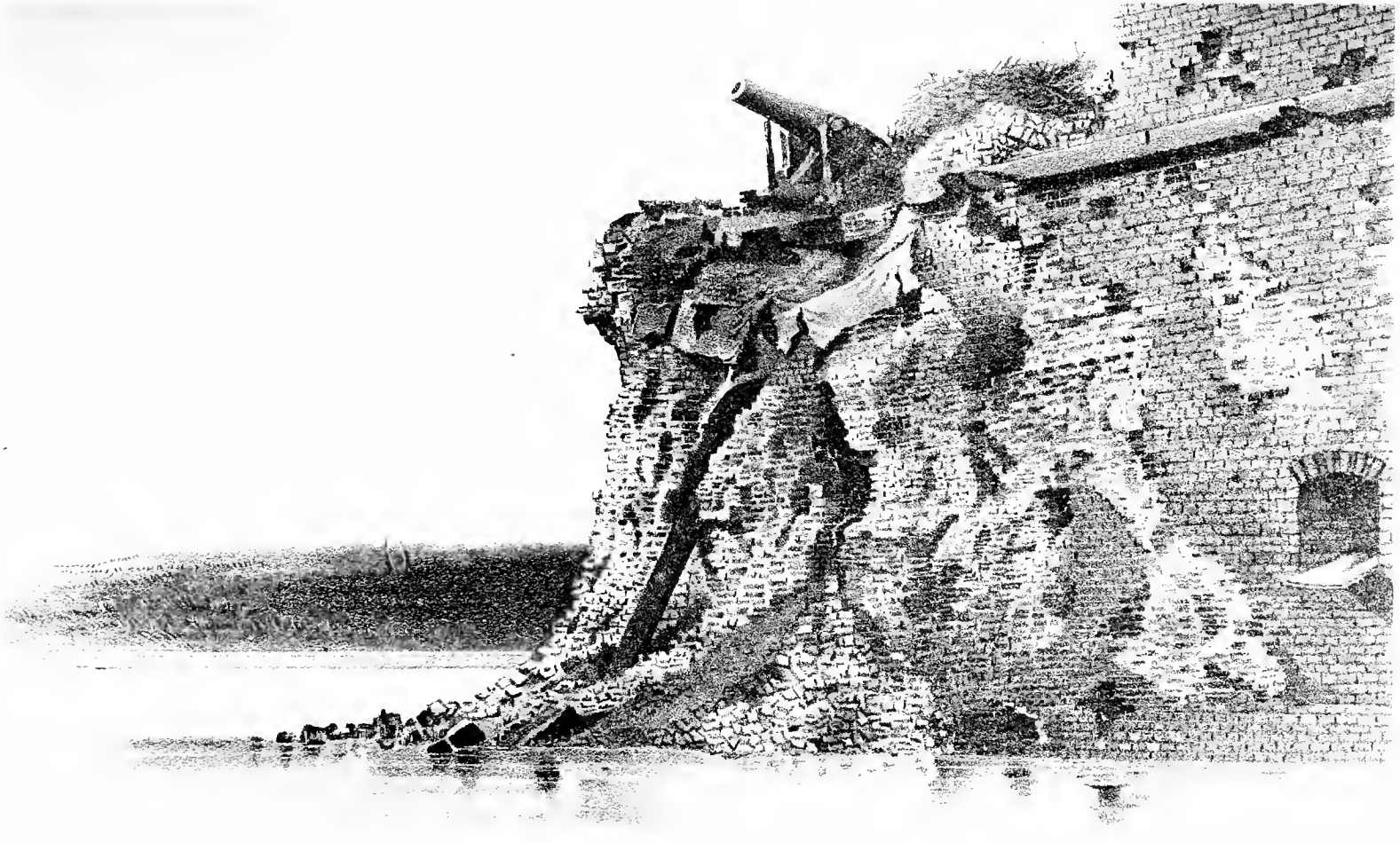
As Company H struck the heavy blows in the siege, to them was assigned the honor of escorting the surrendered garrison to Hilton Head, to the guardianship of the Provost Marshal.

Company B had charge of the artillery in the fort, and immediately commenced collecting the shot and shell lying in and around the work.

April 14. Sergt. G. J. Hill, with four men, were collecting and emptying shell on the parapet of the fort, and had completed, as they thought, their work, when, on returning to their quarters, they discovered a James shell that had been overlooked. As they proceeded to unload it, it exploded, and instantly killed John Gorton and Michael Giblen. Sergeant Hill and Joseph Luther were so badly injured that they died the same evening. The remaining man of the squad, Charles Morgan, was obliged to have his leg amputated; but he also died a few weeks after.

Company B remained in Pulaski a little more than a month, engaged in artillery drill and in instructing the Seventh Connecticut in the use of mounted guns.

In searching for documents relative to our history, Colonel Metcalf having addressed a note to General Sherman, received the following papers in reply: —



OBLIQUE VIEW OF BREACH TAKEN FROM THE CREST OF COUNTER-SCARP, AT HIGH TIDE;
6½ FEET WATER IN THE DITCH. BREACH ENTIRELY PRACTICABLE AT LOW WATER.

"NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 28, 1876.

*Edwin Metcalf, Esq., Providence, R. I.* : —

MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 18th was duly received, and I regret to have delayed an answer so long. I have been trying to hunt up some documents relating to our expedition. The fact is, the whole Adjutant-General's Office connected with my head-quarters, in which were all the orders, correspondence reports, &c., were necessarily turned over to General Hunter.

They of course should now all be in the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington. But I regret to say, I have found most of them missing, not even my order-book has yet been found there, and I have not a copy of any one order that was issued.

I send, however, a couple of extracts from Report of the Southern Expedition that specially refers to your regiment. Should I succeed in getting hold of anything interesting to you, I will send it. You may be sure that I feel the deepest interest in your efforts to get up a good and faithful record of your regiment.

Yours truly,

T. W. SHERMAN."

(*Extract from Report.*)

"General Stevens, after driving the enemy from Port Royal island, the western portion of which seems still to have been occupied by the enemy on his (Stevens') landing at Beaufort, informed me that there was a strong probability of the enemy fortifying on the main-land opposite his picket station at the Ferry, and that there was an indication of his having commenced to block the Coosaw River with piles to intercept its passage. The steamer Mayflower with some field-pieces and a couple of companies of the Rhode Island Artillery were sent from Hilton Head to reconnoitre Coosaw River, with the object of ascertaining how far these suppositions were true, and at the same time to ascertain by soundings the depth of water in that river. This was on the 18th of December, 1861. The steamer entered by Broad River and Whale Branch, and in passing Port Royal Ferry was opened upon by a rebel battery which was within full view and behind a well constructed epaulment. The steamer ran the gauntlet of this battery at full speed and succeeded in its passage with some injury to the boat, but with little to the troops on board. Three miles further on, however, she ran aground, owing to the want of water or to the want of precise knowledge of the channel. Here she lay exposed to the fire of a field battery, which, with other troops of the enemy, soon gathered in her vicinity. But the artillery on board, well handled, succeeded in keeping the enemy off at a safe distance until the arrival of some of General Stevens' troops, stationed on the island, made their appearance in the river upon flats, coming to their assistance. These last troops when in sight of the enemy received part of their fire, and sufficiently relieved the troops on the Mayflower as to render it easier to maintain their ground until the rise of the tide and darkness enabled the steamer to pursue her course unmolested. Captain Day, of the Third Rhode Island Volunteers (Artillery), was in command of this reconnoissance, and his conduct throughout deserves the greatest praise."

(*From Page* 121 *of Report to War Department.*)

"The New York Battalion of Volunteer Engineers, under Colonel Serrell, and the Third Regiment of Rhode Island Volunteers, transformed into an artillery regiment, under Colonel Brown, were of great assistance in the occupation of the coast and in the consolidation of its defenses. The large amount of engineer work, required both for attack and permanent defense, could hardly have been accomplished without the former. As to the latter, it was absorbed among the defensive positions of the coast, as well as having furnished its quota in the investment and siege of Fort Pulaski. It was a detachment from this regiment that so promptly dispersed the Confederate gun-boat fleet under Commodore Tatnall, which attacked the battery at Venus Point, in the Savannah River; and another detachment from the same regiment that executed the daring and successful reconnoissance of the Coosaw River, in December.

T. W. SHERMAN."

# CHAPTER XV.

## ARMY AND NAVY OPERATIONS

MAY — JUNE, 1862.

*New lights were kindled on the shores.*

AFTER gaining possession of Fort Pulaski and effectually closing the Savannah against blockade-runners and rebel rams and gun-boats, we first repaired the injuries suffered by the fort, refitted the water batteries around the fort, strengthened our positions on Tybee Island and Braddock's Point, and established outposts and pickets on the islands adjacent to the Savannah. Along the front, up the river, and in the deep creeks, occurred occasional skirmishes with rebel scouts and pickets.

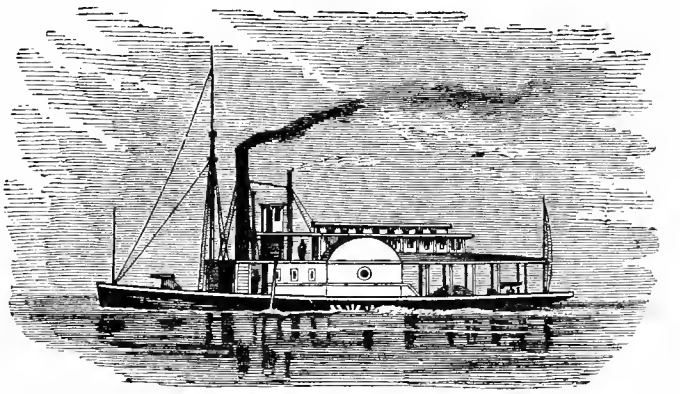
Soon after the recovery of Pulaski, a reconnoitering force of about 400 men, including 225 of the Eighth Maine Regiment, and a detachment of fifteen men of Company F of our command, under Lieutenant Colwell, on board the steamer Honduras, visited Wilmington Island, about eight miles from the city of Savannah, and had quite a duel with the "gray-backs." The enemy's bullets, in numerous volleys, made exciting music in our ears. Our response was as vigorous as the address. Our infantry were undismayed, and our Lieutenant was equal to the hour in his part of the work. The exchange of metal decided no important matter except that both parties were endowed with spunk.

Amid the war-waves, just as the children of Africa were emerging from their bondage, homeless, penniless, unenlightened, and weak, they found unexpected friends and sympathy through the Freedmen's Society of the North, that sent down to the Department in March teachers and helpers, with books and manifold helps for the organization and instruction of all the freedmen who desired such assistance. Prominent amongst these philanthropists was Rev. Mansfield French, who had his bureau at Beaufort, and operated largely on Port Royal Island. Another company, under Richard Soule, Jr., had their head-quarters on St. Helena. Schools were established also on Hilton Head and wherever the freedmen gathered. The corps under Mr. French were soon known as "Gideonites," or "Gids," and "Gideon's Band." Of their achievements in their new and

difficult mission, amid the commotions of war, history in due time will pronounce a judgment.

A few words should be given to the famous *Planter*. She was a small steamer, carrying two guns, used by General Ripley in the defense of Charleston harbor, and for light service. She was commanded by a white, but her pilot, Robert Smalls, as also her engineer and firemen, were colored.

May 13. The Planter had on board four heavy guns, destined for the exterior defenses of Charleston, and was lying at the wharf under steam, the whites being ashore. At four o'clock, A. M., the pilot, Smalls, seeing his opportunity, gave the signal to his colored associates — seven men, five women, and three children — and the steamer was soon in the harbor on her way out. No suspicion was excited, as Smalls gave all the usual signals on passing the forts and batteries, and kept waving the Confederate flag and that of South Carolina till he reached the sea, when down came the rebel flags and up went a white one. The astonishment and indignation of the rebels were counterbalanced by the surprise and satisfaction of our navy on receiving this strange recruit of an enemy's armed vessel, worked by jubilant "contrabands." The Planter proved to be valuable as an armed transport, and served on many important occasions on the front. Robert Smalls, a very intelligent, capable pilot, guided us on many an expedition up the rivers and bayous, and finally became captain of the steamer, honored for his skill and character throughout the Department. And we are now pleased to mention the fact that since the close of the war Mr. Smalls has become conspicuous and honored in South Carolina. "He has been a member of the Constitutional Convention, a member of the Legislature, a Senator, a Major-General of Militia, and a member of Congress."



THE PLANTER.

Let it not be supposed that in our record we allude to all the actions and important events that occurred in the Department of the South during the war. Such a narrative would swell a huge volume. Each regiment could and should write a volume of its own. We mention chiefly those battles and operations in which directly or indirectly we shared; for, first or last, we co-operated with much of the navy and most of the movements directed against the enemy's front. And to do justice to our own toils and

battles, we are compelled to omit minutiæ, and describe matters in a general way, leaving abundant room for the memories of our comrades, and for the imagination of those who were not with us. And the anecdotes that we introduce are intended simply as loop-holes, through which the reader may look in upon our soldier-life.

May 10. Franklin E. Burdick (Company A), died at Hilton Head. May 15. George Brown, of the same company, died at the same post. June 4. Horatio N. Moon, of the same company, died at the same post. May 19. Daniel B. Briggs (Company M), died of typhoid fever. June 15. Noel Elwell (Company D), died at Fort Seward, Bay Point.

In our camps and forts, concerned in drill and in mastering the intricacies of the science of heavy artillery, we maintained a worthy rank among all the troops, by reason of the spirit of our men and the devotion of our officers. While much was expected from Rhode Island, the expectation was reasonably honored.

To facilitate and expedite certain delicate matters relating to commissions in the line of the regiment, Major Metcalf, by desire of the Colonel and others, obtained a leave of absence and visited Rhode Island. By request of Governor Sprague he accompanied His Excellency to Washington, D. C., to present certain needs of the regiment to the notice of the War Department. As General McClellan had now come into command of the armies as successor of General Scott, and the desired order must needs pass through his head-quarters, Major Metcalf, with the Governor, visited the Army of the Potomac, then in the vicinity of Yorktown, Va., where, during his stay, he performed by request, certain staff service for the General relative to the use of heavy guns. But his mission was shortly accomplished, and he hastened back to us in South Carolina.

By nature Colonel Brown possessed a military bearing. In appearance, spirit, and manner, he was fitted to command with order, precision, and effect. But few commanders equalled him in enforcing regularity and discipline. He had a wise pride in our good appearance, as he knew it served to cultivate self-respect. At a certain parade of the regiment in the entrenchments, when all were in line and expected to look finely, he observed one man, noted for his neglects, having on his slouched cap, and that at an unmilitary angle. Looking sharply at that point in the line, with peculiar emphasis he exclaimed, "Captain ———; don't let me see that man on parade again in such unsoldierly style of dress; nor any other man." It was enough. The "nor any other man" was remembered. The Colonel believed that order was the first law in a camp, and neatness the second.

# CHAPTER XVI.

## FIRST ADVANCE ON CHARLESTON

APRIL — JUNE, 1862.

*The heart of treason must be reached.*

GENERAL HUNTER always kept his eye towards Charleston, the birthplace of the Rebellion. Whatever movement he made this stronghold of secession and prized port of the Confederacy was really his objective point. And Commodore Dupont was equally anxious to humble that proud, defiant city with the national arms. The movement was planned for a joint effort of the naval and land forces to move by the way of Stono Inlet and Wappoo Cut on the part of the gun-boats, and Edisto, John's, and James Islands on the part of the army.

From the diary of Sergt. C. H. Aldrich, we will first sketch some of the movements of Company C, now thoroughly equipped as a light battery : —

"April 5. Company C (Capt. Day), received orders to embark at Hilton Head, on board the steamer Ben DeFord, with the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, (Lieut-Col. John H. Jackson), for Edisto Island, to support and protect our outposts in that vicinity.

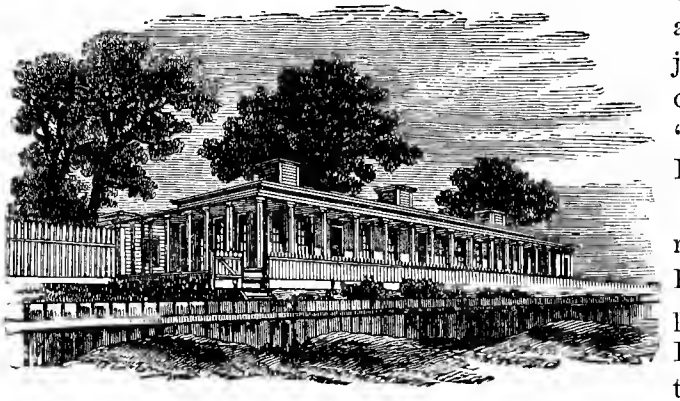
"April 6. Reaching our destination by steamer, we disembarked at the landing on Edisto, and moved inland several miles by the road running lengthwise of the island, and Captain Day with a part of the company encamped with our main force on Mitchell's plantation ; others advancing a mile farther to Bailey's plantation ; with these last, Lieut. G. O. Eddy and a detachment with one of our howitzers. Here, too, on Edisto, we found a detachment of Company L, under Lieut. C. A. Rossander, stationed at Hannahan's plantation, with one six-pounder gun and one twelve-pounder howitzer."

On this beautiful island camp-life was really pleasant, save that it became monotonous. We made one reconnoissance in force across an arm of Little Edisto River to the plantation of Ex-Governor Aikin — reputed to be a Union man — and carefully spared the premises ; no enemy confronted us.

May 22. By order our sections united and marched to the landing,

near Seabrook Island, where we camped with Hamilton's Battery of Regulars.

And here the men of the command will not object to our mentioning the method adopted by Quartermaster-Sergt. (afterwards Second Lieut.) Chas. B. Oakes, to secure forage for the horses of our light battery on Edisto, as the supply on the island for the Massachusetts Cavalry, Hamilton's Battery, our own, and for horses of field-officers, was soon exhausted, and we were reduced to great straits. Fortunately, the Massachusetts people, in their care for their cavalry, had sent out a schooner loaded with forage, and this vessel now lay at the landing of Edisto. Seizing a favorable hour, with his men and wagon ready, Quartermaster-Sergeant Oakes drives boldly down to the schooner, and, taking out a note-book and pencil to take account of bales and weights, orders the captain to deliver to him a load of forage. The brass of the manœuvre passed for regular coin. Afterwards, Captain Hamilton asked Oakes if he could not help him to a load, and not a few jokes were indulged in complimentary to the "best forager in the Department."



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERALS HUNTER AND MITCHELL.

June 2. Received marching orders, with Hamilton's Battery, to proceed to Seabrook Island, preparatory to the contemplated advance on Charleston, and crossed in the evening, on the historic steamer Planter, to John's Island. We bivouacked on the river bank till the next morning (3d), when we marched, through heavy rain and wind, about six miles, and, during the following night, amid the storm, started for Stono River.

May 9. Lieut. T. W Fry (Company A), with Sergeant Jaques (Company K), Corp. D. A. Holmes (Company A), and Corporal Newton (Company M), and twenty-five privates of our regiment as a guard, detailed by order of General Hunter, took charge of forty-four prisoners sentenced to hard work, and embarked at Hilton Head, on board the schooner James M. Holmes, for Key West. The Lieutenant reached Key West with his charge May 20th, and on the next day turned over his prisoners to Maj. Charles Hunt, commanding Fort Taylor. With mixed experiences of the ocean, and interesting glances at the coast and Keys of Florida, our men returned and reported at Hilton Head near the last day of May.

May 23. Companies B, E, F, H, and K left Hilton Head on the

steamer Delaware, and reached Edisto Island on the evening of the same day, where they were joined by Company I from Otter Island. Here the men began to practice the drill of skirmishers, under Major Sisson; as if we were expected to perform every conceivable kind of military operation, which, in fact, sooner or later, we did, and not without success.

By order of Brig.-Gen. H. G. Wright we were brigaded under Acting Brig.-Gen. (Col.) Robert Williams (Massachusetts Cavalry), with the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, the Massachusetts Cavalry, two companies of the New York Volunteer Engineers, and Company E, Regular Light Artillery (Captain Hamilton's)

Our regimental camp on Edisto was named Camp Robert Williams, and Lieut. J. Lanahan was appointed Acting Adjutant of the battalion. Our drill was vigorously and wisely conducted.

May 20. Three gun-boats belonging to the naval division blockading Charleston entered Stono Inlet and River, under the pilotage of Robert Smalls, and, after a short action, destroyed an old fort held by the rebels at Legareville, and took a few prisoners. This was to secure a foot-hold for our fleet and army in their meditated advance upon Charleston.

May 29. The gun-boat Pawnee passed the bar of Stono Inlet, though striking on the bottom about twenty times, and took position in Stono River as a means of protection to General Hunter's forces as they should come up to make their attack on James Island.

Lieut. G. Metcalf now served on the staff of Capt. John Hamilton, acting Chief of Artillery for the expedition. And here we might state that from our first connection with the Tenth Army Corps, through all our experiences on the front, we were so intimately associated with Captain Hamilton and his battery — Light Battery E, of the regular Army — that we seemed as one command, for we often supplied the Captain with needed officers and men, and often received important favors in return. The Captain was a gentleman and an accomplished officer. We almost claim his record as a part of our own, and gladly allow him a name and place in our history.

Edisto is about twenty miles from Charleston; and here, in the Revolution, the British forces landed to make their advance upon the city.

Our vigorous drill as skirmishers for a number of days, and our thorough instruction in general duties under Major Metcalf, prepared us for the contemplated advance and action. In ability and tact Major Metcalf had no superior; and we felt perfectly assured under his cool yet prompt guidance.

June 1. Led by Maj. E. Metcalf, our battalion left Edisto Island, and, after a very fatiguing march, crossing over to John's Island and across it in a drenching rain, reached the village of Legareville. Says Captain Greene, "Company B quartered in a church — the Woonsocket people all being naturally pious." The men occupied the pews. The officers accepted the robing-room in rear of the pulpit. We justly felt that we were now the *canon*-ieals.

The march across John's Island, not so much for its measured length, fourteen miles, as for its extreme fatigue and suffering, may not be forgotten. It rained as only it can and will occasionally in summer on the southern coast; in simple fact, it poured, and for a time filled every depression in the earth, and swelled every stream to overflowing. Obedient to orders, forward we steadily marched for the point of our destination. In wading the innumerable pools, rivulets, and depressed portions of the lands and fording the little creeks, the mud and fine sand filled our clothes and shoes, and finally our feet were so chafed, softened, and bruised, that we were in extreme pain. On reaching Legareville after marching through the whole night, all the troops were thoroughly dispirited and exhausted. Rest and refitting for days were indispensable.

Says Lieutenant Gorton: "Our boys will remember the old sugar-mill on John's Island. We bivouacked in a cotton-field; had no tents, not even shelter-tents, while the rain was continuous for days. The General gave permission to take from the mill whatever we needed to furnish us shelters. That mill was soon dotted with blue-coats like flies on a piece of meat. Captain Rogers was presented by a member of his company with a window. I received a shutter. Lieut. C. R. Brayton obtained a board. Finding a soft place in the ground — not a difficult matter — we united our stock and made ready for the stormy night. Like ostriches we managed to cover our heads. But before morning Captain Rogers withdrew from the firm with his window, thinking that Brayton drew his long legs too far under the narrow cover. None of us were injured through excess of sleep; but we had some wild advances towards dream-land. By the way, on this expedition I was a volunteer Lieutenant with Company H, as Lieutenant Barney was absent on leave.

"By some misunderstanding between our Quartermaster and the Master of Transportation back on Edisto Island, our stores were not brought over the Edisto River; rations were short hard-tack sold for twenty-five cents apiece, and were in demand at that. You should have seen your humble servant making a soup of a ham-bone in a tin cup, adding half a hard-tack and a quahaug. On our march fresh water, save the abounding dirty rain-water, was scarce; I never before knew what it was to suffer for a drink of good water. When we reached a spring, heated by the march, the Surgeon-General ordered a guard over it, fearing that the men would injure themselves by drinking too much. We were ordered to wet our wrists before drinking.

"We recollect finding a brown paper envelope pinned on the door of a house on John's Island, reading as follows: 'If you d——d Yanks can't beat us fighting, you can in stealing.'"

The defenses of James Island — a very important front of Charleston — were more extensive and formidable than we had suspected. A line of detached works, armed with heavy artillery, extended from Secessionville,

on the east of the island, across to Stono River. Another line of earthworks extended from Secessionville to Fort Johnson. Fort Pemberton, a strong and heavily armed earthwork, guarded the junction of Stono River and Wappoo Cut. In front of Secessionville was Battery Lamar, mounting six guns, protected by ditch and marsh. The distance from Stono River to Secessionville was two and a half miles. In the advance we finally made upon the village General Stevens led the right of our forces, and General Wright commanded the left.

June 6. Company C, under Captain Day, reached Legareville and drew rations, and on the 8th crossed the Stono by steamer to James Island and encamped within two miles of the rebel lines, with the forces of General Stevens.

June 9. Our battalion, under Major Metcalf, left Legareville on the Mayflower, and, running up the Stono, landed at Grimball plantation, covered by the Federal gun-boats. In the evening, under a severe rainstorm — almost pouring — we went out on picket, and, drawing the rebel fire, lost William Brophy (Company I), by a mortal wound. In the darkness the excitement and confusion on the picket was for a time somewhat bewildering, but our men very coolly did their part of the work and received appropriate compliments.

The forces of Gen. I. I. Stevens landed on James Island on the 8th, on the lower or eastern end, near the mouth of the Stono, and had on their right the inlet separating James from Cole's Island.

General Wright's forces landed on the 9th and took position on the left of General Stevens, separated from him by a small swamp. Our left extended up the Stono about a mile above the landing, to a bend in the river, affording protection, with the aid of the gun-boats, against an attack on our flank and rear. Our picket-line was about a mile and a half from the Stono, and we were about two and a half miles from Secessionville and Battery Lamar, shots from which could reach our camp and even the river; but our artillery from the gun-boats and our batteries soon kept Lamar silent.

Unfortunately, our advance and regular attack had been delayed, which gave the enemy the advantage of securing heavy reinforcements. For consultation, General Hunter returned to Hilton Head. But General Benham, acting upon a rumor that proved unreliable, thought the opportune moment had come, and concluded to strike.

General Pemberton was now in charge of the defenses of Charleston. Under him General Evans had command on James Island with about four thousand men. In Battery Lamar — a really strong work, at Secessionville — Colonel Lamar had two regiments at his order. His fort, protected by a ditch and flanked by rifle-pits, was a formidable front. And earthworks of no mean character extended from Secessionville to Stono River. To this line of defense the enemy had fallen back on our attacking the south end of the island.

June 10. General Benham had ordered a reconnoissance in force for the 11th, with the purpose of testing the enemy's strength, and, if possible, of capturing Battery Lamar; but on the afternoon of this day (10th) the rebels attacked our lines near the camp of General Wright, and, after a short but sharp action were repulsed, with a loss, as they admitted, of about fifty killed and wounded, including one field-officer. We had four killed and about a dozen wounded.

This action was quite general along all our front. Near us in the fight were the Forty-fifth New York, Forty-ninth New York, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and Hamilton's battery. Though the blows fell thick and heavy around us, and we lost two men, we firmly held our ground. The rebel forces were the Forty-seventh Georgia and a Louisiana règiment, under Colonel Williams, of the Forty-seventh Georgia.

And here we cannot forbear mentioning the fact that in this action the drummer boys of the Forty-seventh New York so overflowed with the heroic spirit that they threw down their drums and caught up the guns of their fallen comrades, and went into the fight like old soldiers. The severity of the action lasted about two hours. Better fighting than was here exhibited belongs to no action. A fine record was made by the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania.

During the action our light battery, Company C (Captain Day), selecting position behind a sand-ridge, through which they cut rough embrasures, administered grape and canister in liberal quantities upon the enemy's front. This was the first instance in which the company had found it practicable to use this kind of missiles.

Charles B. Oakes (Company C), had the fortune to capture a horse and equipments; the horse was turned over to the battery, but the equipments were afterwards sold to Major Frieze.

Details from different companies of our regiment were on picket when the enemy appeared in force to feel our lines. Sharp skirmishing followed. A rebel Captain, Williams, of the Forty-seventh Georgia Regiment, coming in sight of our lines, said to his men, "Here are the Yankee sons of b——s; now then, boys, give them h—l." This naturally drew our fire upon him, and he was wounded and fell into our hands, and died on the 11th, within our lines. Surgeon Stickney found in his coat seven bullet-holes. A Masonic certificate was found upon his person, and some of our Masons — Major Sisson and others — under a flag of truce carried his body through the lines. He was brother of Colonel Williams who led the enemy in the attack. In his pocket was a diary containing a little poem written the day before he fell, and believed to have been his own. We may here copy it: —

"And I never shall regret it, though there struggles up a sigh;
No, it is my pride and glory thus to live, or thus to die;
Still from my heart there leaps a cry, sudden, passionate, and strong;
Can I, can I give up all? God forgive me if 'tis wrong —

Yes, 'tis wrong, I know, to worship any God-created thing;
Yet I'd give my life to-night, if one moment it would bring
One who is my own, my darling, standing by me face to face:
And I'd give my life up gladly, calling this my day of grace;
Just to tell her how I love her, just to look into her eyes;
Just to listen for a moment to her low and sweet replies.
O, this grows to be a burden — all this wild, unspoken love;
Would to God that I could tell her — could my strong affection prove.
Oft when wrapped up in my blanket, on the ground I seek my rest,
I seem to drink your timid kisses seem to hold you to my breast.
But now farewell, my only darling, you who are my life and light;
Far away I am from you, love, but your vision comes at night."

We ought to add that the Captain as he lay wounded and dying amongst us, regretted that he ever took up arms against our government.

Though the enemy was gallantly repulsed on the 10th, yet, smarting from the wounds received, and aware that we intended something more than the holding of the end of James Island, he kept up a constant irritation of our outposts, amounting sometimes to skirmishes that drew blood.

June 15. Battery Lamar having irritated our camps with shell, General Stevens ordered all his batteries to open fire on the troublesome work, and the fire was kept up through the day. One of our pieces was a gun that had done superior service with James' shell at the reduction of Fort Pulaski.

What we had now experienced was only the prelude of the fiery scene to follow.

# CHAPTER XVII.

## BATTLE OF SECESSIONVILLE, JAMES ISLAND

JUNE, 1862.

*Sore trials must precede success.*

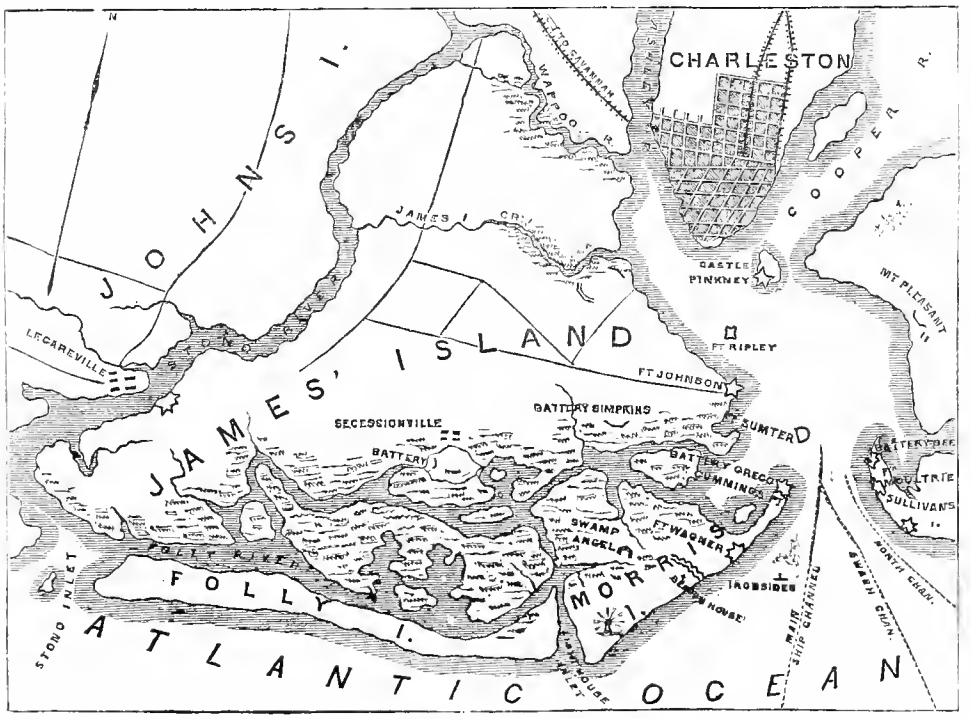
June 16. THIS battle, to distinguish it from others that followed on James Island, has usually been styled the battle of Secessionville, because it occurred near that village. In sketching the action we may first mention the general movement, next give the notes furnished by Capt. A. E. Greene, and then present the report of our commander, Major Metcalf, and add the reports of Generals Benham and Stevens, and Colonel Williams.

General Stevens, with the brigades of Colonels Fenton and Leasure, moved before dawn to make the assault upon Battery Lamar, hoping to capture it by surprise. General Wright's force was ordered to support General Stevens. The Eighth Michigan and the Seventy-ninth New York "Highlanders" led General Steven's force and captured the enemy's pickets. It had now become daylight, but the advance pushed bravely on over the narrow tongue of land towards the enemy's work, under a heavy fire of musketry, grape, and canister. A desperate attempt was made to scale the earthworks. The leading regiment gained a position beyond the causeway, at the extreme right of the works, and encountered the ditch, seven feet deep, and parapet, seven feet high, protected by abattis, while swamp was upon the right and left. The obstacles were too great to overcome. General Stevens lost about six hundred men. At this point, by order of General Wright, Colonel Williams brought up to the action the Third Rhode Island, Third New Hampshire, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, who, dashing through woods and swamps and across an open field, reached the ditch within two hundred yards of Lamar, and did splendid execution.

Says Captain Greene: "The morning was cool and drizzly. Several hours before daylight, and without our breakfasts, we were ordered to advance. All the troops on the island seemed to be in motion. We knew nothing definitely of the part we were to act. Our battalion, under

Major Metcalf, consisted of the following companies: B, under Lieut. A. E. Greene; E, under Capt. J. E. Bailey; F, under Capt. P. Mason; H, under Capt. H. Rogers, Jr.; K, led in action by Lieut. D. B. Churchill; one section of C (light artillery), under Capt. C. W H. Day. Companies B, F, and K, as skirmishers, led both our battalion and our brigade into action.

"We pressed forward at a quickstep and soon entered the woods and cleared the ground for the troops to follow. After emerging from the woods the companies still pressed forward, as we had no orders to halt, and, in fact, now had no field-officer with us. But three Lieutenants, Colwell, of F; Churchill, of K; and Greene, of B, having one mind, and that being to




ENVIRONMENTS OF CHARLESTON.

move forward, formed the men anew, and advanced close under the guns of the enemy's fort (Battery Lamar, near Secessionville), and there remained until we had orders to retire and join our battalion. And then we had to catch it for going so far; being told that skirmishers should halt at the proper distance. But we, being ignorant of the duties of skirmishers in that respect, and not having the presence of Major Sisson to assist us, knew no better than to march toward the enemy until we received orders to halt. But, however, we joined the battalion as directed; and Major Metcalf soon received orders to move by the left flank through and across a muddy, miry marsh, to the assistance of the Third New Hampshire that was in trouble.

"We moved as ordered and halted a short distance from the enemy's works, and, opening sharply, silenced the rebel guns by our musketry. We could not reach Battery Lamar and its defenses as an impassable morass intervened. While the battalion here stood in line the enemy opened on us with musketry and also from a small battery in our rear. Major Metcalf received a ball on the shoulder and had his horse wounded by a bullet; yet he coolly formed the lines and advanced the battalion towards the woods, from whence the fire proceeded. We advanced a part of the way at quick-time, and when within about two hundred yards the order came, 'double-quick!'

"Then the music commenced. Jerry Lanahan, Acting Adjutant, at the top of his voice, shouted, 'Let yees yell! Yankee men and Irishmen, Let yees yell!' And the men did yell. Right on we dashed. And we took the woods. But, as in all such scenes, some fell. At the commencement of the action Lieut. Isaac M. Potter (acting with Company B), received a ball through his wrist and was sent to the rear. E. S. Bartholomew (late Sergeant of Company B), having just received his commission as Lieutenant, arrived at James Island, and was assigned to E in time to participate in the action, and was mortally wounded while cheering his men in the fight.

"After clearing the woods of the enemy, our battalion was ordered to retire, as the forces had failed to capture the enemy's works. We brought off our wounded and a quantity of rebel rifles. As a word of praise is more or less welcome to all men, so the cheer that our battalion received from Company E, Third United States Light Artillery as we marched by them, did not displease us."

As a whole, the battle was commanded by General Benham, in the absence of General Hunter; the right division under General Stevens, the left under General Wright. We were in Wright's division, and Williams' brigade. The heaviest of the battle and the greatest losses fell to Stevens' command. Next in severe service and loss was our brigade. The troops on our side were the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh New York; Third Rhode Island; Forty-fifth, Ninety-seventh, and One Hundredth Pennsylvania; Sixth and Seventh Connecticut; Eighth Michigan; Third New Hampshire; Twenty-eighth Massachusetts; First New York Engineers; First Connecticut Artillery; E, Third United States Artillery; H, First Massachusetts Cavalry.

When we had orders to go to the relief and support of the Third New Hampshire, we instantly moved by our left directly across a fearful quagmire or swamp, instead of losing time by a longer and dryer route, since time was now an invaluable consideration. Our men will recollect the feats here performed; floundering, wading — some said swimming; Major Metcalf, obliged to dismount from his horse up to his waist, plowed through the ooze, the grime and mud on him making him a war-picture. Acting

Adjutant Lanahan was also unhorsed, but he had the happy advantage of long legs that enabled him to keep the front as he desired. Under any other circumstances this chapter of swamp march would have been immeasurably laughable. Certainly, the complimentary designation applied to us by our "misguided southern brethren" of "mud-sills," was not here very remote from the truth. All allowed that the soil was free enough for the strongest "Free-soiler."

Company I commanded an earthwork to the right and rear of our brigade as we went into action, and did excellent service in shelling the woods and the rebel front, and were of special service in covering our retreat. Indeed, these gunners were the last to leave the island, holding the enemy at bay till all our troops had crossed the river. And, on leaving their battery, bringing off all their guns, they mounted blackened logs, *a la* Quaker pieces, and left their written compliments in little billets pinned and tied on the bushes.

The best general view of the part we took in the action will be learned from the report of our commander: —

MAJOR METCALF'S REPORT.

"JAMES ISLAND, S. C., June 18, 1862.

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to report that in accordance with instructions received in the evening of the 15th instant, from the Acting Brigadier-General Commanding First Division, Head-quarters Brigade, my battalion was held in readiness to move at three o'clock on the morning of the 16th; Company I (Captain Strahan) being detailed for duty at the battery in advance of the First Brigade, and a detachment under Lieutenant Metcalf, of Company K, remaining in charge of the battery at this point. My command comprised but five companies, B, E, F, H, and K, numbering three hundred and sixty enlisted men, with two field, three staff, and fourteen company officers.

Leading the brigade three companies, B, F, and K, of my battalion, were deployed as skirmishers, under the direction of Major Sisson, at the entrance to the wood covering the approach to the rebel battery. The other companies marched steadily to the front, halting in a position to support the troops of the First Brigade, who had fallen back, and being joined at this point by the parties thrown out as skirmishers.

After again advancing in line, under orders to support the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, the battalion was ordered to take position on the right of the Third Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, and for this purpose crossed the marshy ground flanking the enemy's battery. We had hardly formed in line of battle and commenced firing when an order came to capture a field-battery in their rear, which was firing with fatal effect on the Third New Hampshire Regiment. The battalion was immediately ordered to about-face and advance upon the thicket, behind which the enemy's field-guns were concealed. In effecting this object we encountered a galling fire from the enemy's sharp-shooters in the thickets at our front and left, and many were wounded in our ranks, but all pressed forward, the men cheering and firing with spirit.

I urged them into cover of the woods as rapidly as possible, and with great difficulty they forced their way in, encountering small parties of rebels, many of whom were shot and bayoneted, one prisoner being secured. A few of my men

succeeded in reaching the inner edge of the thicket and gaining sight of the field-guns, three in number, without horses, and supported apparently by only two or three companies of infantry. I felt confident of securing them, but the Third New Hampshire Regiment having fallen back, I deemed it my duty to order my men to retire, which they did in good order, but slowly and reluctantly, bringing off such of our dead and wounded as could be seen on our way.

Feeling my utter want of experience, I have great hesitation in speaking of the conduct of those under my command, some of whom were not, like myself, for the first time under fire. I keenly appreciate the honor of leading such men into battle, and cannot too highly praise their coolness, steadiness, and courage. If any faltered, I was spared the shame of seeing it. Where all did their duty so well, I mention a few whose bearing was conspicuous, without detracting from the merits of others.

Maj. H. T. Sisson deserves much credit for his successful management of the skirmishers during the advance, and for his constant efforts to aid us in carrying out the various orders received in the course of the morning. I take great pleasure in speaking of the Battalion Adjutant, First Lieut. J. Lanahan, Company I, always prompt and cool, and sustaining me in every difficulty by his good judgment and long experience as a soldier. First Lieut. A. E. Greene, commanding Company B, was especially energetic and active. Second Lieut. E. S. Bartholomew, Company E, nobly proved himself deserving the commission he had received since our departure from Hilton Head, falling mortally wounded while cheering on his men into the thicket from which the enemy so severely annoyed us. Capt. H. Rogers, Jr., and First. Lieut. C. R. Brayton, of Company H, were untiring in their exertions and zealously supported me. First Lieut. A. W. Colwell, of Company F, and Second Lieut. D. B. Churchill, of Company K, particularly attracted my notice by their coolness and energy.

I am pleased to notice First Sergt. G. W. Greene and Sergt. J. B. Batcheller, of Company B; First Sergt. O. A. Thompson, of Company E, and First Sergt. W. Wheeler, Jr., of Company K, as distinguished for gallant conduct. I shall feel justified in recommending them to the Governor of Rhode Island for promotion.

It is with a bitter feeling of regret, though with no sense of shame, that I have to report the serious loss sustained by my battalion: One sergeant, six privates, killed; two officers, four corporals, twenty-four privates, wounded; one corporal, seven privates, missing; total, forty-five

I have the honor to be Lieutenant, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

EDWIN METCALF,

*Major Commanding Second Battalion Third Regiment Rhode Island Artillery.*

*To Lieut. Channing Clapp, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

CASUALTIES.

KILLED. Second Lieut. E. S. Bartholomew (E), gunshot through the abdomen, causing death on the night of the 17th; Sergts. Patrick H Gilligan (F); Martin Heeney (I); Privates Benjamin L. Sayles (E); Patrick Gamon (E); Willard Chaffie (E); Stephen B. Wells (F); James O. Donald (F); Edward Dunbar (H). The bodies of Gilligan, Dunbar, and Chafee only were recovered from the field. William Brophy, wounded on the 8th, died on the 17th.

WOUNDED. First Lieut. Isaac M. Potter (B), gunshot through right wrist; Corp. Peter B. Balcom (B), gunshot in shoulder; Daniel L.

Arnold (B). gunshot through left lung; John Higgins (B), gunshot in knee-joint: William Davis (B), gunshot; Joseph C. Thibodeau (B), gunshot in left hand; Robert Hill (B), gunshot in left foot; Moses A. Payne (B), flesh wound in face; William H. Springer (E), in right foot; James McKnight (E), in right arm; Corp. John Cameron (F), hip and back; Corp. John Murley (F), right side and hand; Corp. John O'Brien (F), side; Charles Gallighan (F), knee-joint; John Gilligan (F), nose and mouth. severe; John Curran (F), left leg; John Darcy, (F), right arm; John E. Lake (F), left leg; James M. Cook (F), left hand; William Burroughs (F), below knee-joint; George H. Briggs (F), abdomen; William Hobert (F), abdomen; Philetus H. Arnold (F), left hand and side; Patrick Dillon (F), hand; Thomas Carr (H), left side; Patrick Mahon (H), calf of leg; Peter Nailan (H), foot; John Calorin (H), shoulder; F H. Taft (K), in leg, afterwards died at David Island, New York; Frank Carroll (K), in scalp.

Missing. Sergt. J. B. Batcheller (B); Hugh Ingolsby (B); S. A. Cooley (Musician, E); James Oullahan (H), probably dead; Gilbert K. Curtis (H); Thomas Doherty (B), probably dead; Michael Feeny (H); Corp. William Cody (K), probably dead; Thomas Miner (K), probably dead.

Sergt. Martin Heeney (Company I), was killed on the 16th by the accidental explosion of a shell in the battery manned by his company.

First Lieut. F Tisdale (Company E), was wounded in the foot on the 17th by the discharge of his pistol.

Under the direction of Surgeon Stiekney our wounded were forwarded to Hilton Head.

Of the killed in this battle we might mention Capt. Benjamin Church, a native of Bristol, R. I., who eommanded a company in the Eighth Michigan Regiment.

We may here give the orders issued after the battle by General Benham and Colonel Williams: —

"Head-quarters, Northern District, Department of the South, Stono River, S. C., June 18, 1862.

*General Orders, No.* 16: —

The Commanding General desires to thank the officers and men of the different regiments of his eommand engaged in the reeonnoissanee of the works of the enemy at Secessionville, and of the ground to the left of our eamp, upon the 16th instant.

The eool and steady daring of our men; their persistent courage in scaling the works of the enemy under the most murderous fire of grape and musketry; with the exeellent order in whieh they retired as they did, in the complete formation of the line of battle from the field, when ordered, merits the highest praise that can be given.

By order of Brig.-Gen. H. W BENHAM.

I. R. SEALEY,

*Second Lieutenant and Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

General Stevens, who led the attack on our right directly in front of Battery Lamar and upon whose forces fell the brunt of the battle, in his report thus speaks of one of our companies: "The firing from the batteries at the point by Company I, Third Rhode Island Volunteers, Captain Charles G. Strahan commanding, was commenced immediately after the unsuccessful charge of our troops had been made upon the works of the enemy. Although having every gun but one disabled very soon after the commencement of the action, the firing was conducted with great precision and regularity, nearly every shot taking effect in the fort or in the woods in the rear of the work where the large forces of the enemy were lying. The single gun was worked with as much rapidity as possible during the entire engagement, in the course of which one sergeant was killed."

Perhaps our men served with a little more zeal under General Stevens because we claimed him as a Rhode Islander. Braver soldier never drew sword. How deeply we, in common with all our country mourned him when he fell at the front Sept. 1st, of this year, in the battle of Chantilly.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, JAMES ISLAND, S. C.,
GRIMBALL'S PLANTATION, June 24, 1862.

I. The Colonel commanding desires to express to the Third New Hampshire, the Third Rhode Island, and the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, his sincere thanks for, as well as his greatest admiration of, their bravery and good order during the battle of the 16th inst. He feels assured that no troops could have behaved better, and that, when they again meet the enemy, their brave comrades who have fallen in the glorious performance of their duties will be duly avenged.

II. The names of those officers and soldiers who have been especially mentioned for gallantry and good conduct during the action, shall be forwarded not only to the Commanding General, but to the Governor of the State to which they respectively belong.

By order of ROBERT WILLIAMS,
*Acting Brigadier-General.*

CHANNING CLAPP,
*Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

Colonel (Acting Brigadier-General) Williams, in his letter to Governor Sprague relative to this battle, thus speaks: "I desire to express to your excellency my extreme admiration of the courage and soldierly conduct of Major Metcalf's battalion, and particularly of the Major himself. It is my belief that no officers or men could have behaved better under fire than they did; and certainly no officer could have led his command with more skill and bravery than did Major Metcalf." He at the same time gave to the Governor the report made to him by Major Metcalf, and endorsed the names of officers and men mentioned for excellent behavior in the battle, to whom the Governor shortly gave commissions "for gallant conduct in action."

The Federal loss in this battle was 85 killed, 472 wounded, and 128 missing. The rebel loss was 51 killed, 144 wounded, and 9 missing.

# CHAPTER XVIII.

## SCENES FOLLOWING THE BATTLE

JUNE, 1862.

*By sacrifice the right is won.*

It was inexpedient to immediately retire from the scene of action. The nemy had a heavy force in front of us, as, besides the usual force of about our thousand on James Island, these had been reinforced by a regiment rom Charleston, a battalion of the Forty-seventh Georgia, Lamar's Batery, and a detachment of the Chatham Artillery (Savannah). Colonel amar was wounded severely in the neck; Captains Reed and King, and ieutenant Edward, were killed. The Confederates confessed to severe andling and heavy loss.

We had much sad work in caring for our dead and wounded. Some will emember the great number carried back from the field and laid for the time n a large barn or old cotton-house near the Stono, not far from the camps f General Stevens' forces. Stretchers and surgeons were in great demand. o soldiers the picture of a battle-field after a severe action need not be rawn, nor can it be put upon paper; its ghastly features must be seen to e understood. But all that tenderness and strength under the trying eirumstances could do, was promptly done.

Here we must make mention of one who nobly died, and was deeply nourned by all our command.

LIEUT. ERASMUS SHERMAN BARTHOLOMEW.

He was born in Denmark, Lewis County, New York, July 31, 1830, nd was the son of Dr. Erasmus D. Bartholomew and Mary S. Brewster, descendant of Elder William Brewster, of Mayflower fame. Becoming a hristian at the age of nineteen, he eagerly sought an education and hought of the christian ministry, and was a student in Wyoming and Rochester, N. Y. Impaired health led him to Woonsocket, R. I., where he ecame a dentist, under the instruction of his brother, Dr. S. B. Barholomew. At the call of our country for defenders he said, "I go from sense of duty. I have neither wife nor children, and there is no reason why I should not go." He first enlisted as a member of Company K, in he First Rhode Island Detached Militia, and served as first corporal. Re-

turning from the field with that regiment he held himself ready for new service.

Enlisted as a private in Company B, of our regiment, he was chosen Sergeant-major Aug. 31, 1861, and, finally, for brave conduct and ability, was commissioned as Second Lieutenant May 21, 1862. On John's Island, in our advance to James Island, he led a reconnoitering party with great prudence to the front, and pushed back the enemy. During our first night on James Island, in the darkness and storm, he led a squad of men in our advance to feel out the enemy, and encountered them near midnight in a sharp skirmish, having some of his men wounded. For a time he was exposed to the fire of both armies, and did not fall back to our line till receiving special orders to do so from Major Metcalf, though Lieutenant Gorton had previously sent to find him.

His conduct in the battle of June 16th, like all his previous service, was prompt, cool, brave, faithful. When wounded he was borne from the field by Captain Rogers and Lieutenant Brayton. His comrades and the surgeon rendered every service possible under the circumstances. He was, withal, a true soldier of the Cross, and met death with a strong, triumphant, christian faith. His last words to his fellow-officers and attendants will never be forgotten. He expired June 17, 1862, aged thirty-one years. Said Major (afterwards Colonel) Metcalf, "The beauty and strength of his character and his life lay in his perfect faith in the religion which he practiced as well as professed." Said Captain Rogers, who assisted in bearing him from the field, "His death has left a void that cannot easily be filled, for he was beloved and respected by the whole regiment, and his influence was of the purest and holiest nature."

### LIEUTENANT GEORGE CARPENTER.

We were called to mourn the loss of another officer. Lieut. George Carpenter died at Fort Seward June 28th. Coming so soon after the death of Lieutenant Bartholomew, and falling not in battle, but in garrison, his solemn muster-out deeply affected us all. He joined us under his commission Oct. 2, 1861, and served with great fidelity till stricken down and removed by disease.

The son of Wooster and Lovina (Brown) Carpenter, he was born in Seekonk, Mass., July 17, 1831, and was at first a shell-worker, and afterwards an artist of much ability. Possessing excellent qualities of character, he was highly esteemed by his comrades. He, like many others of our officers, had served in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, and always proved himself a capable and brave soldier. He was wounded in the leg at the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

After we reached Port Royal he served in Fort Welles till about Jan. 1, 1862, when his company (D), with Companies F and H were sent over to Fort Seward, at Bay Point, where he served as Quartermaster and Commissary to these companies. His views of the war were expressed in his

wish that "the nation would proclaim abolition and do the works of repentance," adding that "the Almighty has no attribute to help a nation that will not relax its grasp on the souls and bodies of oppressed slaves." In April he was attacked with marsh fever, from which he never recovered. Just and tender funeral honors were paid him at his burial. In March, 1863, the officers and members of his company sent his remains north to his native place, where his relatives and old comrades of Company D, First Rhode Island Detached Militia, with Chaplain Woodbury, paid the last public honors to his memory and laid him with his kindred.

A brave heroic man,
An offering for the right.

Before this, perhaps, we ought to have stated that in our record we purposely abstain from criticisms of governmental orders and the plans of our military chiefs; not but what we have our opinions, but we choose to leave the final judgment of such matters to those who may stand so far apart from the smoke and dust of the field as to discern things in their just relations. Men and measures will be finally weighed in the balances of calm and impartial history. We are — or ought to be — satisfied to record the facts and experiences as they occurred. Those who succeed us will best understand the good or evil of our doings.

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends."

Sergeant Waite writes: "In May, 1862, the troops were all withdrawn from Otter Island, in anticipation of the battle that soon after took place on James Island; and I, as Acting Ordnance Sergeant, had to remain in charge of the government property in and around the fort. Captain Truxton (of the Dale), felt some indignation that the troops should be taken away without his receiving any official notice. After the battle on James Island, the enemy gradually drew down again to their old positions, and I received almost daily warnings from Captain Truxton. He sent enough of his marines ashore for me to establish a guard and man two guns. The 'rebs' finally established a picket near the shore opposite us, a little more than a stone's throw from the island, which compelled me very reluctantly to inform them at head-quarters that I could no longer consider the government property safe without troops to defend it. I gave this information without any joyfulness, because I knew it would deprive me of the only independent command I ever held in the army. I could almost say with Alexander Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey."

"I had accumulated, in one way and another, nearly a hundred chickens, one duck, and had hatched out a brood of turkeys under a hen; but a big storm came and broke me up in the turkey business; yet I more than made up for that in sea-turtles, large numbers of which I caught as they came up the beach at night to deposit their eggs. With the help of the 'contrabands' I caught one supposed to weigh four hundred pounds or over;

he could carry a man on his back. I nearly forgot to say that it will be undisputed by any person ever there that Otter Island sand and air will contain more mosquitoes and fleas to the square inch than any other place. Of alligators there were more than enough. But all the plagues and pleasures of Otter Island were soon brought to a close by orders from head-quarters to dismantle the fort, ship everything, and report to Hilton Head, where I received orders to go in the same capacity to Florida and report at Fort Marion, St. Augustine, the oldest fortification in the United States."

Adds Captain Greene: "The men had to endure various battles while out on picket. There we were attacked constantly by the gallinippers; and we always came off second best. An overcoat or thick pants didn't seem to be any obstruction; they were after blood, and blood they got. If praises of the men of the Third are ever sung for gallant conduct, it seems to me that the battles fought in the night by them while on this duty in the woods ought to be accorded a high and prominent place."

Among the stories of the battle our boys tell one of private John Mulligan (Company E). Becoming, in consequence of the charge and its results, somewhat separated from his comrades, he found himself under the necessity of doing a little scouting and fighting on his own hook. Espying a rebel near him coming into a warlike attitude, he sprang behind a tree and took aim where he had his enemy at a disadvantage. Whereupon the Johnnie shouted, "I surrender!" Said Mulligan, "Come here, then! Throw down that gun! Give me that cartridge-box!" And Mulligan said of him, after he had surrendered, "He looked like a poor divil that had just buried his grandmother."

We must give another incident of the battle. It appears that just before the action Foster Cook (Company H), had done something that much displeased Captain Rogers, but during the heat of the action behaved very bravely, and, when meeting the enemy as he did, hand-to-hand, he thrust his bayonet into a rebel and lifted him from the earth, as he had great strength. After the battle, Captain Rogers, knowing what had been done, called him and said, "Cook, you have been a very bad man, but this brave conduct of yours atones for a great many sins." So the account was balanced.

All will thank us for here giving the valuable and deeply interesting narrative, furnished by our brave comrade, and which we entitle

CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT OF SERGT JAMES B. BATCHELLER, COMPANY B.

JUNE, 1862 — FEBRUARY, 1863.

"Near three o'clock, on the morning of June 16, 1862, we were ordered in line to take three days' rations, forty rounds of ammunition in our cartridge-boxes, and twenty, I think, in our pockets, and to be ready to move on the front. As we received orders to move out, Captain Greene said," 'Keep as cool as you can; obey my orders, and no others; then you will know what you are about.' Colonel Williams, a fine man, full of life and ability, commanded our brigade. Our company

(B) deployed as skirmishers through a strip of woods and came in open sight of Fort Lamar, at Secessionville.

At break of day the battle was in full blast, and, shortly, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts came back past us in a broken condition. At that moment our battalion had orders to cross a creek, and Major Metcalf, our commander, as cool as ever a man could be, said, 'Now we have a job to do; we are to charge on that regiment that is firing on us.' The tide was out of the creek and the mud was knee-deep. Major Sisson's horse stuck fast in the mud, and two of the men offered him help, when he coolly dismounted, saying, 'Let the horse go to the dogs,' and, floundering through the mire, was at his post. All this time the shot, shell, and bullets were coming from all quarters. On reaching the bank we opened fire for a time on Lamar. Soon we had to turn and face the Johnnies in the woods with a charge. Said Major Metcalf, 'Boys, remember where you are from,' and the whole line, yelling like wild men, pushed forward, while the "rebs" were hotly firing and laying out some of our best men.

Before we reached the woods the rebels broke and run. Our officers said, 'Into the woods, boys, and drive them out.' At this moment I heard a voice saying, 'There goes Lieutenant Bartholomew,' as he was shot through the loin — as fine an officer as ever drew a sword, and greatly liked by his men. At this instant an order came to move by the left flank, but I, being inside of the woods with others, did not hear the command, and so kept on through the thick brush and vines that were well-nigh impassable. Here, in the woods, many of our men were shot. And I saw one Union boy who had fallen dead upon the lifeless body of a rebel, as though we were looking at him when he fell. Shortly, one of our boys of Company H, said, 'The rebels are right out there,' and immediately I heard a cry, 'Drop that gun, you Yankee son-of-a ——', and up rose a body of men from behind a small embankment. An officer said, 'Come here; there's no use in having words; off with belt and cartridge-box; we want what is left.' When I was taken I had fired about twenty rounds.

There were four of us from our regiment, myself and Hugh Ingoldsby from Company B, and G. K. Curtis and Michael Feeny from Company H. Quickly marched to a place of safety, we were soon joined by a number captured from the Third New Hampshire, when we were started for the other end of James Island. Here General Evans came and tried to draw from us information relative to the Union forces on the island. He questioned me in particular, but I knew just then but very little. Then, picking out different prisoners, he said, 'Here we have members from ten different regiments.' In the afternoon we fell into line and the guard marched us to a tug-boat and took us across to Charleston. On the same boat were many of the rebel wounded. Among them was Colonel Lamar, a large man and a rank rebel, shot in the cheek and a part of his ear gone; and he swore at us, calling us all the dear names known to men in our places.

The wharf of the city was crowded with people who indulged in shouts and the use of hard names, so that the guard had to keep them from mobbing us. We were marched to the Broad Street Police Station and put in cells for two days, with only two meals a day, when we were taken to Columbia and put in the prison just off Main Street. Near us was the market, where, occasionally, slaves were sold at auction. Soon after reaching this jail in Columbia we were joined by some captured troops from Shiloh, among whom was General Prentiss; so we talked of our various battles.

On signing an agreement that we would not try to escape from the prison, we were allowed the liberty of the jail-yard — quite a space. Generally we had two meals a day, crackers and pork, or bacon, tolerable fare, though not as much as we could eat. When captured I weighed 165 pounds, but when paroled, in the next February, I weighed only 108 pounds.

While at Columbia we found one true and noble friend. The water in the jail not being of the best, we were kindly allowed — one serving the rest — to go after spring and well-water, not far from the jail. One of the wells that we visited was on the same street, and on a board on the curb of this well we found a few tomatoes, sometimes a biscuit or two, and sometimes bread, not noticed by the guard who stopped at the gate. These gifts were from a woman whom we saw but never knew, and whose name we could not learn, but we put her down as an A No. 1 Union woman. We never saw men on the premises. We were always ready to go after water, and many a sick man in the jail got a slice of bread or a dainty brought to him by the stronger comrade, and many a blessing that lady donor got. We hope she may meet with this, our record, that she may know what we think of her.

July 4. We managed to celebrate the day. One of the boys had with him a nice, silk guidon, intended for use by a brigadier-general, an emblem he had with him when he was captured, and which he concealed by wrapping around his body under his clothes. On this day we fixed it to a broom-handle and poked it through the iron bars over the door of the jail, when all hands gave three rousing cheers for the Union. Great was the excitement on the street on seeing this flag and hearing the cheers. Up rushed the officer of the guard and demanded our emblem, and threatened, on refusal, to put us in irons. No one of us knew anything about the flag, as a safe hiding-place had been prepared for it beforehand. Thus we tried to fulfill the commandment, 'Rejoice evermore,' and held our flag from our enemies, but waved it over their city in 1862.

But we had some solicitude in passing off our time within prison walls. Our first and greatest trouble was to keep ourselves clean from vermin, and that generally took from two to four hours a day. Those who change their clothes once or twice a week know nothing of the trouble we poor soldiers had in this matter of cleanliness and freedom from lice. We had no change of raiment from the time we were captured till the time at which we were exchanged in the middle of the following winter. Great and constant was our labor in warring against dirt and vermin. Many an hour have I worked over my shirt, and pants, and blouse — all the clothes I had to my name.

Not all men are equally particular in their habits of neatness. Some were lazy and made no effort to keep in a proper condition, which made matters worse for the rest of us. Sometimes the boys would take one of these delinquents in hand and put him under the hydrant and give him a good soaking, if nothing more. That would please the rebel guard, for it happened that they were a clean set of men. Indeed, they would often talk with us when their officers were out of sight, and would express their views of the war. Such as were foreigners were weary of the war and wished themselves in the Union; but the Southerners were regular rebels and were rank for war.

So passed the summer at Columbia, while all sorts of reports about the war and about an exchange of prisoners occupied our thoughts. Very soon after cool weather set in we had orders to be ready to take the cars to Richmond, Va. In passing through the city to take the train, one of the guard pointed out to me Wade Hampton and other rebels of high rank. The streets through which we marched, for a long distance, were finely shaded by rows of trees.

The train took us to Charlotte, N. C. When at Salisbury, N. C., more prisoners from the prison in that place were added to our number, and we continued on to Raleigh, N. C., where we stopped for one night. In four days we reached Richmond. But O, what long faces the boys put on when the rebels showed us our boarding-house for the future — a windowless brick building — the noted Libby Prison. We were put into one end of the third-story. The dead-line was a black mark across the floor, about ten feet from the windows, and the guard,

on the sidewalk, could see if we crossed the line to look out of the window. It was not allowed any of the men in one story to pass to another; guards were on all the stairs, two at the top and two at the bottom of each flight; our officers were imprisoned in the lower story.

We greatly suffered on cold nights, when the wind blew from the river right through the building. Many a strong man was carried out to return no more, having incurred his death in that building. Nearly every day the dead were carted off to be buried; the Lord knows where. Occasionally, when a poor fellow was dying, a comrade was allowed to visit him to receive his dying messages.

I could never understand why the rebels, as a rule, were so cruel. They were worse than Turks. Subordinate officers, to win the favor of their superiors, would kick a Yankee for the least word or deed and call him by hard names. If a man was from Massachusetts, he was called a black abolitionist. And yet these men when prisoners in our hands were always kindly treated, as some of them have confessed.

When we were taken to Aiken Landing, on the James River, to be exchanged on parole, we talked with some of the rebel prisoners about to be exchanged, and they assured us that they returned reluctantly, and wished to be in the United States, where they had been so liberally dealt with.

What feelings went through me when I marched on to the boat and felt free to think and speak, and where there was an abundance of bread and meat ready for us. Our joy increased as we moved out into the stream and headed down the river. Delighted groups of men were here and there talking and laughing — officers and men alike. Every possible thing was done to make us comfortable. After our long rebel fast, how good was that soft bread, sweet ham, and hot coffee. At night we came to anchor. The next day we reached Fortress Monroe, passing close by the ill-fated Cumberland, with her flag still at the mast-head, that her brave men would not strike. What a circle I had made since our regiment left this place, on the 29th of October, 1861, with one of the largest fleets that ever sailed from that harbor. Here we found members of the Sanitary Commission — always our warm friends — who served us faithfully, especially the sick, placing them in good quarters. We were furnished with a new suit of clothes, from top to bottom, so that we hardly recognized each other.

We were soon ordered to Annapolis, Md., to Camp Parole, where we found about ten thousand men. Here we staid but a short time, yet greatly enjoyed ourselves by the camp-fires, in relating and hearing stories of the war, and telling of our experiences while in the hands of the rebels.

Feb. 12, 1863. Orders came for us to join our regiment, and I was thankful, desiring to see the boys of the old Third, who I knew would gladly welcome me. We went to Baltimore, then to New York, and thence to Hilton Head, S. C. No guard accompanied us, and not a man of our regiment nor of the New Hampshire squad (Third New Hampshire) though when in New York only a few hours from their homes, thought of stretching our orders, but went straight on and gladly reported for duty. We were only paroled, not exchanged, and for seven weeks were at our ease in camp, and began to flesh up. Thanks to Col. Edwin Metcalf, who so kindly received us, and said, 'Well, boys, you have had quite a tramp of it; and I am glad to see you back again, and to know that you are true to your colors, and if I ever have a chance to help you, I will do so.' For most of us he obtained a furlough of forty days, and I went to Rhode Island and had a most delightful visit. In due time I returned to Hilton Head, and was in time to open fire on the front in the battle of Light-house Inlet, and to go through the fiery months of the forever memorable siege of Charleston, helping to fire thousands of pounds of shell into that city in which I had been held as a prisoner."

# CHAPTER XIX.

## RETURN TO HILTON HEAD

JULY — SEPTEMBER, 1862.

*Time ripens men and measures.*

WE still held for several days the south end of James Island. While the Stono, like many other streams and inlets along the southern coast, revealed specimens of round clams, the sons of Rhode Island, though on the verge of a gory battle-field and in the face of a foe, could not restrain their inherited impulses to indulge in a regular clam-bake. The bivalves were soon steaming and our lips were deployed for a vigorous charge. The hearty and successful onslaught was made. But ah! how momentary all our carnal bliss. Confederate shell and bullets were mingled with our feast. Having speedily appropriated the coveted sweets from their exteriors, we left the valueless shells to our clamorous and hungry assailants. Whether they ever discovered the secret and philosophy of a Narragansett clam-bake we never learned.

July 1. Our battalion, in obedience to orders, made ready and took ship for Hilton Head, leaving the Stono at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and reached Port Royal harbor on the 4th of July, not unpleased to join our regimental head-quarters within the entrenchments. Company C returned to Hilton Head on the Cosmopolitan.

While the battalion under Major Metcalf was absent and in the battle of Secessionville, the other battalion, remaining at Hilton Head in the entrenchments, under Major Blanding, as Colonel Brown was in command of the post, had its extra experiences of toil and vigilance. Colonel Brown, as commander of the post of Hilton Head, filled his place greatly to the satisfaction of General Hunter. During this time, Major Blanding engaged in a demonstration on the front, of which we are glad to have him speak in his own language: —

"ENTRENCHMENTS, HILTON HEAD, S. C.,
June 19, 1862.

*Governor:* —

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to inform you that a small affair occurred here a few days since, which, though in itself of not much importance, yet in its results

having possible consequence. After the departure of the Charleston expedition our forces within the entrenchments, of all arms, did not exceed six hundred effective men. Colonel Brown, in command of the post, felt quite anxious for the safety of the garrison and the immense amount of stores here, and I, as commander of the Third Rhode Island here and all the entrenchments, felt no less so; therefore, I have been required by the Colonel to visit all the outposts on this island once in two or three days. Last week, on one of these reconnoissances, I learned that the enemy had been quite active on the main-land at the so-called White House. The captain on the outpost furnished me a boat and eight oarsmen to visit Pinckney Island, the nearest point to said house, where we have a small picket about half a mile distant from the house.

On landing on Pinckney I discovered that the enemy had increased their force there; had also collected a large number of boats, sufficient to cross six or seven hundred men at one time; also had established new pickets, all within two days. They were constantly firing on our men and boats from the upper windows of the house, which, being three stories, gave them a decided advantage.

I proposed to the Colonel to take a siege-gun to the nearest point, which is Buckingham Ferry, distant one and a half miles, and shell them from there, under cover of which fire Lieutenant-Colonel Beaver (Forty-fifth Pennsylvania), commanding the outposts, could cross and destroy the boats. The plan was adopted. The next morning I took a thirty-pounder Parrott gun, drawn by fourteen horses, two wagons for ammunition, forage, and plank to cross poor bridges, and a detachment consisting of a lieutenant, two corporals, and twenty-two privates, and moved out. Reaching the Ferry too early to begin operations on account of the tide, we waited, masked by the trees, till five o'clock, P. M., when Colonel Beaver said he was ready.

I then opened fire. The house was about 2,500 yards distant. The third shell was put through the house; so was the fourth and fifth. I then shelled the road to Bluffton, and also the woods. Lieutenant-Colonel Beaver embarked his men in six boats from two different points — about a hundred and twenty men. My guns covered their crossing. As they reached the main-land I ceased firing. It shortly became dark. For an hour and a half I looked anxiously to our objective point, when a glimmer of light was seen, then another, and in a few minutes the White House and out-buildings were in flames. The sight was beautiful; the heavens were lit with a lurid glare which could be seen far inland, and the enemy were admonished in reference to commencing their operations under our very nose.

Soon we saw blue lights and our boats reappeared, for I had told Colonel Beaver I should fire on any party approaching without that signal. Waiting till the buildings were consumed, we limbered up and reached camp a little after midnight.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

C. BLANDING,

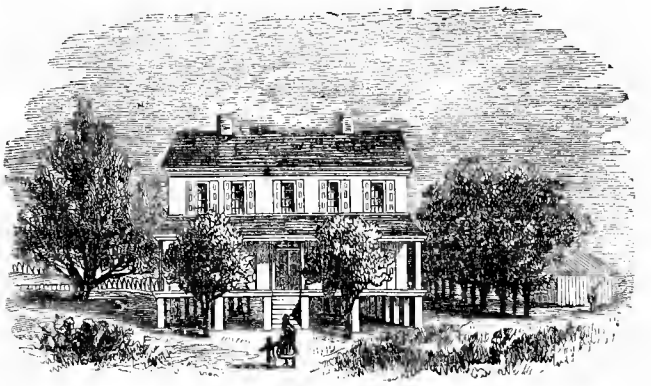
*Major Commanding Third Rhode Island Artillery.*"

We afterwards knew the site of the White House as Chimney Point, where the rebels kept a cavalry picket.

The day previous to the burning of the White House, Major Blanding accompanied Major Curtin (—— ——— Pennsylvania), officer of the outposts, on a boat reconnoissance. Passing through Skulk Creek into Calibogue Sound they necessarily came within the range of the rifles of the rebel picket-post at the White House. Usually the "gray-backs" passed every Yankee boat some specimens of their solid compliments.

On this occasion they were in a peaceful mood. When our boat returned and was passing this point, Major Blanding rose, and, touching his cap, waved to the rebel officer the military salute. Instantly the Confederate dignitary, coming into position, gracefully returned the politeness. This *suaviter in modo* was followed, as we have seen, the next day by the *fortiter in re:* etiquette to-day, powder and shell to-morrow; such is war.

Captain Lanahan was an old English soldier and had served under Havelock, in India. He was every inch a military man, and held high the virtue of obeying orders. Hearing of the famous Irish regiment, the Sixty-ninth New York, he said, "That is the side for me." In New York he chanced to meet Governor Sprague, and, learning that there was an Irish element in the Third Rhode Island, accepted a Lieutenancy amongst us. Colonel Metcalf valued him highly as a military man.



DRAYTON'S MANSION.

The cut we here insert will be recognized as a view of a lordly house in its time when it ruled a large plantation, at the north of our entrenchments, beyond Mitchellville.

When Lieutenant ——— joined us and was assigned to Captain Lanahan's company, at his first drill with big guns, noticing that the entrenchments were open at the rear, he asked Captain Lanahan, "In case of an attack in the rear, what would you do, Captain? I see you cannot turn the guns around." Said the Captain, "Do you see that little round knob on the end of the gun?" "Yes," said the Lieutenant. "Well," added the Captain, "that is the easeable knob. You pull that out, stick it in the other end, and fire to the rear." The green young officer saw the point, resigned the next day, and left for home.

Captain Lanahan once said to the Adjutant, "Should the Colonel order me to shoot you, I would do it. I should not be to blame. The Colonel would be responsible."

While the southern coast had its occasional gales and its numerous thunder-tempests, it had its many bland and beautiful days. Usually the mornings and evenings were calm and delightful. The sea-breezes prevailed at mid-day. With pleasure we recall that rare, rich phenomenon known as mirage, that, in the morning—perhaps nine o'clock—on a summer day, hung in the horizon off the harbor of Port Royal. It seemed that every vessel in the offing, and some, too, that were out of sight seaward, had

been lifted into the air, reversed in position, and were sailing in the heavens. And some of these were even seen in a third upright position, above all the rest sailing in the sky. We were almost persuaded that we had left the real world for the enchanting realms of fancy.

Again we were kindly and substantially remembered by the good people of Rhode Island, and especially by the citizens of Providence, from whom as a gift, there reached us on July 4th, a cargo of ice in charge of Charles E. Bailey, Esq. It was wisely appropriated by Colonel Brown to hospital uses, reserving to the men on duty the right of using what might be necessary for their health and comfort.

July 14. Benjamin F. Brayton (Company C), died of typhoid fever at Hilton Head.

July 22. Henry Conboy (Company H), died in regimental hospital.

July 24. George F Goodwin (Company M), died of typhoid fever.

July 25. William Davis (Company B), died of gunshot wound at Hilton Head hospital. His remains were afterwards sent to his home in Central Falls, R. I.

July 27. Peter Nailan (Company H), died of gunshot wound at Hilton Head hospital.

July 30. Silas H. Stewart (Company G), died at Fort Pulaski.

An animating episode of garrison life occurred with our gunners of Company G, in Fort Pulaski. Blockade-runners — our anti-slavery English cousins — were reluctant to forego their commercial relations with Savannah; cotton brought a higher price than conscience. On a dark night, in the midst of a severe thunder-storm, a splendid English craft, having on board five thousand stand of arms, with ammunition, slipped through the fleet and expected to dodge the fort. Our sentinels descried her. The men of Company G were instantly at their guns. Corp. R. Linton trained his James' rifle and put a shell through the culprit, leaving her helpless to fall into the hands of the awakened navy The prize should have fallen to our hands.

About the 1st of August, there being near a hundred prisoners of war on our hands, with no opportunity of exchanging them on our front, and some of them being sick, it was determined to send them North. As their guard on the transport, the Arago, the following were selected: Major Fessenden, of General Hunter's staff, Sergt. C. H. Williams (Company A); Corp. W H. Andrews (Company H); Corp. A. Wilkinson (Company L), and ten privates of Company M. In reality Sergeant Williams had the care of the men and captives.

The treatment of these prisoners was of the best character. They were supplied with all the comforts that we would have bestowed upon our own soldiers; the sick received wines and medicines and little luxuries from the ship's stores at the expense of our guard. On reaching New York they were taken by a tug-boat to Fort Columbus, on Governor's

Island, and turned over to Colonel Loomis, United States Army, commandant of that post. Major Fessenden here left our men, and, finally, after delays, Sergeant Williams returned to Hilton Head on the propeller George C. Collins. On the voyage a certain Captain of recruits rudely interfered with the Sergeant's command in a way that, after reaching Port Royal, cost the Captain his position in the army.

To experience the sublimities of thunder-storms, one needs to spend a season in the region of the Sea Islands, a sort of disputed ground between the sea and the continent, and often sharply disputed between the winds of the mountains and the gales of the ocean. These storms come at all seasons, but more frequently in the summer and autumn. They are indescribable in their strength and majesty. Whether the winds sweep down from the hills of the main-land, or in from the sea, over the level, forest-clad islands, they come with unchecked fierceness, with great dark wings of clouds, with breaking thunder and leaping lightnings. Anon the heavens are black; anon they are a sheet of flashing fires. The waters are lashed into angry billows, and the forests bend and wail before the strokes of the tempest. In such a storm a man feels small and weak. The convulsion, however, is soon past.

Aug. 10. George W Mace (Company M), died of typhoid fever.

Aug. 11. George W Hicks (Company E), died at Hilton Head.

Aug. 12. William Burroughs (Company F), died of wounds at Hilton Head.

Aug. 18. George W Jagneth (Company B), died in New York.

Aug. 28. Patrick Burke (Company I), died at Hilton Head. In the same place, on the same day, died Samuel S. Sweet (Company E).

Sept. 1. Abiel L. Leonard (Company G), died at Providence, R. I.

Sept. 10. John Lambe (Company E), died at Hilton Head.

Aug. 4. Greatly to the regret of our command, Maj. E. Metcalf resigned his place amongst us and accepted a Colonel's commission in the Eleventh Rhode Island Infantry. However, we shall soon have the pleasure of mentioning his return as our Colonel. Meanwhile, on his visit to Rhode Island, and during his service in Virginia, through his influence with Governor Sprague, he was of great service to us in adjusting official matters. His record with the Eleventh Regiment will appear with the history of that command.

Aug. 7 Maj. Henry T. Sisson closed his services with us by the resignation of his commission. He, like several others of our field and line, had seen service before we took the front. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant and Paymaster of the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, April 18, 1861; afterwards was chosen Captain of the First Light Artillery, Dec. 20, 1861. His relation to us as Major commenced Feb. 5, 1862. After leaving us he was appointed Colonel of the Fifth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Nov. 5, 1862, and served till Oct. 5, 1864.

Aug. 25. William Blair (Company I), died in United States Hospital, on Hilton Head. In the same hospital died Patrick Burke (Company I), on the 28th of August.

Aug. 29. A detachment of Company G, from Fort Pulaski, with other troops, on the armed transport Starlight, made an advance up May River to the town of Bluffton, and indulged in a little dispute with the chivalry of that section, putting their opponents to flight by the eloquence of their guns.

Aug. 30. About four o'clock, A. M., Company G, the gunners at Pulaski, were ordered in haste to their posts and pieces, as the sentinels on the island reported a steamer coming down from Savannah. Our men were ready for the visitor. The craft proved to be the steamer Emma, attempting, under cover of the night, to run by the fort, but had grounded. We opened our iron lips on the friend of England and of the Confederacy, and her crew deemed it wise to set her on fire and flee. We, however, secured some of her cargo of cotton, to prove that cotton was not King of the Yankees.

Aug. 30. First Lieutenant and Quartermaster William P. Martin, commissioned Aug. 21, 1861, a very able and excellent officer, resigned his place amongst us and accepted an appointment from President Lincoln as Commissary of Subsistence of Volunteers in our Department. He was formerly in the Regular Army, where he lost his leg in one of the battles of the Mexican war. The colors presented to us at Fort Hamilton by his wife gave her also a good record in our esteem. On account of his wooden limb, but without the least tinge of disrespect, the worthy and beloved Lieutenant was familiarly styled "Old Peg Leg." He is now serving as military store-keeper in the Regular Army.

Sept. 3. On account of impaired and failing health, Maj. Christopher Blanding resigned his commission and returned to Rhode Island. His services with us at our organization, in our preparations for the field, in recruiting for us, and in the labors of the field, while he could endure them, secured for him a prominent record. After leaving us he honorably served as a Captain of the Hospital Guards, stationed at Lovell General Hospital, at Portsmouth Grove, R. I., till the close of the war.

The post bakery at Hilton Head was under the supervision of Sergt. F A. Wilcoxson (Company L), whose executive abilities won for him warm encomiums.

Sept. 26. Rev. James Gubby, Chaplain of our command, mustered with us Oct. 21, 1861, and who had served us to the best of his abilities, now resigned his commission and went north, but, after a period of recuperation, returned to the Department and acted for a time as Chaplain of the general hospital on Hilton Head. The regiment remained without a chaplain till Jan. 20, 1863, when the author of this history, Rev. F Denison, who had previously served with the First Rhode Island Cavalry till

the severity of Virginia campaigns had broken his health, choosing a milder climate, was mustered to serve among our heavy guns.

Having some ambition for music, we endeavored to maintain a regimental brass band. Many will remember Band-master Marshall. It is said that music hath charms. This was hardly true of the kind we had. But in justice to the members of the band it should be stated that their instruments were of an inferior quality. One evening at dress-parade as the band were beating off down the line, a pet dog belonging in camp appeared in front of the line, and was attacked with convulsions, and almost instantly died. The boys affirmed that the music of the band killed him. On another occasion, as the band got the order from the Adjutant, "Troop — beat off," they struck and started. Instantly Colonel Brown, with a loud voice, and a peculiar shake of his head denoting displeasure, said, "Adjutant! Stop that band; and have the Band-master report to me at once. Down the line to the front and centre with a Drum-major's salute." The Band-master reported as ordered. The Colonel said, "You have played that tune for six months; if you play it again I will put the whole band in the guard-house." After this we had some variations of music, but no inspiring improvements. Finally, by a general order from the War Department, relating to all the Federal forces, regimental bands were abolished as too expensive and cumbersome for the war we were waging. Whatever bands were retained after this were voluntarily supported by the regiments they served. Our band was mustered out. This left us only our fifers and drummers, with the buglers connected with the light battery In due time we had a fife-major and a drum-major; these organized, the musicians left us into a very spirited and proficient drum-corps. For dress-parades, marches, and reviews we had, indeed, excellent music, equal, if not superior, to any among the troops in the Department. Music, as we shall hereafter mention, had its devotees in our command.

# CHAPTER XX.

## EXPEDITIONS ON THE FRONT

SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER, 1862.

*Law presses on to victory.*

WITH the autumn we renewed our aggressive movements. Unprepared for heavier operations, we indulged in raids and expeditions in the bayous and up the rivers.

Sept. 30. An incursive force, under Colonel Barton, of the Forty-eighth New York Infantry, and Captain Gould (Company G), left Fort Pulaski for Bluffton, a settlement on the main-land west of Skulk Creek. The troops, consisting of detachments from Company G and from the Forth-eighth New York, left on two transports — the Starlight, mounting two guns, and the famous Planter, mounting five guns. With pleasant weather we steamed our way to our destination, shelling the shores and all suspicious spots as we passed. Captain Gould commanded the artillery. A part of our men, with some of the Forty-eighth, landed at Bluffton, finding only four negroes. The "chivalry" of the village had fled. As this was equivalent to a surrender of the place, we freely helped ourselves to what property thus fell into our hands. A negro reported that a body of cavalry was about two miles off prepared to make a stand at the salt-works. Two detachments of our Company, with Lieutenant Fry, offered their services to advance and meet the enemy. Some were indignant at being refused. Bluffton was thoroughly inspected — some would say ransacked and plundered. At one house we found the dinner-table spread and abandoned; of course we made ourselves guests. Taking with us, at last, some needed furniture, and a piano to cheer us in Fort Pulaski, and all the negroes we could reach, save one, we turned back and safely reached the fort in the evening.

Oct. 1. With nearly the same force we made an expedition up the Savannah to Mile Point and into the streams on the west of Calibogue Sound. Coming within range of the rice-works on the Savannah, we silenced an opposing rebel battery and put to flight five rebel steamers that thought to meet us. At least two of our shots took effect in the rice-house. The enemy's shots fell short of us. In allusion to our gunning, Colonel Barton said, "Men, you have done well. I do not ask for any better firing."

Oct. 12. At midnight, seven detachments from Company G, to work the guns, and two companies of the Forty-eighth New York, on board the Planter and the George Washington, left Fort Pulaski to pay another visit to Bluffton and its vicinity. From the bow-guns of the boats we shelled the shores as we passed on our way, but no Johnnies revealed themselves. Reaching the salt-works, some of our force landed in boats and destroyed the works, which inflicted quite a loss upon the enemy. Returning, we landed at Bluffton and made another requisition on the furniture and loose goods left in the town, deeming abandoned property in war lawful prey. On our return home a few rifle-shots were fired on us from the shores, but without effect. The spoils of our expedition added to the comforts of our post at Fort Pulaski.

Oct. 18. The Planter, with our men as cannoniers, and the Forty-eighth New York boys as infantry, made a third visit to Bluffton to find our faithful negro spy, left there on the 13th, and to learn of the whereabouts and intentions of the foe. As usual, Colonel Barton commanded the light arms, and Captain Gould directed the artillery. Shelling the shore, we landed and reconnoitred, and again picked up articles of comfort and value. On returning, we encountered the enemy concealed on the shore about a hundred yards distant from us, firing with musketry. The heavy, unexpected attack for a moment threw us into confusion, as we were all at our ease. We rushed to our cannons, and the boys of the Forty-eighth New York seized their rifles. Corporal Fisher fired the first gun. Soon our howitzer was in full play and did splendid execution. Colonel Barton and Captain Gould, both with rifles, swelled the music of the light and heavy guns. We received two heavy volleys, but made more than equal returns. Some of the shots of the rebels cut clean through the light work of our steamer. Cries were heard on shore; one voice said, "Don't go and leave me." We were liberal with our shell, canister, and bullets. Corp. George Duranne of Company B (Forty-eighth New York), fell mortally wounded, and died a few days after. Mr. Smith, mate of the Planter, was wounded in the ankle. Corporal Fisher of Company G, of our regiment, was slightly injured in the face. A number were cut in their caps and clothing.

The enemy seemed to muster a full company, and only lacked field-pieces to have fatally smitten our light-framed steamer. As it was, they failed in their design. We returned at night, bringing with us our trusty negro spy, who gave us much valuable information.

Oct. 18. Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton issued his General Orders, No. 10, for the organization of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers (colored). This regiment had already had a *quasi* existence without sufficient forms of law for its equipment and pay, having been enrolled by direction of General Hunter, following the general instructions first given to General Sherman. Now the command took full and regular form. This was an era in the war, and in the history of the ex-slaves. Col. T. W

Higginson, of Massachusetts, finally became associated with this command, and gave it reputation by his talents and his sword. History is stranger than fiction. A son of Massachusetts leads a regiment of ex-slaves — volunteers from South Carolina — under the Stars and Stripes, against the slaveholders' rebellion.

Gen. O. M. Mitchell on succeeding General Hunter in the command of the Department, applied himself with great energy and enthusiasm to the interests of the troops and of our government. He was alike a scholar and a patriot; an astronomer and a soldier. He personally visited and addressed all the troops of the Tenth Corps. His address to our command was particularly happy and stirring. In the middle of an earnest and eloquent passage in his speech, where he expressed his discontent at being penned up on that island (Hilton Head), and his anxiety to reach the main-land, an English soldier in our ranks, kindled with the enthusiasm, shouted, "'Ear! 'ear! 'ear!" A hearty smile rose from the whole command. The General paused in his splendid speech and joined us in the generous laugh, which deepened the impression of the occasion.

Our regiment had its geniuses of every sort — men equal to any situation. Private C ———, a recruit in Company —, disappointed in not receiving his pay on reaching ship in New York, and again refused after arriving at Hilton Head — some one having made him promises without authority — concluded to slip his neck from the military yoke. Being no dullard in planning, and withal a superior penman, after informing himself in respect to the mysteries and faces of red tape, he made out for himself discharge papers so complete that with them he passed the sentinels and provost guards and took passage on the regular transport for New York, and securely reached New England.

Wonders are everywhere around us, and these, at present, are explicable only in part. Great are the mysteries of alligator life. These we sometimes studied with partial success. It was not difficult to comprehend why the amphibious quadruped knight was in armor dight, since his habitat was in the region of sharks, sturgeons, storks, cranes, and bayonet-billed gallinippers. Life needs to be iron-clad in southern rivers and marshes. But why his long, horny tail? Horns and beaks are always in front for defense and assault. Battering-rams and gun-boats have metal noses and no tails. As the alligator is neither fish nor monkey to need a long tail, and does not run backwards, why his prodigious, hard, round, caudal extremity? Lieut. J. M. Barker, while stationed at Bay Point, came nigh solving this problem at his expense. Riding along the creek beach he spied a monster of this species, supposed at first to be something else, when, dismounting and approaching, he first discovered an ominous winking and slight moving of the head. As he drew a few steps nearer, of a sudden the prone, cunning knight of the marshes, using his fore feet as a pivot, made a fearful sweep with his tail at the Lieutenant's legs, and only just failed of reaching them.

# CHAPTER XXI.

## BATTLE OF POCOTALIGO.

OCTOBER, 1862.

*Old schemes of wickedness die hard.*

EARLY in the autumn of 1862, General Mitchell made his arrangements for commencing an active campaign in the Department. One of his first objects was to interrupt the railroad communications between Charleston and Savannah, to prevent the rebels from rapidly transporting their troops from one point to another, and to gain if possible a Federal foothold on the main road. One of the objective points selected was Pocotaligo, near the bridge crossing the river by that name; a locality about thirty-five miles from Hilton Head.

The command of this expedition was assigned to Brig.-Gen. J. M. Brannan. His force consisted of a portion of the First Brigade (his own), Col. J. L. Chatfield (Sixth Connecticut), commanding, 2,000 men; a portion of the Second Brigade, Brig.-Gen. A. H. Terry commanding, 1,410 men; a detachment of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Col. N. W Brown commanding, 300 men; a detachment of the Forty-eighth New York, Col. W Barton commanding, 300 men; a detachment of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, Capt. L. Richmond commanding, 108 men; a detachment of the New York Volunteer Engineers, Lieut.-Col. J. F. Hall commanding, 250 men; a section of the First United States Artillery, Lieut. G. V Henry commanding, forty men; a section of the Third United States Artillery, Lieut. E. Gettings commanding, forty men; total strength, 4,448 men.

In Colonel Barton's command were fifty men of Company G, of our regiment, which added to our detachment from Companies E, K, L, and M, gave us 350 men in the expedition. Company M assisted in transporting and working three boat-howitzers.

Oct. 21. The troops on nine gun-boats and a few transports left Hilton Head in the evening and proceeded up Broad River. Our men were on the Marblehead, Vixen, and George Washington.

Oct. 22. At 4.30 o'clock, A. M., the transport Ben Deford and gun-

boat Paul Jones arrived off Pocotaligo Creek. Colonel Barton, with his regiment, fifty of the Engineers, and fifty of our regiment, proceeded to the Coosahatchie River to destroy the railroad and bridges in that vicinity. The other gun-boats and transports did not arrive till 8 o'clock. Infantry and artillery were landed at Mackey's Point — the junction of Pocotaligo and Tulitinny Rivers — and advanced in the direction of Pocotaligo bridge. The force advanced in the following order: First Brigade, with section of First United States Artillery; Second Brigade, Colonel Brown commanding, with section of Third United States Artillery, and three boat-howitzers lent by the navy, and forty-five men of our regiment under Captain Comstock. Lieut. C. R. Brayton was our Acting Adjutant.

On advancing about five and a half miles and debouching upon an open, rolling country, the rebels opened upon us with a field-battery from a position on the plantation known as Caston's. The First Brigade deployed; the artillery was brought to the front, and the rebels were driven from their position. In their retreat, however, the enemy destroyed all the small bridges and so retarded our pursuit. As our engineers repaired the bridges we advanced. We had proceeded but little more than a mile when a battery opened upon us from the Frampton plantation. Here, as the rebels had great advantage of position, ensconced in a wood with a swamp in front, passable only by a causeway, the bridge of which had been destroyed, we had a large number killed and wounded. We met the enemy's shot, shell, canister, grape, and musket balls, till the ammunition for our field-pieces fell short, and our infantry, though acting with great courage and determination, were twice driven back. At last we pressed desperately forward, and the enemy precipitately retreated; and plunging through the swamp — nearly to our arm-pits in mud — we pursued them. Fortunately we captured a caisson full of ammunition to supply our great need. Delays were occasioned by destroyed bridges.

Pursuing till we reached the point where the Coosahatchie road joins that from Mackey's Landing and runs through a swamp, the rebels again opened on us with a murderous fire from batteries of field-pieces and siege-guns on the further side of the creek. Here, again, our ammunition failed us, and we had to send back several miles to Mackey's Point for a supply. Charles B. Oakes (Company C), drove back with Hamilton's wagon, post-haste, and obtained the supply.

The rebels now destroyed the Pocotaligo Bridge and took position beyond it in strong earthworks. What we were aiming to do — to cut the road — they had done. The battles had now lasted all day, and rebel troops from Savannah and Charleston were reaching the point of action. With the approach of night we retired, falling back upon Mackey's Point, gathering up our dead and wounded. Our dead we buried. Our wounded we bore with us on stretchers extemporized of boughs and blankets. Col-

onel Barton and his command was only partially successful in the movement on the Coosahatchie and was obliged to retire.

Oct. 23. The entire force fell back in good order to Hilton Head. Our casualties in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to 215; those of the enemy were reported as 126.

Our regiment had three wounded: Lieut. J. B. Blanding (G), loss of the use of arm and side wound; Corp. J. N. Bogman (M), mortally; private Josiah W Thompson (M).

Of Corp. J. Nelson Bogman, the only one of our wounded men who died of his injuries, Adjutant Gorton thus writes: "The loss of no member of my old Company (M), came nearer home to me than that of young Bogman, well-known to me before his enlistment, born in Providence, R. I., March 22, 1843, hence not twenty years of age; a young man of excellent character, with everything in life bright before him; the pride of his family; the loved of his comrades; endeared to all who knew him. On my last visit to him, a few hours before his death, he greeted me with a smile, spoke of the battle and the noble conduct of his associates, especially of the bravery of Lieutenant Holbrook (then Sergeant). The exertion brought on a hemorrhage, for he was nigh his end. A favorite comrade was constantly at his side to the last, giving every attention that friendship and affection could prompt. He died at Hilton Head, Oct. 25, 1862, calmly, peacefully, bravely, like a true soldier. His remains were sent north and now rest in Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, R. I."

We had some forty men on board the George Washington, that was armed with howitzers and Parrott guns, to aid in clearing the river banks before our men might be landed. This steamer took a side creek, long, deep, and exceedingly narrow — in places hardly wider than the steamer — and reached the front a little too late to render efficient aid in the battle-strokes. Her critical retreat, necessarily running backwards through the winding, swift-streamed, natural canal, was a mixed manœuvre of maritime and military skill.

In the battle a little drummer-boy of the Forty-eighth New York, on board the Planter, attracted the attention of all on the vessel by his superior soldierly record. Seeing Lieutenant Blanding sorely wounded and disabled from using his weapons, the lad obtained the Lieutenant's pistol, and coolly taking the most advantageous position possible, took deliberate aim and emptied every barrel in the face of the foe.

On the Federal side the losses were 43 killed, 258 wounded, and 5 missing. The Confederates lost 14 killed, 102 wounded, and 9 missing. They were commanded by Gen. W S. Walker.

During the action a rebel light battery had evidently expended their projectiles, and resorted to all means for a supply. An unusual sound following some of the missiles that reached us, a German soldier on our side, pursuing one of the projectiles, to satisfy his curiosity, found it to be a

monkey-wrench, whereupon, returning with extended hands, he exclaimed, "Capteen! Dey is trowing de blacksmith's shop."

The falling back of the forces under Colonel Barton was covered by the gun-boats and the Planter, on the latter of which, when she grounded, Corp. J. B. Hudson (Company G), with fourteen men, handled his gun and expended all his ammunition. For gallant conduct he was soon promoted to be Sergeant.

In the vicinity of the Pocotaligo battle Colonel Brown had occasion to cross one of the streams. At once Private Drummond (Company C), offered to bear him over on his shoulders, but in the middle of the stream stumbled, and both himself and the Colonel had a thorough bath. Both soon reached the bank, when the Colonel simply remarked, "Well, if you had told me of the perils of our passage, I would have volunteered to transport you, and both of us might have been dry."

Oct. 29. David D. Harrington (Company A), died at Hilton Head.

Nov. 1. A detachment of Company G, on the Planter, made a visit to Daufuskie Island; but, not finding the enemy, were unwilling to return empty-handed. They therefore conscripted oranges, eggs, fowls, sweet-potatoes, and garden vegetables. The negroes remaining on the island seized the opportunity to make their exodus. Very tenderly did our men place inscribed head-boards to the graves of Daniel Golden and Michael Migan, members of Company G, who had been previously buried there.

At this time our companies were stationed as follows: Company G, Fort Pulaski; Company B, in battery at Seabrook, on Skulk Creek; Company D, in Fort Seward, at Bay Point; Companies A, C, E, F, H, I, K, L, and M, in the entrenchments at Hilton Head, except a detachment of A in gun-boat George Washington on picket through creeks and along the rivers.

J. Templeton (Company L), died of congestive fever Nov. 4th, at Hilton Head.

Bernard Murray (Company I), died Nov. 6th.

Daniel Diggle (Company A), died Nov. 20th, at Port Royal.

Our monthly return for October reported our aggregate number at 1,275. Companies A, B, C, H, I, K, L, M, at Hilton Head; D, E, F, at Bay Point; G, at Fort Pulaski.

# CHAPTER XXII.

## THE YELLOW FEVER AND DEATHS

OCTOBER — NOVEMBER, 1862.

"The afflicted warriors come
To the deep wail of the trumpet
And beat of muffled drum."

NEAR the middle of October, 1862, two cases of yellow fever were developed among the men employed in the Quartermaster's Department of the Army Corps at Hilton Head, supposed to have been contracted in unloading a vessel from a southern port. The plague spread somewhat before it was really comprehended. Some sickened and died in a few hours. General Mitchell was attacked and died October 30th.

We cannot refrain from copying some of the lines written by Lieut.-Col. G. Douglas Brewerton on the death of General Mitchell, who was eminently a christian man: —

"The eyes that loved to read the stars
Have closed upon their light,
To open, if our faith fail not,
Where God's own stars are bright.

His upright life, his soldier fame,
Are memories of the past;
His hero words, his very name
Are still a trumpet blast."

Notwithstanding every possible sanitary precaution and the utmost skill of medical officers, several noble lives were lost by this fearful and unconquerable disease, which raged on Hilton Head during the latter part of October and the most of November, until the chills of approaching winter checked its career. Some regiments, for want of due care, suffered more than others. Our command was afflicted in the loss of two excellent officers.

LIEUT. WALTER B. MANTON.

He was born in Providence, R. I., Aug. 10, 1832, of wealthy and highly honorable parentage, being the son of Joseph and Mary Whipple Manton. Belonging to one of the oldest families of Rhode Island, and enjoying the best advantages of home society and of education in his native city, he

proved himself worthy of his inheritance and his opportunities. Qualified by talents and culture, he assisted his father in his wholesale trade in cotton, and visited different portions of our country. He married Helen A. Stevens of Cincinnati, O., and had one son. Though surrounded by the most inviting and endearing home attractions, his largeness of thought and heart led him to fly to the defense of his country in the hour of her agony.

He was commissioned as First Lieutenant of Carbineers in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, June 27, 1861, and faithfully served in that command till the expiration of its three months' service, passing through the fiery experience of the first battle of Bull Run. He was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Feb. 11, 1862, and was true to his post of duty to the last. On account of his ability, skill, and fidelity, he was called to fill the rank of Acting Quartermaster of the regiment, and his promotion to be First Lieutenant had been ordered by the Governor and his commission was on its way to him, when he fell a victim to the fatal scourge — yellow fever — that had entered the Department of the South.

His illness was short. In the quarters of the Surgeon, Dr. Stickney, he received every possible care that love and skill could dictate; but the malady was incurable. He died Oct. 25, 1862. His funeral services were observed at 4 o'clock, P. M., on the following day, and were conducted by Rev. H. L. Wayland, Chaplain of the Seventh Connecticut Regiment, and son of Dr. Francis Wayland. The officers and most of the men of our regiment then at head-quarters, notwithstanding the exposure to the plague, attended the solemnities and testified in all possible ways of their esteem for their noble comrade.

He was a gentleman as well as a soldier; attractive in form and features; neat in appearance, chaste in language, quiet and unassuming in manner, exemplary and upright in habits, exact and punctual in duty, affable and affectionate in disposition, and won the high regards of all who knew him; leaving not an enemy, but a host of friends, admirers, and mourners. His remains were taken north in the winter following, and, after suitable solemnities, from his father's residence, were laid in Swan Point Cemetery, Jan. 31, 1863.

The price of Liberty, how great!

### COL. NATHANIEL W. BROWN.

He was the son of Isaac Brown, and was born in Dighton, Mass., Feb. 22, 1811. Of excellent native powers, well developed by education and strengthened by industry, he became a man of influence and mark even in his early years of business. Engaging in manufacturing, he became a member of the widely-known firm of Jacob Dunnell & Co. When the Rebellion broke upon the land he was among the first to offer himself for

the defense of his country, and was appointed Captain in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, and manifested his courage and coolness in the battle of Bull Run.

Of his ability and valuable services in command of the Third Regiment from the date of his commission, Sept. 17, 1861, to the day of his death, it would be difficult to speak in sufficiently appreciative terms.

He was seized with the virulent fever on the 25th of October, and, despite the best medical skill and care, died on the 30th, at the age of fifty-one years, yet fresh in his strength and honors. During the period of his service and command with us, he manifested all the high and soldierly qualities of a patriot and officer. He was a wise and thorough disciplinarian, prompt and unwavering in action, and ever watchful and considerate of the interests of his regiment. His strict temperance made him conspicuous and esteemed; and what he practised himself he urged upon all. He cherished an exalted sense of true religion and sincere religious observances, and was deeply interested in the maintenance of worship near headquarters at the post, and was a regular attendant until stricken down by disease. A few weeks before his death he was assigned to duty by General Mitchell as Chief of Artillery in the Department, a position for which he was well qualified. On account of the nature of his malady, his body was buried on the day of his death, but with appropriate funeral services. The ambulance draped and festooned by the national flag, was drawn by six gray horses. Services were conducted by Rev. H. L. Wayland, of the Seventh Connecticut, and Rev. Mr. Hudson, of the New York Volunteer Engineers. The Colonel's horse was led in full trappings by his servant in the procession. The body was laid in Pine Grove Cemetery outside the entrenchments at the south. Here they remained till the following winter, when they were carried to Providence, R. I., where, on the 30th of January, 1863, with becoming military and religious ceremonies, they were laid in the North Burying-ground.

It is proper here to introduce the following official paper: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY,
CAMP STEPHEN OLNEY, HILTON HEAD, S. C., Nov. 24, 1862.

*General Orders, No. 35:* —

The Colonel Commanding rejoins his regiment with mingled feelings of pride, of pleasure, and, alas, of painful regret. He has ever been proud of his connection with this command — never more so than now. The bearing and appearance of all, the condition of the camp, everything that first attracts the attention of a commanding officer, have gratified him far beyond what he could have anticipated.

But to-day, for the first time, he is fully alive to the loss himself, the regiment, and the country has sustained in the death of our late commander. You know he was in a peculiar sense my friend; and I know, as you could not, what a privilege it was to enjoy his friendship. Others mourn his departure with a sorrow too sacred to be invaded by us; but as our commander — as one it was an honor to serve, and who served honorably in every position, we must ever cherish his mem-

ory, and deplore his untimely death. To me it was especially sad, coming as it seemed to come, at the very moment when the way was opening to him for what he so earnestly desired, a life of activity, and an opportunity for the distinction he was so sure to win.

His successor does not come among you hoping to be to you what he was. But I shall try to enforce the lessons he taught you of coolness and subordination; and I have no other ambition to satisfy, if you, comrades, under me, as under him, are obedient to authority and resolute in the hour of danger; cheerful in obedience; cool in courage. I should not be here did I not know the Third will never fail in these cardinal virtues of the soldier. I rely upon you. May the hour never come when any one of you shall feel he cannot rely upon his commander.

E. METCALF,

*Colonel Commanding.*"

Nov. 9. Henry Welsh (Company H), died at Hilton Head.

In the month of November, Lieut. A. E. Greene with about two-thirds of his company (B) moved to Skulk Creek, about four miles from the entrenchments at Hilton Head, and assisted in constructing, and afterwards manned, the earthwork known as Fort Mitchell. Here he remained, receiving at times portions of other companies, till Jan. 8, 1863.

On the 1st of November, 1862, Lieut. G. O. Gorton was appointed Adjutant of the command; and at the same time Lieut. P G. Turner was appointed Quartermaster. And we may here add that Lieutenant Gorton received a commission as Captain on the 2d of November 1863, but refused to be mustered, it being the sum of his ambition to serve as Adjutant of the command, a post that he gracefully and nobly filled till his term of service expired. And we might add in reference to him, that at the outbreak of the Rebellion he volunteered as a private in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, and bravely met the Confederate fire on the plains of Manassas. He joined our command as Second Lieutenant Feb. 5, 1862, and was advanced to be First Lieutenant Nov. 28, 1862. He was a gentleman as well as a soldier in every position he occupied. No regiment ever had a more accomplished, accommodating, beloved Adjutant. It was a feast to one's eyes to witness the guard-mounting as he conducted it, and look upon his work in any place.

By the way, the Adjutant furnishes the following incident: When Colonel Metcalf took command of the regiment, as he was a strong temperance man, — he declined signing officers' requisitions for whiskey, without which official approval the cheerful element could not be obtained of the Post Commissary

As a consequence there was a scarcity of the "critter" in camp. Several officers who were overtaken by thirst and had vainly reconnoitered for supplies, were finally told that the Adjutant had a little in a bottle under his bunk. The bottle was found and most of its contents were abstracted. when the Adjutant put in an appearance and learned of the state of affairs. He thereupon wished his fellow-officers much joy, but honestly explained

that he had been making a collection of insects for a kinsman who was an enthusiast in entomology, and that he had put his bugs and insects in that bottle, which he had filled with whiskey obtained at the hospital to preserve them. Ah! What a puckering of lips and griping of bowels. One man certainly lost his hold on his "roast beef." The Adjutant adds, "I had seen pictures of bottles of whiskey with horrible creatures dancing around in them, but here I had a real case." Besides its humor, this incident has a value for physicians and psychologists as illustrating the close and mysterious relation of the mind to the nervous system.

In honor of a Rhode Island friend our encampment was styled Camp Stephen Olney.

Nov. 28. Lieut. C. R. Brayton, who left his college course in Brown University to join our regiment at its formation, was now commissioned as Captain of our light battery (Company C), consequent upon the promotion of Captain Day to a Majority, and by his superior tact and energy more than kept good the high prestige won by this company. The frequent calls for the use of his field-pieces on expeditions along the front gave him rare opportunity to exercise his talents and his courage; and he proved himself equal to every emergency.

Of Quartermaster Turner a good line of record should be made, as there never was a more industrious, exact, reliable Quartermaster in the army. But he also carried his qualities with him everywhere. He joined the regiment as a private Sept. 7, 1861; was promoted to be Second Lieutenant Oct. 9, 1871, and to be First Lieutenant May 20, 1862. He finally rose to be Captain May 1, 1863, and did valiant service on Morris Island till his term of enlistment expired. His voice, and face, and manner, were the revealers of his warm and cheerful heart. Memory will ever closely hold the name of Capt. Peter J. Turner.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## THANKSGIVING AT FORT PULASKI.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

*The camp and cabin now rejoice.*

THE day of national Thanksgiving — first made national by President Lincoln — one of the good, unforeseen results of the war, was joyfully hailed in the army as it was at our homes. For its observance, and to enjoy a day of relaxation from the stern duties of war, a programme was arranged for a "Grand Thanksgiving Fete and Festival, given by the Officers of the Garrison of Fort Pulaski, Ga., Nov. 27, 1862."

Invitations were sent to different parts of the Department, and especially to Hilton Head. The day was propitious and cool. Three steamers conveying guests from Hilton Head reached the fort at noon, and found a cheering reception. At the entrance of the fort was an arch with the emblazoned word "Welcome." Over the sally-port was the name "Mitchell," suitably draped, and near by the names "Brannan" and "Terry." Over the officers' quarters and the doors of the casemates were mottoes, wreaths, arches, and stars; and the walls were festooned. All needful preparations had been made for "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

The guests were received with a salute from the fort. Then followed religious services conducted by Rev. Dr. Strickland, Chaplain of the Forty-eighth New York. In the matter of festive exercises, amusements, and enjoyments, the following programme had been arranged and printed, and was handsomely carried out: —

"TARGET PRACTICE. — Three competitors from each Company. Distance 200 yards. Best string in three shots each. First prize — Gold Medal, valued at $25. Second prize — Silver Medal, valued at $15. Third Prize, Bronze Medal, valued at $10.

ROWING MATCH. — Distance one mile around a stake-boat and return. First prize — Purse of $10. Second prize — Purse of $5. Third prize — Purse of $2.50.

FOOT RACE. — Three times around Terre-plein, and over 12 hurdles, three feet high. First prize — Purse of $10. Second prize — Purse of $5. Third prize — Purse of $2.50.

HURDLE SACK RACE. — 100 yards and return; over three hurdles 50 yards

apart and 18 inches high. First prize — Purse of $10. Second prize — Purse of $5.

WHEELBARROW RACE. — Competitors blindfolded, trundling a wheelbarrow once across Terre-plein. First prize — Purse of $10. Second prize — Purse of $5.

MEAL FEAT. — Exclusively for Contrabands; hands tied behind the back, and to seize with the teeth a $5 gold piece dropped in a tub of meal. Six competitors to be allowed five minutes each to accomplish the feat. Prize, $5.

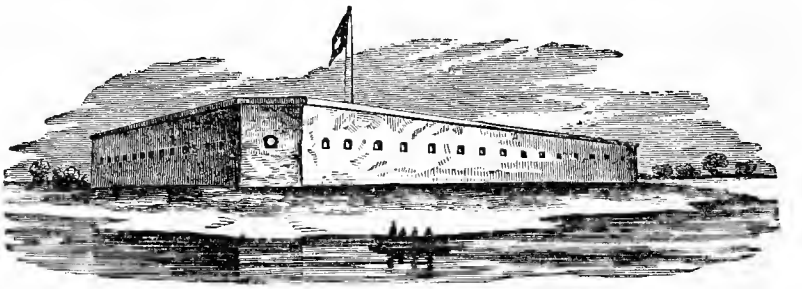
GREASED POLE. — Pole to be 15 feet high. Prize, $10.

GREASED PIG. — To be seized and held by the tail. Three competitors from each Company. Prize, pig.

BURLESQUE DRESS PARADE. — Each Company will be allowed to enter an equal number of competitors for each prize.

The usual dress parade of the Garrison will take place at 4.30 P. M. Ball, 8 P. M. Supper, 12 P. M. Lunch at all hours. The Third Rhode Island Minstrel Band will play at intervals during the evening. The Band of the Forty-eighth New York Regiment will perform at intervals during the day and evening."

The execution of these parts can be better imagined than described. The "sack-race" and "meal-feat" brought forth rapturous applause. The terre-plein and ramparts were crowded with spectators. When one of the wooly-headed contraband boys raised the $5 from the flour, the cheers rent the air. The mock dress-parade was inimitably comic.



FORT PULASKI.

The regular dress-parade of the evening was highly creditable. Then followed the social boards and the festive music. The officers' table, near a hundred feet in length, was on the terre-plein. Company G had a superb table in their quarters — four casemates — lighted with four chandeliers; while the walls were decorated with wreaths and illuminated with mottoes: "Maj.-Gen. Burnside, the R. I. hero;" "Maj.-Gen. George B. McClellan (likeness) Commander-in-Chief of U S. A.;" "Colonel N. W Brown, — the father of the Regiment — we mourn his loss;" "3d R. I. H. A., Co. G, Slocum Avengers;" "Lieut. Blanding, the star of the R. I. Boys;" "Gov. Sprague (seal of the State)." It may be guessed that the spoils of Bluffton aided in setting out the tables and furnishing the quarters. The piano as well as the minstrel band performed for the "light fantastic toe." Oyster suppers, pies, lemonade — if nothing more spirited — kept up the evening cheer and rounded out the rare Thanksgiving-day.

The new era that had dawned for the colored people was announced by General Saxton : —

"PROCLAMATION,

FOR A DAY OF

PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

I hereby appoint and set apart THURSDAY, THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, as a day of public thanksgiving and praise; and I earnestly recommend to the Superintendents of Plantations, Teachers, and Freedmen in this Department, to abstain on that day from their ordinary business, and assemble in their respective places of worship, and render praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the manifold blessings and mercies he has bestowed upon us during the past year; and more especially for the signal success which has attended the great experiment for freedom and the rights of oppressed humanity, inaugurated in the Department of the South. Our work has been crowned with a glorious success. The hand of God has been in it, and we have faith to believe the recording angel has placed the record of it in the Book of Life.

You freedmen and women have never before had such cause for thankfulness. Your simple faith has been vindicated. "The Lord has come" to you, and has answered your prayers. Your chains are broken. Your days of bondage and mourning are ended, and you are forever free. If you cannot yet see your way clearly in the future, fear not; put your trust in the Lord, and He will vouchsafe, as he did to the Israelites of old, the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, to guide your footsteps "through the wilderness," to the promised land.

I therefore advise you all to meet and offer up fitting songs of thanksgiving for all these great mercies which you have received, and with them, forget not to breathe an earnest prayer for your brethren who are still in bondage.

Given at Beaufort, S. C., this ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

R. SAXTON,

*Brig.-Gen. and Military Governor.*"

# CHAPTER XXIV.

## CAMP LIFE AND OUTLOOK

DECEMBER, 1862, — JANUARY, 1863.

With varied thread life's web is wove.

BEFORE this we might have stated that our camps on the Sea Islands presented a peculiar aspect on account of the manner of pitching our tents. The fine sand with which the islands are blanketed, when free from water, is blown like snow hither and thither, filling the low places and banking behind every object that breaks the wind. On this account we were obliged to have raised floors for our tents, and to seek very level spots for our encampments. Fresh water was obtained by digging a few feet into the sand, but much of it had a slightly sulphurous taste. Only a few days during the winter were cold enough to call for camp-fires.

Dec. 1. All the troops at Hilton Head were called out to witness a very painful scene that was enacted by necessity according to the usages of war — the execution of a hardened criminal. The desperate character was William H. Lunt, (true name Albert Lunt), of Company I, Ninth Maine Regiment. He was duly convicted by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot for the double crime of desertion and highway robbery. The place of execution was beyond the entrenchments on the south side. Twelve riflemen were his executioners firing at a mark placed on his breast. Eleven bullets took effect in him — the twelfth rifle having no bullet — and he fell from his kneeling position on his coffin dead on the moment. Desertion on the front is a crime that may not be measured. The character of Lunt was vile beyond description.

We had a picket-station under command of Sergt. J. W Howcroft, (Company D), about a mile up the island from our garrison at Bay Point. The picket head-quarters were in an old fort, and a guard under Corp. A. B. Brown was stationed on the beach. Before morning a light was seen and a sound of oars was heard. A small blockade-runner, loaded with fancy goods, feeling her way into the creeks to run up inside the rebel lines had struck a sand-bar. Her captain and two men in a boat were try-

ing to escape. Espied at break-of-day they were captured by Corporal Brown and his guard and handed over to Sergeant Howcroft, and finally to Captain Shaw, in Fort Seward, and by him to the authorities at Hilton Head. Our boys felt a little proud over their prisoners, being the first they had captured. The stranded vessel in a few days came ashore.

Among the noticeable features of the post, within the entrenchments at Hilton Head, was the line of sutlers' barracks, popularly designated "Robbers' Row," albeit there were some honest, worthy men engaged there in trade. These barracks for trade were located, numbered, and regulated in their dealings by military orders, and paid taxes for their privileges. Acts of extortion were punishable by expulsion from the Department. One or two traders incurred this penalty under the firm rule of General Hunter. Intoxicating liquors were contraband on the Row with severe consequences. And yet it was reported that trunks of goods, with an exterior chamber or wall containing the exhilarating fluid, found their way into and out of these centres of business. Moreover, great care had to be taken to prevent some of the sutlers from taking advantage of the ignorance of the freedmen.

While our thoughts were absorbed in the strategies and strokes of war, our northern eyes were not indifferent to the peculiar flora and fauna of this semi-tropical region; the giant live-oaks festooned with waving Spanish moss (tillandsia); the parasite mistletoe with its bright leaves and white fruit; the lofty arrow-shaped cypresses; the supple jack climbing to the tree-tops; the yam vines (on Tybee) overrunning the chapparal; the oleanders by the fresh waters; the lofty reeds in the marshes, and canes by the forest pools; the proud palmettoes and the grand magnolias. Around the mouth of the Savannah we studied the strange pelican, the huge sea-turtle, the loathsome alligator, the cunning raccoon, the wild hog, the turkey-buzzard, the crane, the curlew, the turtle dove, and the mocking-bird. In the channels we heard the drum-fish and saw the leaping sturgeon. And over island and river soared the bald and gray eagles.

How often camp-life with its varied scenes will return to admonish or to amuse us? We still hear the voices of our favorite bards and gleemen — the popular "Port Royal Minstrels" — as they sang for us at Hilton Head in the pleasant evenings — Wilcoxson, Hanscom, Bean, Pratt, Higgins, Keating, Butcher, and others — sixteen in all. We also recall the musician in the drum corps who could never keep step to his own music; and the member of Company M, who could never learn to catch the last step; and the member of Company H, whose speech and action so imitated our first Chaplain that he was almost always called "Gubby;" and the auctioneer in Company M, who was on the alert to pick up cast-off clothing and sundry articles whereby he might practise the art and skill of the auctioneer for the diversion of the camp. All will remember the manufacturers of pipes and rings and bird-cages and shell-boxes. Some

may recollect the pet coons and alligators. One man was an adept in making bird-lime and catching mocking-birds.

As of old, in every house some vessels were to honor and some to dishonor, so was it with us. One man, to get his bounty, before enlisting had colored his hair and reduced the figures of his age; but, once in the field, became gray and very infirm and hung upon the hospital, studying to secure a discharge. Our really sick men, and perhaps Dr. Stickney (who knew?) tried a few practical jokes on him; certainly he had some shocks from a galvanic battery that our boys found in the house of the rebel Dr. Fripps and presented to Surgeon Stickney. Another man of like ambition, on reaching the field became very rheumatic, and was obliged (he thought) to use crutches, as his knees lost their flexibility. Greatly to the disgust of all, he passed from his company to the hospital several times, till finally, on one of our movements, he was sent to the general hospital where he finally obtained his discharge; but, as we finally heard, elsewhere re-enlisted and got a second bounty.

Said Lieut. G. W Greene: "Being officer of the day in the entrenchments at Hilton Head, late at night I discovered from the right and left of the line of company tents, men in shirts and drawers gliding silently, with tin cup in hand, into one of the centre company streets. Unobserved I slipped in between the lines of tents and, coming opposite the point to which the men were resorting, stepped into the crowd near the object of attraction, and found it to be a tub of punch. Just then, some one said, 'Officer of the day!' and away flew the men to their quarters, except the master of ceremonies, who stood by his tub. He explained that he was appointed simply to mix the tub and deal it out, and solemnly promised that there should be no disturbance in the camp. I took him at his word and suffered the programme to be carried out, keeping my eyes and ears open to the results. The tin cups did not recoil upon the peace of the camp."

Dec. 15. Henry A. Angell (Company L), died at Hilton Head.

Dec. 24. James Ryan (Company L), died at the same post.

Also in December, died, George R. Dexter, (Company C).

Our boys will pleasantly remember that the military authorities at the head-quarters of the Department, in recognition of the talents and attainments of our glee club — Port Royal Minstrels — gave them the use of a large hall in the second story of a store-house, where on certain evenings during the winter they held forth their art, now to the general and field-officers, now to the bars and chevrons, and not unfrequently to crowds of privates, always greatly to the amusement and edification of the audience.

To Yankees, newspapers are as indispensable as their lungs; even while fighting they must write and print and read. The little, loyal, brave sheet entitled *The New South*, of which Joseph H. Sears was editor and

proprietor, was published at Hilton Head, commencing its career in the summer of 1862 and continuing till after the close of the war. It was a real auxiliary to our troops. With the opening of 1863 the friends of the freedmen started a larger weekly in the city of Beaufort, called *The Free South*, of which J. G. Thompson was the editor and publisher, and J. M. Latta & Co. were proprietors.

Entering any camp and any tent you would find papers, books, ink, pens, and writing-paper. A regimental mail-sack was no small institution, and the postmaster, chaplain or adjutant, found his office no sinecure. Facts would show that the world never presented so intelligent an army as that which fought against "the barbarism of slavery" in our civil strife.

Dec. 26. Lieutenant-Colonel Bucklin resigned. He left us with the esteem and best wishes of the command. His record will be cherished in Rhode Island. As a valued citizen in Pawtucket prior to the war, he was the commander of the Pawtucket Light Guard, one of the best military organizations of the State. In answer to the first call of the President for seventy-five thousand men, he volunteered and bore honorably a captain's commission in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia and acted well his part in the battle of Bull Run. On the full formation of the Third Regiment he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel Oct. 20, 1861, and his fellow-townsmen with members of his former command made him a present of a horse and equipments. It may truly be said of him that both at home and in the field, he was an upright, true, faithful man.

What reversals of condition were wrought by the war in Carolinian society? In the winter of 1862–3, we found the large and costly Baptist meeting-house in the city of Beaufort on Port Royal Island, in the hands of the former slaves of the island, and in constant use by them as their place of worship, under the ministry of Rev. Solomon Peck, D. D., the well known Baptist minister of Boston, Mass., and the honored Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. The manner in which this aristocratic place of worship — the leading one in the city — came into the virtual possession of the negroes, is worthy of record.

On the capture of the island by the Federal troops, the whites fled to the main-land, taking as far as possible their slaves with them, but inevitably leaving the larger part of them on the island; for the slaves were the large majority on the island and understood the Union flag as bringing them their liberty. All public property, including meeting-houses when abandoned, fell into the hands of the War Department. The negroes left upon the island, with some that escaped from their masters and returned, desired a place of worship. And the majority of them, who were Baptists, never having been allowed to form a church among themselves, though they held in their cabins meetings for praise and prayer, had their names on the roll of the Baptist Church to which their masters belonged; and their names constituted the major number on the church register. There were seven-

teen hundred names of colored persons on the roll. Under these circumstances, when Dr. Peck came to open schools and preach amongst them, he applied to the military authorities for the use of the Baptist house for worship. The military officers, while favoring the proposition, had no power to pass over property in this way and so referred Dr. Peek to Mr. Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief in all such regards.

On addressing a letter to Mr. Lincoln with a rehearsal of the facts and needs of the colored people, Dr. Peek received from the President a reply which in substance stated: (1.) According to Baptist usage, the majority of a church represents a church; (2.) According to the facts recited, the majority of the members of the Beaufort Baptist Church are still present on the island; (3.) According to testimony furnished, these members are loyal to the United States Government; (4.) Therefore they are entitled to the use of their meeting-house, and are hereby authorized to enter and use it.

It was a historic scene, to look upon that great assembly of ex-slaves, seated in that lordly church, built by slaveholders, while Dr. Peck, with his white locks and tender voice, preached to them the gospel of spiritual and civil freedom. "Out of the eater came forth meat; and out of the strong came forth sweetness."

When President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation reached Beaufort, Dr. Peek read it from the pulpit of this church on the Sabbath. As he closed, a gray-haired negro, who was a sort of deacon or leader among his people, rose and said, "Massa Peek! Massa Peck! I moves fre cheers for de proclimason, and fre cheers for Massa Linkum." "But wait," said Dr. Peek; "it is the Sabbath; and this is the sanctuary. I honor your feeling and thought. Next Thursday, which will be the first day of the new year, when the Proclamation goes into effect, we will have a mass meeting in the grove, where we will again read the great new law, and when you and all the assembly present may give, with all your voice and heart 'Three cheers for the Proclamation, and three for President Lincoln.'" That meeting was held, and those three cheers were given with a will; and the blacks sent a handsome address and resolutions to Mr. Lincoln.

The jubilant mass meeting referred to was authorized and emphasized by the following manifesto from General Saxton: —

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE COLORED PEOPLE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.

In accordance, as I believe, with the will of our Heavenly Father, and by direction of your great and good friend, whose name you are all familiar with, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, on the 1st day of January, 1863, you will be declared 'forever free.'

When in the course of human events there comes a day which is destined to be an everlasting beacon-light, marking a joyful era in the progress of a nation and

the hopes of a people, it seems to be fitting the occasion that it should not pass unnoticed by those whose hopes it comes to brighten and to bless. Such a day to you is January 1, 1863. I therefore call upon all the colored people in this Department to assemble on that day at the Head-quarters of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, there to hear the President's Proclamation read, and to indulge in such other manifestations of joy as may be called forth by the occasion. It is your duty to carry this good news to your brethren who are still in slavery. Let all your voices, like merry bells, join loud and clear in the grand chorus of liberty — 'We are free,' 'We are free,' — until listening, you shall hear its echoes coming back from every cabin in the land, — 'We are free,' 'we are free.'

R. SAXTON,

*Brig.-Gen. and Military Governor.*"

Col. T. W Higginson — poet, novelist, and warrior — with his historic regiment (First South Carolina Colored Troops), assisted in the New Year's Jubilation, and shared the roast-ox feast with intensest zest. By the way, his command felt its dignity when they made their first parade (Jan. 19), through the streets of Beaufort, escorted by the band of the Eighth Maine. Said one of the soldiers, "Ebry step was wuf half a dollar." But the color-sergeant, Prince Rivers, best expressed it: "When dat band wheel in before us, and march on — my God! I quit dis world altogeder." For such stock — however derided by theorists — Colonel Higginson had no occasion to blush; here were the germs, at least, of true manhood.

Jan. 1. Capt. James E. Bailey was commissioned as Major in our command, a position which he filled till his term of service expired. He was among the first volunteers in Rhode Island at the opening of the war, and was chosen Second Lieutenant in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia, April 18, 1861, and was promoted to be First Lieutenant in that command June 4, 1861. Returning from the field with that regiment after the battle of Bull Run, he was commissioned as Captain in the Third Regiment, Aug. 27, 1861. His services in camp and field, in the reduction of Fort Pulaski and subsequent actions, furnish him a record that he proudly recalls.

A certain lieutenant (nameless here for sufficient reason), was detailed officer of the guard, and duly instructed in reference to his duties, since he had not long been amongst us. He was charged to visit his outposts at midnight and see that all things were in military order. On approaching the first post the following dialogue ensued: —

*Sentinel.* "Who comes there?"

*Lieutenant.* "Faith, I don't know whither I'm officer of the day, grand rounds, or what I am; but if you've got a pipe, for the love of God give us a smoke." This was the same officer who was instructed by Captain Lanahan in the use of the caseable knob. His merits excused him from protracted service.

Jan. 10. Maj. Horatio Rogers, Jr., greatly to the regret of the com-

mand, resigned his commission amongst us to accept the command of the Eleventh Rhode Island Volunteers. He joined us as First Lieutenant Aug. 27, 1861; was advanced as Captain Oct. 8, 1861, and was appointed Major Aug. 18, 1862. Brave and capable, he held a high place in our regards, and amongst all who knew him in the Tenth Army Corps. His services in command of the Eleventh Regiment, and afterwards as Colonel of the Second Regiment, will be found in the records of those commands. His name, however, will ever brightly stand upon our roll.

The army gun-boat George Washington, on picket service about this time in Skulk Creek, manned by Company A, under Lieutenants J. Morrow, Jr. and George L. Smith, as she passed Chimney Point — always an exposed place — received a sharp and telling volley from the rebel pickets. Our men sprang to their guns to answer with shell. Lucklessly our James' rifle burst in firing. Private Warner was lifted by the explosion to the hurricane deck and, of course, seriously shocked. A fragment of the gun entered and lodged in the right side of Lieutenant Smith — a serious affair — remaining in him for five weeks. Indeed, he has never wholly recovered from the wound.

During the night of Jan. 30, one of the Charleston rams under cover of the fog and darkness, passed out of the harbor into our blockading fleet without discovery, till she struck the Mercedita with her iron prow, breaking through the side near the stern, at the same time opening her heavy gun on her victim. Captain and crew were made prisoners. Next the ram attacked the Keystone State and met with stubborn resistance, as the alarm and previous firing had called every man to his post. The Keystone State gave the wandering sheep nineteen shots. Meanwhile a sloop-of-war came up with her big guns and ended the fray by spherical arguments that persuaded the blatant assailant to re-enter the Charlestonian fold. The Mercedita was not led captive, and after re-fitting still did us good service.

Jan. 31. Our compatriots of the navy had the satisfaction of bringing into Port Royal harbor, as their prize, an elegant English screw steamer, the Princess Royal, who had hoped to skulk into Savannah. She was loaded with machinery for three propellers, armor for iron-clads, machines for making steel-pointed shot, powder, and small arms. John Bull and Jeff Davis lost their investment, and our tars replenished their pockets.

# CHAPTER XXV.

## PREPARATIONS FOR HEAVY WORK

FEBRUARY — MARCH, 1863.

*Hope waves her banner on the wall.*

A CAREFUL survey of the work going on at the naval depot near Bay Point and on board the armed ships in Port Royal harbor, with the many consultations held by the general officers of the Department, revealed the fact that some large movement of navy and army was contemplated. Unusual drilling of troops was required; and unusual movements of ordnance and stores were manifest. The military and naval forces were at this time in possession of the coast from Charleston Bar to St. Augustine — a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. Further advance was now being studied.

In crossing Port Royal harbor to Bay Point our boats were rowed by negroes who were fond of measuring their strokes by songs. Seeing us very busy with a pencil, one of them remarked, "'Spec dat be sent 'way, an' put in book." Well, we will put it in: —

I.

"O my brudder, want religgun?
Go down in de lonesome valley,
Go down in de lonesome valley,
To meet my Jesus dare.
Brudder Peter, want religgun?
To feed on milk and honey?
Go down to de lonesome valley,
To meet my Jesus dare."

The remaining stanzas varied only in the first lines. Another song ran thus: —

II.

"Good by, my fadder! sweet water rollin';
Sweet water rollin' — jes from de fountain.
Good by, my mudder! sweet water rollin'
Sweet water rollin' — jes from de fountain."

The following was a favorite song on account of its flowing measure: —

III.

"Jordan's stream is a good old stream,
Ain't got but one more riber to cross;
I want some valiant soldier
To help me bear de cross."

Perhaps the quaintest of their compositions was the following: —

IV.

"Death be a leetle ting
Dat go from door to door;
He kill some soul,
An' he wounded some,
An' he leave some to pray.
Do Lord, remember me;
Do Lord, remember me;
Do Lord, remember me;
Remember me till de year roll roun';
Do Lord, remember me."

We are tempted to add a few more specimens: —

V.

"I can't stan de fire,
No, I can't stan de fire;
O roll, Jordan roll,
O roll, Jordan roll;
I can't stan de fire,
While Jordan roll so sweet.

VI.

I ax ole Satan for to leave me alone;
Satan hab nottin for to du wid me;
Hol your light,
Hol your light,
Hol your light,
On Canaan's shore.

VII.

For I'll die on de field ob battle,
I'll die, I will die,
And I'll die on de field;
For I'll die wid my armor on,
My armor on, my armor on,
Fighting for de crown."

Riding through a grove of giant pines — some of them stretching up well nigh a hundred feet — meeting a stalwart "contraband," engaged by the Quartermaster-General, felling the trees, we halted and indulged in a brief colloquy: —

*Chaplain.* "Who are you at work for Cæsar?"

*Cæsar.* "Massa Elwell says I works now for Uncle Sam."

*Chaplain.* "Do you like to work for Uncle Sam better than for your old master?"

*Cæsar.* "Yas, sar; O yas."

*Chaplain.* "Why so?"

*Cæsar.* "Now I reaps my own benefit."

Almost enchanting was a ride through one of these forests, the wind soughing among the branches, and the air filled with resinous fragrance, while song-birds added their jubilant melody.

Though sometimes singular in their phraseology, the colored troops were correct in principle. A rebel private (Gibbs, of Charleston), having been captured and brought to Hilton Head, was guarded by a negro

soldier, and seeking a fit moment, brusquely approached his guard and authoritatively asked, "Whom do you belong to?" Confused for an instant, the negro replied, "To de state of Geddis, on de main;" but then recovering himself, and standing straighter than ever, added, "Look yere; stan off dar! didn't you know I'se put yere to guard you? I belongs to Mister Gineral Hunter and myself now."

In addition to his other responsible duties, Colonel Metcalf, for quite a period acted as President of a General Court-martial, and also on a board for the examination of officers.

First Sergt. B. F Davis (Company D), gives an incident of garrison life. "While in quarters at Bay Point, we discovered that one of our non-commissioned comrades, having a passion for promotion, had confidentially told a chum that he thought he could obtain a commission, provided he had the influence of a certain Member of Congress with whom he claimed acquaintance. His confidant suggested an address to the Member of Congress, mentioning the old friendship, and soliciting the promotion, kindly volunteering to do all the necessary writing. The generous offer was eagerly accepted.

"Our clique was notified; piping at once commenced. As we sent to Hilton Head for our mail, the pipe was readily laid. The sergeant in charge of the mail was let into the secret and readily lent assistance. The epistle to the Member of Congress was finally written, heartily approved by our aspirant, put into the mail-bag and taken to Hilton Head (no farther)

"Before the return mail from the north had arrived, we had a fine commission "fixed up," promoting our friend to a First Lieutenancy in the Regular Army In the largest official envelope we could find, directed and marked wisely, it was carefully put by the sergeant into the mail-bag at the proper time at the Head. When the looked-for mail-pouch reached us. the Captain opened it, and that was one of the first letters to be handed out.

"We gravely repaired to our quarters to read our letters. Soon our comrade rushed in, with commission in hand, his eyes protruding, and exclaimed: "I've got it boys! I've got it;" and, turning to his confidential clerk, added, "I'll never forget you; I'll get you a commission in my regiment."

"We all separately perused his commission, expressed our congratulations, and offered good suggestions, and especially urged that a fellow with such extraordinary luck should be liberal — should put out a little. He cheerfully assented. But pay-day was remote, and our "First Lieutenant" was, like the rest of us, close-reefed for the wind. He, however, had passed his word to do the handsome thing, and, as became an officer of the Regular Army would moisten his new commission. How to raise the scrip was the question. Among so many friends the way opened.

But he added, "I shall need a uniform." So, in a few days, selling his clothes and all other effects, he raised the needful for a treat, and purchased half a dozen or so of brandy ("none of your commissary whiskey for this occasion"); and at night the blow came off; and a hard blow it was. Our mess did the occasion justice — good supper with all the "fixins"—and that night our "First Lieutenant" thought he was a general. Alas! the next day he was a wiser man; but he was sick and went to the hospital. Soon we formed a Dramatic Company; and, as he aspired also to histrionic honors, we cast him in the performances, and he shortly recovered his health, but never mentioned commission again — that had been played."

Feb. 7 Lieut. Charles A. Rossander resigned. This beloved Swedish officer was commissioned by Rhode Island as First Lieutenant in the First Rhode Island Artillery, Aug. 8, 1861, and joined us as First Lieutenant Feb. 14, 1862. He finally returned to his native country.

Both gallantry and gratitude forbid our neglecting to mention that during the winter and spring our camp at Hilton Head was graced and cheered by the presence of the wives of some of our officers: Mrs. (Colonel) Metcalf, Mrs. (Captain) Day, Mrs. (Captain) Mason, Mrs. (Captain) Shaw, Mrs. (Lieutenant) Turner, Mrs. (Lieutenant) Barker, Mrs. (Lieutenant) Rawson, Mrs. (Lieutenant) Martin. We still hear their songs in our tents, their conversation at our camp-tables, and see their fair faces at our religious services. Some of them were not unskillful in horsemanship, and bore us company as we rode to the different stations of the island. One gracefully rode a little white pony that the Chaplain styled "the goat."

The Chaplain was careful to furnish to the regiment the best possible reading matter, various kinds of papers, tracts, and books. Twelve hundred little hymn-books, written by himself and printed by Rhode Island friends, were distributed as helps for our worship. Five hundred pocket Testaments were distributed among those not previously supplied. And a few hundred Douay Testaments, the gift of a wealthy Catholic merchant in New York, were given to such of the command as cherished the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. In this matter the Chaplain carried out his favorite doctrine of liberty of conscience, and aimed to do to others as he would have them do to him. And we ought to add that the Catholic members of the regiment always held the Chaplain in the highest regard.

Feb. 23. The position of the companies of the regiment at this time were as follows: The head-quarters, with eight companies, within the entrenchments on Hilton Head, two of which were in Fort Welles; two companies — one heavy (A) and one light (C) — at Beaufort, A in Battery Stevens; one company (L) in the fort at Bay Point; one company (G) in Fort Pulaski. The health of the men was excellent; only twelve in the regimental hospital. The southern February was like a northern May. New grass and flowers cheered the eye.

Feb. 28. The regiment was reviewed, inspected, and mustered. The highest military judges spoke in eulogistic phrase of Colonel Metcalf and our command. We were now as always prepared to act as infantry or artillery, as occasion might require; this made our drills and duties doubly complicated. But in all we were successful. For soldierly bearing, neatness, order in camp and in garrison, proficiency in drill, and perfection in discipline, it was affirmed that we had no superiors in the Department of the South. Some of our sergeants were detailed to act as instructors to other commands in the use of heavy guns. Out of eleven hundred and sixty men there was no death for nearly three months.

Heavy firing was distinctly heard in the direction of Savannah. The iron-clad monitor Montauk ran by Fort McAllister, below Savannah, and threw a fifteen-inch shell into the rebel steamer Nashville, that set her on fire and finally occasioned her explosion.

March 2. Company D, hitherto holding the fort at Bay Point, being relieved, joined the head-quarters within the entrenchments, as preparations were being made for some heavy expedition. We had orders to practice in embarking and disembarking in surf-boats connected with transports in the harbor. At this time there were about twenty-five hundred freedmen on Hilton Head, and in the Department about eighteen thousand. Their preacher on Hilton Head was Abraham Mercherson, formerly a slave in Savannah. A revival was in progress amongst them; on the 22d of February Mr. Mercherson baptized about fifty in Port Royal harbor. About five hundred of these blacks were employed in the government service, loading and unloading transports and aiding, in various ways, the Quartermaster's department. And about this time the able-bodied "contrabands" were enlisting as soldiers for the Union, a measure in which General Hunter took great interest. The first regiment of colored troops, First South Carolina, now enrolled about nine hundred; and the Second South Carolina Regiment had four companies. One hundred and thirty stout, fine-looking, intelligent fellows came from Key West, many of them able to read, some of them qualified to serve as sergeants.

March 7 The forces associated with us on Hilton Head at this time were the New York Engineers, Third New Hampshire Infantry, Ninth Maine Infantry, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Infantry, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, and One Hundred and Fifteenth New York Infantry. In the whole Department of the South, or Tenth Army Corps, there were about twenty thousand troops. Of the naval force in the Department, Port Royal harbor was the rendezvous; but the monitors and gun-boats were usually moving up and down the coast, now on blockade duty, and now making a reconnoisance up a river or bay. Near this time there was an ominous concentration and thorough refitting of all the fighting keels. Dupont and Hunter had their heads together for some striking affair,

and both were getting their best forces well in hand for work. At Beaufort, St. Helena, and Hilton Head we counted 160 vessels of all sorts. A General Order was issued by General Hunter that plainly contemplated an expedition.

March 12. During the night of this day, a raiding party of rebels crossed Skulk Creek in boats and captured all the men save one of the picket station at Spanish Wells. One of these men belonged to our regiment, Alfred C. S. Williams, (Company A), acting with the signal corps. It was a sharp movement. Fearing there were spies secreted in the forests and jungles of the island, our regiment was twice ordered out with other commands to make a minute examination of all hiding-places. For various reasons our pickets exercised double vigilance. From the main-land the rebels occasionally sent up balloons to spy out the movements of our army and navy.

In the practice of disembarking by surf-boats from transports, to which the troops were now being daily drilled, and forming in line of battle on the beach as quickly as possible after leaving the boats, and then returning to the transport — the mimic of serious work somewhere — our regiment excelled all others, and accomplished the feat in thirty-five minutes. It was evident that the military authorities had an eye upon our commander, and hence we were not surprised when, on the 27th of March, Colonel Metcalf was appointed Acting Chief of Artillery.

March 15. While a rebel midshipman from the rebel ram Atlanta, and five soldiers, were on their way in a boat down the Savannah River to a picket-station, the soldiers, having experieneed enough of the Confederate service, showed the "Middy" a couple of revolvers — one just detailed from his own overcoat poeket — and rowed him and themselves down to Fort Pulaski, where they joyously gave themselves up to the care of Unele Sam. Four days before, three deserters from Savannah left the rebel lines, and the next morning reached Pulaski in a dug-out, having, as they said, seen enough of Dixie. They described the obstructions of piles and huge baskets and cribs of paving stones in the river below the city. From escaped slaves and deserters we kept ourselves quite well informed of all important matters on the rebel front.

March 22. A beautiful, vernal day, and a cheering Sabbath. The Chaplain was unusually busy. Having visited the hospital in the morning, he was suddenly summoned, with only fifteen minutes' notice, to preach at the post head-quarters. The invitation came from General Hunter, who was present with his staff, together with a large number of field and line officers. He preached from John xii, 24: "Except a eorn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringing forth mueh fruit." The General expressed his warmest thanks. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the Chaplain offieiated at the provost-marshal's and addressed about 100 prisoners; and at 4.30 P. M., preached to the regiment from John iii, 16. Our singing was excellent. Our Sabbaths were inspiring days.

The Chaplain's correspondence to home papers under date of March 30, contains the following paragraph : —

" We are happy to mention the prevailing harmony and good order, and military accomplishments of the command, and among the pleasantest scenes of our camp-life are our Sabbath services. The entire regiment attends, formed into a hollow square, with field and line officers and chaplain and musicians and visitors within the square. The chaplain stands and officiates in the centre. Thus we worship in the great temple reared by Divine hands. Nothing need intervene between the Deity and our spirits. Our worship is simple, pleasant and profitable. The wives of a few of the officers, on a visit here, give a chastening feature and a reminder of home endearments, to the scene and the services. They moreover render us happy aid in singing. By them, as by us, these scenes will doubtless have a long and fond remembrance ; they will be serene and sacred little pages in our life-volume."

March 30. Quite a gale swept over the coast during the previous night, making no little commotion in the harbor, and doing not a little damage to the small crafts that were unprepared for the sudden and stressful visit of winds and waves. The surf-boats with which the army had been practicing in Port Royal harbor were nearly all dashed upon the beach and more or less injured. Our regiment was called out to re-launch them from their high sandy stocks. Colonel Metcalf, now Acting Chief of Artillery, was engaged in getting his artillery regiments in order for motion.

March 31. Company F (Captain Mason) had orders to move on board the transports, carrying heavy ordnance for the expedition, to direct in handling guns and ammunition. The remainder of the regiment held itself ready for marching orders with fifteen days rations. So Hilton Head was full of activity and of anxious inquiries.

On the night of March 31, quite a tragic little incident occurred on the margin of our camp, within the entrenchments. One of the guards, reaching the extreme of his beat and turning back, was assailed in the darkness by some unknown culprit, who struck him down with a club and stabbed him, but failed to kill him, leaving him able to raise the alarm. Singularly the stabbing instrument struck the sentinel's Testament in his breast pocket, and cut entirely through it, and slightly pierced his breast. Thus the Word of the Lord was a literal shield. The book was viewed with much curiosity through our camp, and was now doubly prized by the faithful soldier.

About this time piles were driven across Skulk Creek, between Hilton Head and Pinckney Island, to prevent rebel raids ; and all the forts around us were put in the best of order. Fascines and gabions were also prepared for the expedition.

Among the genial spirits with whom we were brought into pleasing acquaintance in the Tenth Army Corps, was Lieut.-Col. C. G. Halpine, of

General Hunter's staff, known widely for his gifted pen, by the *nom de plume*, "Miles O'Reilly." As a soldier he was prompt and brave. As an associate he was sunny and engaging. As a writer he had pith, point, and power; but all naturally lay in the domain of wit and mirth. His satire was as shining and keen as his sword. Our camps were cheered by his songs and lyrics that appeared at first in periodical forms, and finally in a substantial, amusing, instructive volume, entitled "The Life and Adventures, Songs, Services, and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly" We shall be pardoned for copying his lyric that was so effective "in reconciling the minds of the soldiery of the old Tenth Army Corps to the experiment of the First South Carolina Volunteers" — colored troops: —

### Sambo's Right to be Kilt.

Air: "*The Low-backed Car.*"

"Some tell us 'tis a burnin' shame
To make the niggers fight,
And that the thrade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white;
But as for me, upon my sowl!
So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murthered instead of meself
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of Southern bagnet,
So ginerous are we here,
I'll resign, and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year.
On every day in the year, boys,
And wid none o' your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern bagnet prod
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who objeet to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
And its betther to have a nayger's hue
Than a liver that's wake and white.
Though Sambo 's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a thrigger ean pull,
And his eye runs sthraight on the barrel-sight
From undher its thateh of wool.
So hear me.all, boys darlin',
Don't think I'm tippin' you ehaff,
The right to be kilt we'll divide wid him
And give him the largest half."

# CHAPTER XXVI.

## SECOND ADVANCE ON CHARLESTON

APRIL, 1863.

*The armor of the true is tried.*

THE blockade of Charleston harbor, from sunken hulks that availed nothing, and from our fleet riding outside the bars in the fogs and billows of the coast, was so ineffectual that the rebels laughed it to scorn. At night, under skillful pilots, both rebel and English keels entered and departed with little risk. A heavy business was carried on in the export of cotton and importation of rebel supplies. The store-houses of Charleston were full, and by reason of the great prices, the city was never doing a larger business. The importance of this port to the Confederacy was beyond estimate both at home and abroad. Hence the city and harbor were fortified in the strongest possible manner.

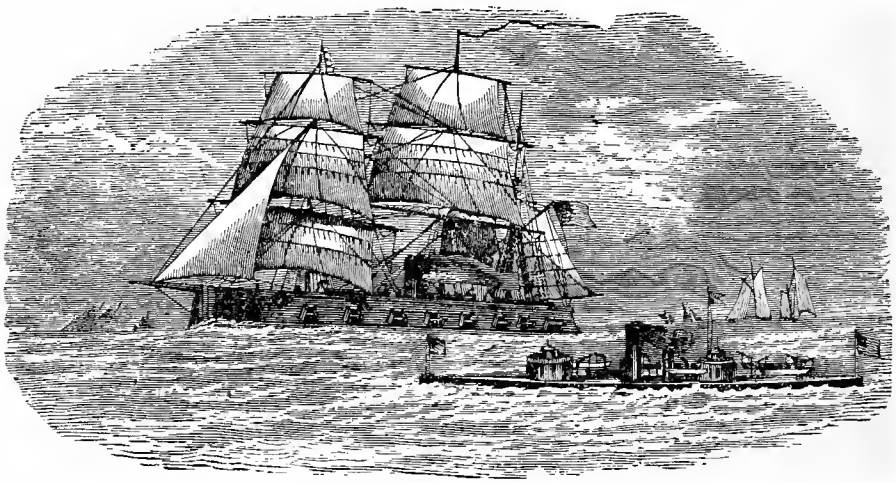
1. In the centre of the harbor, three and a half miles from the city and equi-distant from Sullivan's and James Islands, was Fort Sumter, a pentagonal work of two tiers of casemates and parapet, capable of mounting 135 guns. 2. On Sullivan's Island, Fort Moultrie, mounting guns *en barbette*, and batteries on all its points of exposure. 3. Morris Island had forts and batteries at its extremities and centre. 4. On James Island, Fort Johnson and heavy batteries on all sides. 5. In front of the city, Castle Pinkney and Fort Ripley. 6. In the city, guns on the wharves and along the shores of Cooper and Ashley Rivers. 7. Iron-clad rams in the mouths of the rivers. 8. Batteries in the rear of the city, and to the right and left. As the war progressed these works were modified and strengthened, and numerous supporting works were added to them. A heavier, harder, military front can scarcely be imagined. Not without reason did the Charlestonians boast of their power of defence.

This relation of Charleston to the life of the Confederacy made it imperative for the Federal Government to arrest its trade and command its harbor, if it could not at once capture the city. Any blow dealt upon this point would tell severely upon the Rebellion. The attempt to reach the city with the army operating across James Island, made in June, 1862.

having been unsuccessful, it was now proposed to enter the harbor with iron-clads and strike all the forts, especially Fort Sumter, and if possible smite the city itself; a heavy and hazardous undertaking. In connection with this stroke of the iron-clads under Commodore Dupont, the army moved also in transports to capture Folly Island and be ready to cross over and capture Morris Island, and enter such forts as might be disabled.

April 2. About 2 o'clock, P. M., the order reached our regiment lying in the entrenchments to break camp and go on board the transport steamer Delaware; an order that was fulfilled by sunset. Colonel Metcalf was Acting Chief of Artillery for the expedition.

April 3. Our six companies on the Delaware left Port Royal about noon. Major Bailey was left in command of the artillery remaining for the protection of Hilton Head and the harbor. Great watchfulness and caution were now exercised around Port Royal harbor, lest the enemy should



NEW IRONSIDES AND MONITORS.

discover our depleted condition and make an attack upon some unsuspecting point.

On our way from Hilton Head to Stono Inlet, we had on the steamer a number of negroes as servants. These, stowed forward in the boat, fell into conversation and discussion relative to the expedition and the deeper question of the right and wrong of secession. One of them insisted that secession was wrong in principle and impracticable as a policy. We give the closing sentences of the debate. The opponent replies: "Ye knows nothin' 'bout it. Ye hears what white folks talk, and says what they says; how does you know 'bout it?" The affirmer responds: "I does know 'bout it. Jes look here. 'Spose I'se Capen of dis boat; den I'm Capen, and nobody else. Ye can't come an' be Capen, too. There can't be two Capens to one boat, not by a darn sight." The audience gave him the question.

April 4. During the night the rebels in the direction of Savannah sent

up a balloon with a light attached, possibly as a signal to their forces that our fleet was leaving Port Royal, or for observation relative to our movements. As a counter demonstration, all the vessels in the harbor raised all the lights they could — a strategy to indicate strength. Two regiments, with detachments from two others and a few cavalrymen, were all that remained for the defence of Hilton Head. On the forenoon of this day our six companies on the Delaware, with other transports, reached Stono Inlet, having passed some of the iron-clads and naval vessels at Edisto Inlet; the latter ready to move by signal. About forty transport and supply vessels lay in Edisto Inlet to render aid to the expedition. The army, on board transports in Stono Inlet, was waiting the result of the blow to be struck by the monitors; hoping to be called to enter Charleston harbor, or to cross Folly Island and Light-house Inlet to Morris Island.

April 7 The monitors moved over the bar, and boldly up into Charleston harbor, to engage the rebel forts. Such thundering of guns defies description. Wagner, Gregg, Sumter, Moultrie, Battery Bee, Johnson, and other rebel works opened their best fire on our little fleet of iron-clads. The Ironsides ran up within 500 yards of Fort Sumter to the boom and chain obstructions, and was unharmed under the awful hail of iron. The double-turretted, turtle-backed monitor Keokuk — which was an experiment — was worsted in the fight, and turned back and sunk inside of the bar the next morning. The Patapsco monitor, lying off the harbor as a reserve, blew out her cylinder-head and was powerless. The monitor Weehauken was in the fiercest of the fray. On her the rebels concentrated their fire and made the water boil around her; but she grandly parried the strokes and remained unwounded. Our force consisted of the flag-ship Ironsides, seven monitors, and the Keokuk. Each of our guns could throw only about ten shots an hour. Against us were seven very strong rebel fortifications, some of them using the splendid English steel-pointed projectiles; the forts together being able to throw 300 shots per hour. The odds proved too great, for although the monitors were invulnerable and unequalled for defensive action, they lacked the requisite aggressive power to break the hostile front. Admiral Dupont saw that the effort would be unavailing, and withdrew his force.

While the fight in Charleston harbor was going on the army was making ready to advance, holding Folly Island and Coles Island. On the morning of April 8th, we were in readiness to cross Light-house Inlet to Morris Island. We had with us on transports many heavy guns; some one and some two hundred-pounders, rifled. Our boats were ready and men armed for the advance, when it was announced by the Admiral that he had resolved to retire. We therefore had to content ourselves with simply holding the islands already possessed as a future base of operations.

The chief officers who led in this thundering, fiery fight, were Admiral

Dupont, Commodore Turner, Fleet Captain Ramon Rodgers, Dupont's Chief of Staff; Commanders John Rogers, and Percival Drayton (of South Carolina); George W Rogers, Daniel Ammen, Downs, Fairfax, Worden (of Monitor fame in Hampton Roads); and Rhind, who, with rash gallantry, ran his vessel (the Keokuk), right under the walls of Sumter. We proudly remember these brave men of the decks. "It is with names such as these that the future crown of the Republic will be most brightly jewelled."

About this time Colonel Metcalf formed and presented to the notice of General Hunter, who expressed great satisfaction with it, the plan of raising a battalion of five or six hundred colored men to become artillerists in connection with our regiment, to be officered and trained by us, and to be specially devoted to holding posts, garrisons, and forts, and so allowing more of our command to be on the front. But at this time the infantry regiments were absorbing all the recruits.

# CHAPTER XXVII.

## LOSS OF THE GEORGE WASHINGTON.

APRIL, 1863.

*The mysteries of martyrdom.*

April 8. IN anticipation of a possible raid of the enemy from the main-land upon Port Royal Island, as the most of our forces were in front of Charleston, the naval gun-boat Hale and the armed transport George Washington were ordered to make a reconnoissance through the Coosaw River separating Port Royal Island on the northeast from the main-land. The Washington, besides her working officers and crew, was manned by a detachment of our regiment, consisting of Capt. T. B. Briggs (Company A), commanding, Lieut. J. B. Blanding (Company I), Lieut. G. L. Smith (Company G) and thirty-four privates of Company A. Early in the afternoon, when about four miles east of Port Royal Ferry, the Hale missed the channel and grounded. The Washington, coming to her relief, gave her a hawser but could not pull her off, and hence lay by her for her defense, till by the ebb-tide, she herself was grounded and nightfall came on. During the night both boats floated again with the flood-tide, and the Hale, just before morning, without giving notice, moved on her way.

At break of day the Washington, discovering that she had been forsaken by her consort, made ready to follow, but had proceeded only a few hundred yards when her officer spied a light battery of the enemy hurrying into position on the shore of the main-land, only about twelve hundred yards distant. The rebels were quick and skillful in using their opportunity In a moment they opened their well-directed fire. The first shot ricochetted and passed over the boat; the second, a shell, entered her starboard-quarter and fired her magazine. The explosion carried away all the rear portion of the boat, lifting that part of the deck, guns, and rigging into the air, and shattering and disabling the entire vessel. Though the engine could still feebly move, the boat had now no rudder, and water began to make upon the furnace. The bow-gun had no range on the assailants, and now no ammunition remained. At this desperate point Captain Briggs ordered a flag of truce hoisted and so far surrendered the boat and men. This step was not relished on board, and the engine was immediately reversed, and the boat was backed till she grounded on

the Port Royal side of the channel. At this moment all on board, save Mr. Martin, the second mate, Lieutenant Blanding, D. A. Sisson, A. F. Randall, and all the wounded artillerymen, leaped overboard, and, by swimming, wading, and using the row-boat, made their way through water, mud, and marshes to the shore of the island; while the rebels, perceiving that the flag of truce had been disregarded, reopened their fire on the fleeing party.

Lieutenant Blanding, Mr. Martin, and our two brave men, D. A. Sisson and A. F. Randall, heroically stood by the wounded men and the crippled boat, resolved to do or die in performing their whole duty, but soon perceiving that the shattered vessel was on fire, called to the row-boat on shore to rescue the wounded. Amid the screeching missiles a black man,

LIVE OAKS AT PORT ROYAL.

by order of Lieutenant Smith, brought the row-boat to their relief. Into this were carefully put the wounded that were living. Then our men looked to their safety. Lieutenant Blanding, still suffering in his unhealed, shrivelled, helpless left arm, shot in action in the preceding October, at Pocotaligo, by desperate effort of paddling and pushing, urged the boat-load of wounded men beyond the reach of the flames, towards the shore; but, finally, in crossing a small inner channel, he could not lift himself again into the boat, and was obliged to drop his hold and strike out with his one arm to save his life; and, though he went down twice, he at last reached land. The boat-load of wounded men drifted up the river and was captured by the enemy, but was finally returned to our lines under a flag of truce. The casualties were as follows: —

Corp. Lewis Warner, shocked by the explosion; Lyman R. Smith, missing, no doubt killed instantly by the explosion; John Fallon, mangled by the explosion, died in a few moments; William Greenhalgh, wounded by the explosion, died in the row-boat, buried by the enemy; John Hyde, missing, died probably before reaching the shore; George W Smith, contusion of skull and scalded, died in hospital, at Beaufort, April 12th; Edward J. Vallely, shocked by explosion, foot amputated, hip and arm injured, died. Corp. Albert A. Smith, both legs broken, foot amputated; George Fay, shocked by explosion; George W Stoddard, foot and arm burned; George L. Eldridge, foot and face burned; Augustus Blanchard, one leg broken; Henry Butler, injured in head and foot; Reuben P Wright, sprained limb.

The Washington burned to the water's edge and sunk. Our officers and men lost their arms and effects; some escaped but half-clad. The colored soldiers, (First South Carolina Volunteers), picketing the island, rendered prompt and efficient aid. Lieut. E. A. Waterhouse, (Company A), from the company head-quarters near Beaufort, hastened with ambulances to bear our wounded and dying to the hospitals. The intrepidity and fidelity of Lieutenant Blanding received great praise. The funeral of George W Smith was conducted by the Chaplain at Beaufort, April 13th, and the brave artilleryman was buried with full military honors in the soldiers' cemetery, in the suburbs of the city. Edward J. Vallely died of his injuries on the morning of April 15th.

The bridge connecting the island of Port Royal with the main-land was a causeway, save where it crossed the narrow channel, which part had been utterly destroyed. To the end of this causeway from the main would come the rebel pickets, while to the other end from the island would go our pickets, both within a stone's throw of each other. Sometimes the men would converse together. Some extravagances of speech however led to a military order forbidding conversation.

We must here recall one of our wounded men, Albert A. Smith. After Lieutenant-Colonel Blanding left us, he was in command of the Guards at Lovell General Hospital, Portsmouth Grove, R. I., and witnessed an operation in one of the wards. He says: "The patient had lost one leg in the field, and now the other was being taken off above the knee, and he was under the influence of anæsthetics. The operation was successful; and the soldier looking up with a smile, extended his hand and said 'How do you do Colonel Blanding?' I accepted the hearty grasp but did not recognize the sufferer. 'What!' said he, 'don't you remember A. A. Smith, one of your old boys? I enlisted under you. I belong to the Third Rhode Island, as good a regiment as ever stood on the front. I wish I was with them again; but I suppose they wouldn't want such a short-legged fellow as I now am; I shouldn't hardly come up to the standard.' One of the surgeons asked, 'How are you now?' He answered, 'All right; you can

drive a four-horse wagon through here now; it won't disturb me.' The Surgeon allowed that he was the most cheerful man in the ward, and that his indomitable pluck wonderfully helped surgery, and good nursing at the hospital."

Hospitals are essential accompaniments of armies; and we had excellent ones in the Department of the South. Those in Beaufort were large, airy, private residences, that had been abandoned by their rebel owners, and were well supplied with stores, medical officers, and attendants. The General Hospital of the Department, at Hilton Head, was built after the most approved model, and was under the direction of Dr. J. E. Semple. Here men received the best of care and treatment. We noticed with pleasure the devoted superintendent of nurses, Mrs. Ruth Russell, and learned that her labors were highly prized by surgeons and patients. She also had capable, kind, and assiduous aids, whose ministries deserve enduring record. In their gentle spheres they were heroines, who had left homes of quiet and affluence to aid the patriot army in its sacrificing work. Say not that the hearts and hands of women were incapable of noble deeds in the hour of our country's struggle.

Before leaving the record of the loss of the Washington, it is but proper to observe that after the flag of surrender had been raised, it should have been sacredly regarded on both sides. We were at fault on our side for not so observing it. And here we may mention that, since the close of the war, one of our comrades met, in the city of Savannah, the Captain of the rebel battery that destroyed the Washington, who recognized him, and half seriously — in order to revive the fact that the flag was violated — said to him: "You are my prisoner."

We are here tempted to record a little military anecdote. While Lieutenant Waterhouse was on duty near Beaufort, having occasion to ride across the island in a carriage, he invited a staff-officer of the Regulars to ride with him. Meeting a private of a colored regiment who paid the required salute, the Lieutenant properly returned it, when the following dialogue ensued: —

*Regular.* "Do you salute niggers?"

*Lieutenant.* "He is a soldier and saluted me."

*Regular.* "I don't care for the regulations. I swear I won't salute a nigger."

*Lieutenant.* "I obey the regulations and return a soldier's salute."

*Regular.* "Curse such regulations. I'll never salute a nigger; and I don't think much of any one that will."

*Lieutenant.* (Coolly reining in his horse). "You can get out and walk, sir."

The snob tried his shoe-leather on the sand, a wiser man, we may hope, and with a higher idea both of the Lieutenant and the polite colored soldier.

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

## WATCHING AND WAITING

APRIL — MAY, 1863.

*The truth has slow development.*

April 11. WE returned from Stono Inlet on the Delaware to Hilton Head, and lay in the harbor all night.

April 12. The regiment landed and established head-quarters again within the entrenchments.

Company F remained on board the transports in charge of heavy ordnance. Shortly Companies D and I were ordered up the coast; I to Edisto, and D to Stono, to man batteries.

Affairs in the Department were now for a time unusually quiet. The naval force consisted of the blockading squadron off Charleston, the monitors and gun-boats in the inlets protecting transports and land stations, and the Wabash, Vermont and gun-boats guarding Port Royal. The entire naval and transport fleet must have numbered near one hundred and fifty keels. Naval cruisers, such as the Susquehanna, occasionally dropped into the harbor. Nearly every week some foreign buccaneer steamer, attempting to run the blockade, was halted by Federal guns and towed into port to receive the summary judgment of Uncle Sam. Some of these prizes were beautiful and valuable. The Navy and Army, the Regulars and Volunteers — bating some trifling jealousies inseparable from human nature — worked together harmoniously and heartily. Dupont was able and discreet. Hunter was active and enthusiastic.

The heavy rebel rams at Charleston and Savannah remained dumb and inactive, evidently impressed with the fate of Tatnall's fleet. The rebels were steadily losing power and hope along the coast.

The work of the Tenth Army Corps was not small or unimportant, even when not engaged in battle. To hold the coast for hundreds of miles, blocking large harbors and numerous inlets and creeks, manning forts, entrenchments and batteries, cutting off rebel supplies, precluding the launching of a Confederate fleet, and holding large rebel forces on the coast from re-enforcing other important insurgent armies, — all this was at least tying the enemy's hands and subtracting from his power. We held

an insurgent force much larger than our own in a service that availed them nothing and was steadily and largely consuming their resources. In fact, the exhaustion of the Confederacy was a part of the providential order of the war. Had McClellan succeeded in capturing Richmond in 1862, and had the Dupont-Hunter stroke laid Charleston in ashes, the Confederacy would still have been strong and determined. Like madmen the rebels would have taken other lines of defence.

April 30. Capt. Gustaf W Knorring, a gallant Swedish officer, who joined us with his worthy fellow-countryman, as a First Lieutenant, Feb. 14, 1862, and was promoted to be a Captain Dec. 26, 1862, now resigned his place in our command to accept a captaincy in the Third Rhode Island Cavalry.

By General Orders, No. 35, General Hunter announced Colonel Metcalf as Chief of Artillery and Ordnance of the Tenth Army Corps. It was gratifying to us thus to have the abilities of our commander recognized; nor did his many general duties withdraw his care and attention from his worthy regiment.

General Hunter was a staunch friend to the colored people. Perhaps it was largely due to his favor that Robert Smalls, who ran the steamer Planter out of Charleston into our lines, was finally appointed captain of that boat, and performed for us much and efficient service. On one occasion Captain Smalls came into Port Royal very early in the morning with his steamer, and hastened ashore to report. Not finding the General up, he visited a restaurant; and, on taking a seat and calling for a plate of oysters, was answered by the restaurant keeper, "I don't allow niggers in here; you can sit outside and I will bring you the oysters." Captain Smalls politely left the premises and walked down to General Hunter's head-quarters. On meeting the General he mentioned his difficulty in getting a breakfast. Instantly the General called his orderly and said to him: "Go to Mr. ———'s shop and give him my compliments, and tell him he has twenty-four hours in which to remove himself and his effects from this Department. The man who keeps a restaurant that is too good for my captains is not needed here."

The love and patriotic devotion of kin and friends that applauded us on entering the field did not forsake us when we were out of sight and enveloped in the smoke of the conflict. Many an eye was moist in the camp and in the hospital as tokens of remembrance and affection from home-circles were received in the form of letter and box containing small but precious comforts. The Chaplain, in behalf of the camp, and the Surgeon, in behalf of the hospital, had occasions for writing letters of thanks to persons and to societies. Special letters of acknowledgment were sent to The Ladies Volunteer Relief Association, and the Third and Fifth Ward Associations, of Providence, R. I. The fair hands that gave us our colors were ever warm and open to support us.

All sorts make the world, and an army is a part of the world; hence we had our variety of characters. One man, whose name is too valuable to be conspicuously written, was so sorely afflicted with deafness — doubtless occasioned by the voices of the guns — that we were obliged to excuse him from service on the front. He was, however, detailed for hospital duty, where, by dint of loud orders from the surgeon, he was of some use, till he was finally overtaken with disease in a mysterious and complicated way, and our compassionate surgeon signed his application for a discharge. Strange to say when he got on board the steamer on his way home his hearing was perfectly restored. The sea air from the north was exceedingly bracing.

We have mentioned that Company D was sent up to Folly Island to aid in the new steps there contemplated. Our men landed at Stono Inlet under Lieut. A. R. Rawson and were divided into three detachments; one under Lieutenant Rawson commanding an earthwork at the Inlet; another, under Lieut. J M. Barker, on the west side of the island near the middle, at the White House where General Vogdes had his head-quarters; the third, under Lieut. E. F Curtis, to man the earthwork near the north end of the island at what was known as the Lookout.

Relative to General Vogdes' strong fortification at the south end of Folly Island, after a few weeks, when General Gillmore came to the front to fix upon his plans of attack and advance, he said to Vogdes: "When you are all ready, do you intend to swing the island around? You have fortified the wrong end."

Surg. Horatio G. Stickney, who entered the field with us — having been appointed Assistant Surgeon Aug. 27, 1861, and commissioned Surgeon Feb. 22, 1862 — while highly respected and valued by the regiment, felt compelled, from considerations of health and his family affairs, to resign his post. His talented and thoroughly-educated Assistant, George S. Burton, M. D., succeeded him as Surgeon and served till the expiration of the regiment's term of service. Asst. Surg. J. W Grosvenor now came to fill a position for which his excellent abilities fitted him, and finally had the care not only of our head-quarters at Hilton Head, but of the troops stationed on the south end of the island. His daily ride of ten miles to the Lawton Plantation, at a later date, was often shared by the Chaplain, who visited the freedmen's school and distributed books and papers among the children.

A peculiar affection of the eyes was experienced by a number of our men, disqualifying them for night service. We had about thirty cases in Company K, and nearly as many in several other companies. The matter was not an epidemic, nor the assertion of malingery. Nor was it confined to any locality. We learned that it appeared in the Army of the Potomac as well as in the Department of the South, hence it was not owing to the heats and sands of the coast. An aged army Surgeon, Dr. Stipp, then

medical inspector of the Tenth Army Corps, stated that he found this impaired vision in various portions of the Federal army. On account of this partial eclipse of sight, not a few of the best of soldiers were discharged from the service. It was believed that the ailment had its real seat in the stomach; yet no medical works mentioned it. An old soldier in our regiment, who had seen foreign service, informed us that raw liver — say two ounces — eaten at supper-time would effect a cure. We found that one or two prescriptions of raw beef liver completed removed the difficulty.

And here, at the request of Lieut. W S. Bailey, we may relate the incident that our boys first made public, and have often told to illustrate one of the ways of dealing with transgressors. As in other well-regulated camps, it was a law in ours that no lights should be burning in the tents after taps, and gambling at all times should be reckoned a misdemeanor. Near 11 o'clock, one night, the Chaplain discovered a light in a tent at the extremity of a company street, that he feared indicated sudden and serious sickness or casualty. But on approaching the tent he discovered that a number of the boys were absorbed with their cards and a pile of scrip slowly increasing to fall to the hands of the man holding the trump-card. The oft-repeated call was: "Who'll go it? Who'll go it?" The Chaplain, recollecting his side-pocket, in which he always carried a spare Testament, drew out the sacred book, and throwing back the tent-fly glided in with a smile, and said: "I'll go it boys," laying the New Testament on the pile of scrip; then instantly retired. Out went the candles, and away fled the boys. It is said that this move killed the passion for gambling.

June 1. Lieut. Frederick A. Wilcoxson was appointed to succeed Captain Turner as Quartermaster of the regiment. The Lieutenant was one of the most deserving men in the command. He volunteered as a private Dec. 20, 1861; was appointed Sergeant Feb. 14, 1862; was chosen Quartermaster-Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862; was commissioned as Second Lieutenant May 1, 1863, and was promoted to be First Lieutenant Feb. 3, 1864. Though the position of Quartermaster in such a command as ours, — large, and detached to distant points in varied services — was a difficult and complicated one, he filled it successfully and admirably, having the praise of our regiment and the high compliments of all the officers with whom he was associated in the Department.

# CHAPTER XXIX.

## EXPEDITION UP THE COMBAHEE.

JUNE, 1863.

*In turn, oppression is oppressed.*

WE will first give Colonel Montgomery's brief official report to Maj.-Gen. D. Hunter, dated Beaufort, S. C., June 3, 1863: —

"*General:* —

I have the honor to report that, in obedience to your orders, I proceeded up the Combahee River, on the steamers John Adams and Harriet A. Weed, with a detachment of three hundred (300) men of the Second South Carolina Volunteer Regiment and a section of the Third Rhode Island Battery, commanded by Captain Brayton. We ascended the river some twenty-five (25) miles, destroyed a pontoon bridge, together with a large amount of cotton, rice, and other property, and brought away seven hundred and twenty-seven slaves, and some fine horses. We had some sharp skirmishes, in all of which the men behaved splendidly. I hope to report more fully in a day or two.

JAMES MONTGOMERY."

The expedition left Beaufort on the evening of June 1st. Though delayed by the grounding of a transport at St. Helena Sound and the transference of troops, the force arrived at the mouth of the Combahee before 3 o'clock the next morning. Undiscovered by the enemy, Colonel Montgomery ascended the river and landed a portion of his troops, under Captain Thompson, at Field's Point, which is twenty-five miles up the river. The rebel pickets fled without firing a gun, and Captain Thompson occupied the deserted breast-works. The rest of the expedition proceeded up the river to Tar Bluff, two miles above Field's Point. Here Captain Carver's company landed and occupied the deserted rifle-pits of the enemy. The remaining two steamers moved on two miles above to Nichols' plantation. Here the Weed remained, but the Adams pushed on to the Combahee Ferry.

Across this ferry was a fine pontoon bridge, built by the rebels, and as the Adams came in sight of it a troop of rebel cavalry was seen crossing it in great haste. A few shells from the Adams by Captain Brayton's guns greatly accelerated their pace. Immediately on reaching the bridge it

was taken up and destroyed. The Adams was prevented from proceeding farther by the line of piles across the river.

While the bridge was being destroyed Captain Hoyt's company advanced on the right bank of the river, destroying property and confiscating slaves. At Green Pond they found the rebel Colonel Heyward's splendid plantation, with its large and elegantly-furnished mansion. Heyward escaped, but could take nothing with him; even his sabre and horse were captured. Here followed the destruction of crops, rice-mills, storehouses, and large and well filled cotton warehouses. Finally fell the mansion house and out-buildings before the victorious flames. On their return, Captain Hoyt's men were pressed hard by rebel cavalry and sharpshooters, but they gave harder blows than they received. It was mortifying to the chivalry to be outdone by colored troops. Captain Hoyt held his ground till the Adams came to his relief.

While Captain Hoyt was carrying out his part of the programme on the right bank of the river, Captain Brayton, with his section of Company C, of our regiment, proceeded up the left bank and was equally successful in executing "special orders" and making "details" of Confederate property. The rebel pickets, instead of falling back to a large force of theirs on the Ashapoo River, hurried in hot haste to all the plantations, giving notice of the coming of "the Abolition army." Captain Brayton mowed his swath broad and smooth, destroying gathered and growing crops of cotton and rice, and laying residences, mills, and storehouses in ashes. He also captured horses, mules, and cattle.

The river banks were well lined with slaves of all ages and descriptions, hailing our troops with joy, and praying to be taken on board the steamers. We could only take a fraction of them — less than 800. "This was the saddest sight of the whole expedition — so many souls within sight of freedom, and yet unable to attain it."

Colonel Montgomery was thoroughly persuaded that everything in South Corolina had been built upon wrong principles, and hence required a complete reconstruction. He proposed to clear the ground by fire and sword — the agents first invoked by the rebels against Sumter — and so make ready for the new order of things.

The good reputation already acquired by Capt. C. R. Brayton (Company C), as a soldier and artillery officer in the Department, may be inferred from the fact that, of the two small forts for the protection of the city of Beaufort, on Port Royal Island, one of them was named Battery Brayton. The other was named Battery Taylor.

June 12. General Hunter retired from the command of the Department, and was succeeded by Gen. Q. A. Gillmore. We knew that this change meant engineering and heavy striking somewhere on the front, nor were we long in doubt as to the movement designed.

June 17 Our brave co-workers of the iron decks won another hand-

some victory. The Clyde-built iron steamer Fingal, refitted in Savannah as a ram by the ladies of Georgia, and renamed the Atlanta, having a crew of 163 men and an armament of four heavy Brooke guns (superior English pieces), concluded to descend Wilmington Creek into Ossabaw Sound "to hook on to the Yankee monitor and tow her up to Savannah." Two steamers filled with Georgians accompanied the monster to witness the feat. On came the rebel Goliath. Our David — the gritty little Weehauken — unbanked her fires, slipped her cable, gently moved up toward the foe, holding her breath under the rebel shot till within effective range, and then opened her eloquent turret. The first fifteen-inch shell carried away the ram's pilot-house and killed the pilot. Another blow knocked forty men prostrate. In a few minutes the braggart was a captive, and the witnessing rebel steamers were scudding for Savannah.

We have alluded to Battery Brayton near the city of Beaufort; this mounted two twenty-pounder howitzers and one ten-pounder Parrott, on which Sergt. C. D. Holmes and a comrade, by special detail from Company A, drilled the men of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania — "Postage Stamps" — drafted men and Dutchmen, and for success in giving instruction, Holmes, on the 12th of May, received from two of the companies, a present of a fine silver watch, when speeches were in order on both sides. "A huge thing," said one. Our men were good instructors in the handling of heavy guns.

We shall leave it to the members of Company A to tell the stories of their expeditions in canoes to Lady's Island after plums, and how one party got capsized. One man's journal says, "So much for Sabbath-breaking; take warning, ye ungodly ones."

# CHAPTER XXX.

## DESTRUCTION OF DARIEN

JUNE, 1863.

*Where madness dwells, the flames are lit.*

EARLY in June an expedition was fitted out and moved for the mouth of the Altamaha River, Ga., having for its objective point the town of Darien. The force was under Colonel Montgomery, consisting of the most of his regiment, eight companies of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts; Capt. Brayton's Light Battery, (Company C), of our regiment; the gunboat, Paul Jones, (Captain Rhind), with the armed transport John Adams; the Sentinel, the Nellie Baker, and the Harriet A. Weed. From Captain Brayton's diary we copy the mention of his movements: —

"June 5. Embarked at Beaufort on board the John Adams with Lieutenant Sabin and the right section of the battery, and went to Hilton Head.

"June 6. Went to sea at 6 A. M. Off Dobny at sunset in a thunderstorm. Pilot did not know where he was; cruised about all night to find the buoy at the entrance to St. Simon's.

"June 7. Entered St. Simon's in the morning and landed on the island in the forenoon; throwing the horses overboard to swim to the shore.

"June 8. Went on expedition up to Brunswick and up to Railroad Bridge. Saw but few rebels. Shelled the woods along the bank of the river.

"June 11. It was intended to make the attack on Darien in the morning but various matters delayed the stroke till about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Captain Holden and Lieutenant Sabin shelled the woods along the river in the vicinity of the town, and also the town itself, in a terrific manner, and the troops disembarked without opposition. The citizens had nearly all left, and a messenger had been dispatched for assistance. About five miles distant the rebels had a cavalry force of some strength. Our troops were marched into the town, sentries posted and all the exposed parts guarded. Whatever was needed by our army, since all had been abandoned by the rebels, was secured for use. The town was then consigned to flames and the smoke of its destruction carried to the heavens.

"The Harriet A. Weed, under Major Corwin, ran up the river and overhauled a schooner laden with cotton about four miles above Darien, the whole valued at about $30,000. The party also destroyed a mill and what cotton could not be brought away. The report of this expedition said that

our Company C, 'did gallant service.' The expedition was quick, decisive, terrible, and without loss.

"Our Company, while on St. Simon's Island, encamped on the plantation belonging to the former actress, Fanny Kemble Butler, a large and rich estate, very fine house, and large and elegant gardens. Here grew the grandest of magnolias, now in full bloom. Aside from the fortunes of war, we inferred from reports, that Fanny Kemble was not made happy by her southern alliance. Taken as a whole, her life forms no common tragedy, and the scenes enacted in this, her southern home, would furnish matter for moralist or poet.

"June 24. Disembarked the battery at St. Helena Island at Port Royal."

For effective reconnoissance and raiding, we had no troops in the Tenth Army Corps that could equal Colonel Montgomery's colored regiment. The Colonel had been schooled in bitter warfare among the border ruffians in Kansas, and was prepared to strike the slave power with all his might. The story of his experiences and sufferings, and the barbarities inflicted upon his family, would afford material for a volume of tragedy. Now that the Colonel had the opportunity of embodying his convictions against slaveholders and of meeting them with the arms they had openly challenged, he proved himself in earnest, and infused his soldierly spirit into his troops. In South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, he left the proofs of his resolution. How strangely the investments of the slave power in Kansas returned with interest upon the homes of the slaveholders.

Strange memories will linger on the beautiful, fertile island of St. Helena, around the churches, the Jenkins plantations, and the old cabins of the once numerous slaves. Nearly two hundred years old was the little, antique, aristocratic, thinly-attended, seldom-opened Episcopal Church — seemingly as cold as its stone floor. The large Baptist Church, near the centre of the island, plain, modern in style, held crowds of warm-souled blacks. Dr. Jenkins, the wealthiest man on the island, had here two plantations, two on Port Royal Island, one on the main-land, and owned, in himself and by right of his wife, so many slaves that he confessed he was unable to identify them. The semi-tropical luxuriance and beauty of St. Helena will be specially recalled by the members of Company C, who, with other troops of the Department, returning from exhausting expeditions, here sought rest and recuperation.

We claimed some regimental interest in the First South Carolina Volunteers, since Sergt. Frank M. Gould (Company G), became, July 1, 1863, a Second Lieutenant in that command.

July 5. Manton B. Mowry (Company B), died at Hilton Head. Our sick always had the best of care under our surgeon and his assistants. Many will remember the ministries shared in the large, old house within the entrenchments used as our regimental hospital. When necessity required, our sick were transferred to the General Hospital, where they received every possible attention.

# CHAPTER XXXI.

## BATTLE OF LIGHT-HOUSE INLET

JULY, 1863.

*New northern lights on southern isles.*

WHILE the head-quarters of our regiment still remained at Hilton Head, detachments of the command had continued on Folly Island since the April expedition, engaged, with other troops, in holding the position and making ready for the new advance contemplated. Some new detachments were now sent to that point. Of necessity we could not throw all our force to this point of the front. All old positions must be firmly held. The central and vital post of Hilton Head was put in charge of our commander, while a large part of our best gunners were with their pieces on Folly Island.

"HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
HILTON HEAD, PORT ROYAL, S. C., July 6, 1863.

*General Orders, No. 57:* —

I. Pursuant to orders from Department Head-quarters, the undersigned assumes command of this post.

II. First Lieut. Geo. O. Gorton, Third Rhode Island Artillery, is announced as Post Adjutant, to whom all official communications must be addressed.

EDWIN METCALF,
*Colonel Third Rhode Island Artillery, Commanding Post.*

But from his post head-quarters our commander, with his vigilant eye and wise direction, virtually guided our movements and cared for our interests as we moved up to our new theatre of battle.

From Capt. C. R. Brayton's pocket-memorandum we clip a few entries, tracing his spirited command: —

"July 4. Embarked Company C with battery on the Philadelphia, and horses on the Cossack, for Stono Inlet. Arrived off the bar; ordered to wait.

"July 5. Disembarked the battery on Folly Island.

"July 6. Moved up the beach.

"July 7. Sent a section to the front, on north end of Folly Island.

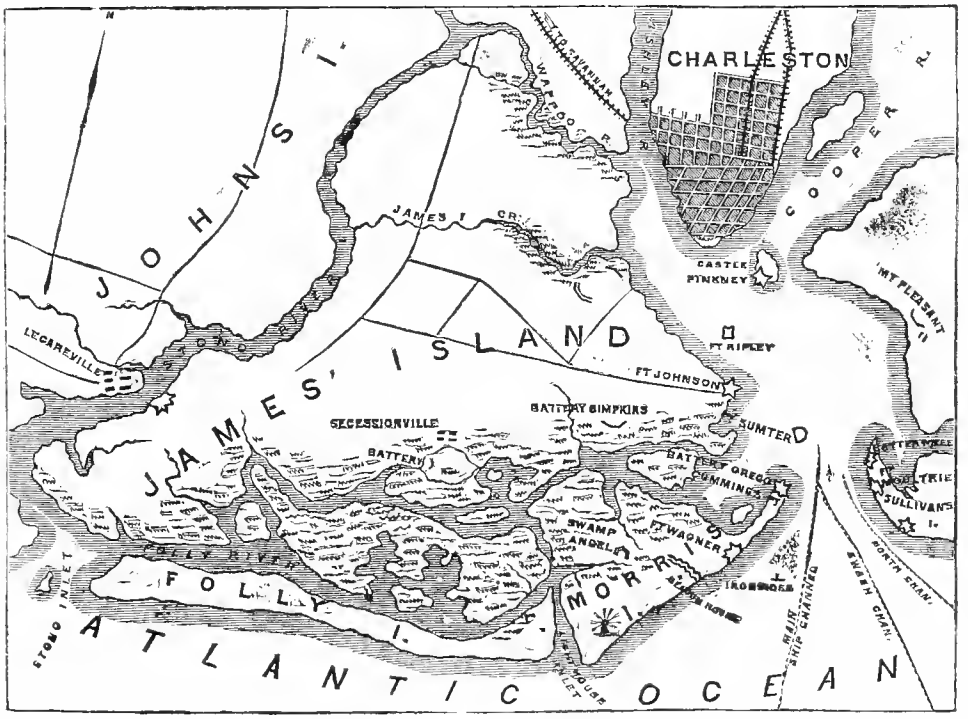
"July 8. Posted a section of rifles on the front.

"July 9. Moved another section to the front. Lieutenant Morrow with right, Lieutenant Seaver with left, Lieutenant Sabin in reserve."

Here, on the north end of Folly Island, they met our other companies, B, D, I, and M, under Major Bailey, close by their guns, as yet masked by the chaparral and sand-ridges, ready and waiting for the approaching battle.

Before giving an account of the impending action, it is necessary to turn back a little to describe the general movement.

As we come to Morris Island, now a memorable and historic spot, a most remarkable battle-field, and the theatre of the most prodigious artillery practice and operations known in the world, we may say a word of its




SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

form and magnitude. It lies on the south of Charleston harbor between the ocean and James Island from which it is separated by a creek and impassable marshes. It is shaped much like an ox-shoe, the toe pointing towards Charleston between Fort Sumter and Fort Johnson on James Island. At the south end, on Light-house Inlet — if we include the hummock called Black Island — it is about half a mile wide. On its curving sea-face it measures from Light-house Inlet to Cummings' Point (the toe of the ox-shoe) about three and a half miles. This sea-face is a sand-ridge quite high at the south end and low at the north end. The inland side consists of marshes and veins of creeks. The solid portion of the island is narrowest in the centre a little south of Fort Wagner, where it is only a few

yards in width. On the inland side are a few sand-hummocks. The rebels had destroyed the large light-house at the south end, and nearly demolished the Beacon House or old hospital building in the centre of the island, and had also cut down what palmettos and other trees once graced the protected portions of the island. The rebel fortifications were Fort Gregg on Cummings' Point, Fort Wagner on the sea-face at the mouth of the harbor, and earthworks or batteries on the sand-hills at the south end commanding Light-house Inlet, and the entrance of the south channel. The general bearing of the island is northeast and southwest.

Gen. Q. A. Gillmore had now succeeded General Hunter in command of the army, and Commodore Dahlgren had followed Commodore Dupont in command of the navy.

Since April our forces on Folly Island had been clearing spots for camps and preparing roads to the north end. In early summer concealed batteries were erected to command Light-house Inlet and reach the rebel batteries on the south end of Morris Island. Behind the sand-banks and thick bushes, General Gillmore finally planted a concealed line of works ready to be opened when needed. He also had his light artillery ready to assist. Lastly, he arranged a portion of his troops in boats in the creeks inside of Folly Island, out of sight of the enemy to wait the opening fire of his batteries, and the guns of the navy.

July 10. At four in the morning our guns in conjunction with the navy opened fire on the rebel works across the Inlet. The surprise was complete. The enemy's reveille was sounding. Some officers and men were killed while standing at roll-call, and at once all available forces flew to their guns.

The Inlet was narrow and deep. Nearly down to it came the large sand-bluffs on which bristled and now blazed the rebel guns. On the right of these batteries, and confronting our left, were handsome rifle-pits in the keeping of a good force of sharp-shooters. To the ordinary calculation, Morris Island seemed secure.

As the north end of Folly Island was low and level, our batteries were at a little distance from the Inlet where rose a small sand-ridge, and the dense jungle answered for their concealment. Naturally the enemy's front was much more advantageous than ours, the several sand-hills being quite nigh. But Commodore Dahlgren had arranged to aid us by dealing a flanking fire on the rebel forts from the Catskill, Montauk, Nahant, and Weehauken, and to assist us with boat-howitzers in the creeks.

Writes Captain Shaw: "The whole operation of preparing the batteries, getting the guns in position, conveying the ammunition to the magazines — 200 rounds to a gun — was a delicate one, as all the work was performed in close proximity to the enemy, who could at any time, had he known what was going on, have stopped the work by opening his powerful batteries upon us. We were concealed from view by a low range of hillocks; and a narrow inlet separated us from the 'rebs'— so narrow that

the opposing pickets could and did, at one time, converse with ease. All the work was done at night, the 'rebs' contenting themselves with shelling the opposite shore pretty thoroughly during the day and occasionally at night." "A large share of the work of preparation fell upon the battalion of the Third Rhode Island, and the officers in charge of the working parties will all bear witness to the zeal displayed by the men. Night after night the fatigue parties continued their labor, marching after dark from their camp at the upper end of the island, and returning before the break of day. During the working hours communication was kept up in whispers, and the use of a loud tone of voice to stir up delinquents was denied the officers in charge." "But the officer on fatigue duty always found the Rhode Island part of his detail present or accounted for."

The boys would hardly forgive us if we should omit to mention the story of the canned food in Company D. On the night of the 8th, it then being expected that the battle would open on the next morning, our boys were short of rations and very hungry, so much so that Sergts. B. F. Davis, J. Newcombe, and E. W Hamilton concluded for themselves to make an effort for supplies; one of them saying: "We may be killed, to-morrow. but let us have one square meal, anyhow." Davis and Newcombe mustered $15, and Hamilton, being clean in pocket, agreed, for his part. to go after the supplies — almost five miles — to a sutler's at Stono Inlet, and so in the night run the guard and run the island. He found the sutler had nothing of his stock left but some canned provisions; but this just met his idea, so in the dark he invested the $15 in cans, and again measured the island — five miles — and appeared to his comrades with a face as smiling as a harvest moon, saying: "I've got something good." With keen appetites they broached the treasures, when, zounds! they found nothing but old, tough, spoiled asparagus. In their dismay. they said: "Well, let us buckle up another hole in our belts and try to get some sleep." When the battle opened they put the cans into the guns and passed them over to the enemy, but how the rebels relished them we never heard.

Till the morning of the 10th, the chaparrel in front of our batteries had been left untouched. Before daylight the pioneers cut it in front of our embrasures, and the gunners stood by their pieces. General Seymour coming into the battery of Parrott rifles on the right, said: "Captain Strahan, can you yet see the guns on the sand-hills across the Inlet?" "Not distinctly enough for aim," said the Captain. Added the General: "It will never do to let them have the first shot. Clear the sand from your embrasures." In a few moments he again asked: "Captain, can you see the guns?" "I can;" answered the Captain. "Blaze away!" cried the General. And the flames leaped from all our forty-seven guns. The refrain of thunder came in from the navy. To this music Strong led the charge with his gallant brigade. Here was the wrinkled brow of grim war.

BATTERIES ON NORTH END OF FOLLY ISLAND.

| Battery. | No. guns. | Kind of guns. | How manned. |
|---|---|---|---|
| A | 2 | 3-inch field rifles.... | Co. C, 3d R. I., Capt. C. R. Brayton. |
| B | 4 | 20-pdr. siege Parrotts.. | Co. I, 3d R. I., Capt. C. G. Strahan. |
| C | 4 | 30-pdr. Parrotts..... | 1st U. S. Art. & Co. C, 3d R. I., Lt. Sabin. |
| D | 6 | 10-inch siege mortars... | Co. B, 3d R. I., Capt. A. E. Greene. |
| E | 2 | 3-inch field rifles. .... | 1st U. S. Artillery. |
| F | 6 | 10-pdr. field Parrotts.... | 3d U. S. Artillery, Capt. Hamilton. |
| G | 8 | 30-pdr. Parrotts..... | Co. D, 3d R. I., Capt. R. G. Shaw. |
| H | 4 | 10-inch siege mortars... | Co. M, 3d R. I., Capt. J. J. Comstock, Jr. |
| I | 6 | 3-inch Wiard field rifles | 3d N. Y. Artillery. |
| K | 5 | 8-inch siege mortars... | Co. M, 3d R. I., Lieut. H. Holbrook. |

Batteries I and K on the extreme left, were under Maj. J. E. Bailey. All were under the command of General Seymour. The entire action occupied about two hours.

Our artillery and the guns of the navy severely marred the rebel front and covered the advance of our troops. At about 6.30 A. M. General Strong gave orders to advance the boats and land. A portion of the Seventh Connecticut, under Capt. V B. Chamberlain, first reached the shore, and, dashing on with a shout, drove the rebels from their rifle-pits. General Strong gallantly led his forces upon the remaining rifle-pits. Then the whole force, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Third New Hampshire, a portion of the Forty-eighth New York, Ninth Maine, and sharp-shooters, charged upon the batteries on the sand-bluffs, captured them in a few minutes, and pursued the escaping foe toward the north end of the island. They captured about a hundred men, eight guns, two mortars, tents, camp-equipage, and a large amount of stores and ammunition. Some of the rebel gunners were killed while loading their pieces. After our troops reached the Beacon House, in the pursuit, the guns of Wagner and Gregg halted them. Thus we gained possession of more than three-fourths of the island. Several Confederate flags were captured, one of which was inscribed "Pocotaligo." Beauregard reported his loss at 292 killed, wounded, and missing, including several officers. The officers were Captains Cheves and Haskell and Lieutenant Bee. The Federal loss was eighteen killed, ninety-six wounded, and two taken prisoners; total, 116. This was remarkable, as we were the exposed party; but we surprised the enemy, and did our work with astonishing dexterity. But few bolder strokes were ever undertaken, and no one was ever better executed. The assailing batteries were commenced on the 15th of June, and constructed with so much silence and concealment as not to be detected, though the rebels shelled the front to call out some responses. The English blockade-running steamer Ruby went ashore at the mouth of the inlet, but we let her alone so as not to awaken suspicion.

To facilitate the battle of Light-house Inlet, by drawing off as many as possible of the rebel troops from Morris Island, or at least preventing their

re-enforcement, by order of General Gillmore, Gen. A. H. Terry, with above one thousand troops, on the night of July 9th, and in the morning of the 10th, made a strong feint on James Island in the direction of Secessionville. We had two officers on his staff, Capt. Geo. Metcalf and Capt. P. J. Turner. Terry struck the enemy's front and held him to business till the object of the demonstration was accomplished. He continued to harrass the rebel forces on James Island till July 16th. Among his opponents was the brigade of the famous "Stonewall" Jackson, sent down from Richmond.

In the battle we had two men horribly wounded while loading a piece, by its premature discharge, each losing both arms, and one having also his face and body fearfully mangled.

Can you see our men at their guns? Do you know the manual of the pieces? Were ever guns worked with truer aim or more rapidity? Look on those powder-grimed faces and hands. See the sweat streaming from those brows. See the clouds of smoke rolling up from the mouths of our guns. Notice the heavy sprays of sand raised by our shots among the enemy's rifle-pits. There you have a picture that may show you the kind of work that our boys knew how to do.

The accident to which we have referred occurred from a split in the vent of one of the thirty-pounders worked by Company D, in Battery G. The wounded men were Thomas B. Tanner, who also lost his sight, and Samuel C. Shippey, who died of his wounds, Aug. 21st. None of our men were injured by the enemy's shots.

As one of the embrasures in Battery G became obstructed, the gunner called for some one to mount the parapet and cut the obstruction out, that the gun might maintain its range on the rebel bluffs. As the rebels were now doing their best, and shot and shell were raining around us, the duty required was hazardous. The last man that we had supposed was the one who volunteered, for he was so short-sighted that he could not see a man five feet from him in a starlight night. Leonidas Franklin sprang into the exposed embrasure and quickly had it clear; and our men gave him the cheers he deserved. By the way, he was always a faithful man.

As General Strong's infantry were landing on Morris Island, Capt. C. R. Brayton (Company C), springing upon the breast-work in front of his men, asked who would volunteer to break down the embrasure and take a gun out further to the front to give the enemy warmer shot. Instantly Sergt. James Monroe, James Capper, Abraham Harris, and John Stewart answered to the call, and down went the breast-work and out went the gun on the extreme right, and was advanced to a clear, open space in front. Here the fire of the piece was resumed with rapidity and precision. Such promptness and courage were suitably cheered. From that hour General Gillmore had his eye on Captain Brayton as his man for brave and effective work. "The Third Rhode Island received great credit

for the able manner in which the artillery was handled on that occasion; particularly from the officer in charge, General Seymour, who expressed his admiration in the most unqualified terms."

Following the successful battle, General Gillmore promulgated the subjoined order: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 13, 1863.

*General Orders:* —

The Brigadier-General Commanding presents his congratulations and thanks to the army which he has the honor to command, for the brilliant victory of the 10th inst., which places them three miles nearer the rebel stronghold, Sumter, the first among all our country's defences against foreign foes, that felt the polluting tread of traitors.

Our labors, however, are not over, they are just begun; and while the spires of the rebel city still loom up in the dim distance, hardships and privations must be endured, before our hopes and expectations can find their full fruition in victory.

Let us emulate the heroic deeds of our brothers-in-arms at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and add to that roll of fame which will be transmitted to a grateful posterity.

Special thanks are due to Brig.-Gen. I. Vogdes and his command, for the untiring energy and patient endurance displayed by them in erecting the batteries on Folly Island, under almost every conceivable disadvantage; and to Brig.-Gen. Geo. C. Strong and his command, for the heroic gallantry with which they carried the enemy's batteries on Morris Island; this being the first instance during the war in which powerful batteries have been successfully assaulted by a column disembarked under a heavy artillery fire.

Q. A. GILLMORE,
*Brigadier-General Commanding.*"

# CHAPTER XXXII.

## ASSAULTS UPON FORT WAGNER

JULY, 1863.

*The gold is in the furnace east.*

GILLMORE and Dahlgren had undertaken a great task — the breaking of the strongest front of the Confederacy; the humbling of the proudest city and port of the rebels. They had gained a footing for their work, but the north end of Morris Island was fortified with consummate ability, and held by heavy forces. Aware that every hour of delay was an advantage for the enemy, General Gillmore planned an immediate assault upon Fort Wagner, hoping to carry the work by storm, and then press on to the capture of Fort Gregg. He well knew that this would be bloody work.

July 11. Soon after midnight, General Strong advanced to assault Wagner. His forces were the Seventh Connecticut, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and Ninth Maine to lead the attack; the remainder held as reserves. About two hundred yards from the work he met the rebel pickets and drove them in. The Seventh Connecticut, under Lieut.-Col. D. C. Rodman, pressed on with cheers and dashed to the crest of the work. The Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania charged upon another point. The Ninth Maine followed as bravely All faced grape, canister, and musketry; an awful storm of lead and iron. Their ranks were mown down. Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman's leg was shattered. The Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania lost five officers and 130 men. The Seventh Connecticut had 103 killed, wounded, and missing; the Ninth Maine, thirty-four. The repulse was inevitable.

Immediately preparations were begun to weaken Wagner, preparatory to another assault, by erecting batteries and constructing saps. The enemy's sortie on the 14th was repulsed.

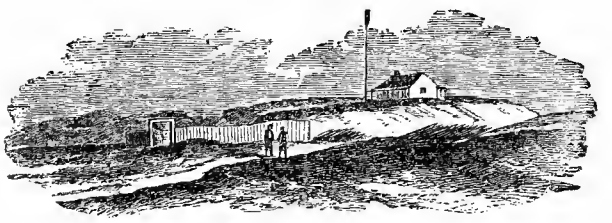
July 15. Company B reached the left front and had a battery of mortars.

While we were getting our large guns into position, Company C brought over one section of our light pieces from Folly Island on the 12th, another section on the 15th, and on the 16th was on the front with four rifles, and played the two sections all day on Wagner on the 18th.

Readers must be left to imagine the severe toil with shovels and all sorts of extemporized appliances now expended on the right and left and middle of our new front, and going on day and night, especially in the night, providing defensive and offensive works. And what strength was also expended in hauling heavy guns, timbers, planks, shot, powder, and all sorts of supplies. Never was there more activity and anxiety in an assailed bee-hive.

The first line of approaches was near the Beacon House, 1,700 yards from Wagner, and was completed by the 17th in the face of a fearful fire. Guns and mortars were moved up.

July 18. The line of batteries was now ready to open fire. The fleet was also ready, the New Ironsides, Weehauken, Patapsco, Nahant, Catskill and gunboat Paul Jones. The right of the batteries was under Lieut.-Col. R. H. Jackson, (Captain First United States Artillery), the left under Maj. J. E. Bailey, of our regiment. From land and sea the fiery hail poured on Wagner, which could only feebly respond; but Sumter, Moultrie, Bee, Gregg, and Johnson, met us with all their strength. Wagner's flag and staff were cut away; but a regimental standard, and finally another Confederate flag, arose. By four in the afternoon Wagner was silent. Our troops for the new assault were now ready, and General Gillmore reviewed them. They were the brigades of General Strong and Colonel Putnam. Among them were Colonel Shaw's Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, selected to lead in the attack. General Seymour had command of all. When night had drawn her curtain, Colonel Shaw led on, followed by Strong and Putnam. The air was full of deadly missiles; but the brave assailants pressed on, right over the wet ditches and right up the slopes. They met waves of fire that thinned their ranks. The fort, without and within, was red with blood and strewn with the dead. Never was there nobler fighting. But Wagner was too large and too well-furnished to be taken by storm with that force. This was soon evident. Colonel Shaw was killed. Colonel Chatfield was mortally wounded. General Strong received a fatal blow. Colonel Putnam fell dead. Most of the officers were cut down. Only a remnant of the rank and file survived. The repulse was complete and terrible. Our loss was very great: fifty-five officers and 585 men; total, 640. Richard F. Johnson (Company C), was wounded in the ankle by a shell.



FORT WAGNER AT POINT OF ASSAULT.

From an exceedingly interesting address of the Confederate commander of the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia, Col. Charles H. Olmstead — whom we formerly captured with Fort Pulaski, but who again met us with

the command just named on Morris Island — in his record of the siege of Wagner, states that, "during the siege the Federal signal-book was in our possession, having been captured on the person of a signal-officer, near Georgetown, S. C. Its valuable secrets had been drawn from him by a Confederate who shared his place of imprisonment in the garb of a Federal prisoner. More than once the knowledge thus acquired proved of essential service to us. On this occasion the following dispatch from General Gillmore to Admiral Dahlgren had been intercepted and in General Beauregard's possession hours before the assault: 'Continue the bombardment throughout the day; at sunset redouble it. The assault will commence at seven.'" Thus the enemy was forwarned, and, of course, forearmed. "Yet," says Colonel Olmstead, "the assault came very near meeting with perfect success."

Now began anew the work of erecting batteries, extending rifle-pits, planning and executing saps. A full history of the labor of building these batteries, constructing splinter-proofs, erecting magazines, laying out and digging the zig-zag lines of saps, and arming the front, at this time, would fill quite a volume. Nor was all this labor without loss of life upon both sides. Sharp-shooters were always at their work. Sorties and attacks were frequent along the line of the front, especially as we pressed our saps within easy rifle-reach of Wagner's moat.

July 23. Our second parallel was opened, having an average advance of 700 yards beyond our first. Here was wonderful engineering.

July 25. We commenced erecting batteries to silence Fort Sumter.

Little did we dream, upon our first landing on Morris Island, that more or less of our regiment would here be under fire, day and night, for 588 days. It was well for our nerves that this future was concealed from us. Men who have been under the fire of an enemy a few times, and only a few hours at a time, dwell upon their record and recount their perils. Surely such will allow that our experiences may not soon be forgotten.

Respecting the firing of our men on Wagner to weaken it before we made the second assault by storm, Captain Shaw relates the following: "Capt. A. E. Greene had a battery of five ten-inch siege mortars on an elevation a short distance in our rear, from which he was throwing shells into Wagner over our heads; and I can clearly recollect the deafening noise those mortars made. I also remember a little circumstance connected with that affair, which Greene and his officers thought was a pretty good joke upon the officers of Company D. I proposed to him that we should improve the occasion by putting on full dress with sash, etc., and so directed in my company; but regretted the order soon after we opened fire, for many of the shells of Sumter and the rebel batteries struck in the marsh in front and rear of the strip of sand upon which my battery was located, completely drenching us all with mud, so that our uniforms soon presented a mournful appearance, much to the delight of Greene and his officers, who adhered to the fatigue dress."

The following contribution to the *New South* will be recognized as one of the Chaplain's off-hand compositions: —

THE HEROES OF WAGNER.

They fought with banner overhead,
Till Wagner's top and floor were red
With blood of foes and leaders, dead;
O memorable battle hour!
How deep the spell of thy strange power!
Diverse of hues, but one of life,
What heroes perished in that strife!
*No*, perished *not* those valiant men;
In more than life they live again;
Their deathless deeds we grateful own,
And bid them live in long renown.

How many noble patriots fell,
Our history's page shall truthful tell.
There wounded lay our honored STRONG,
His deed a theme for stirring song;
His name in love for aye shall live,
The nation's bosom is his grave.
There PUTNAM, cheering on his band,
With sword and banner firm in hand,
Poured on the parapet his blood,
And made his tomb where martyrs trod.
There lifeless fell, 'mid battle cries,
Where yet a monument shall rise,
The gallant SHAW, whose rude-dug grave
Was with his sable soldiers, brave;
That bloody trench ordained to be
The ground of new-born liberty.

Alike for CHATFIELD freemen weep,
And bid fair fame his record keep;
Such hero records for our race
Nor time nor change may e'er efface.
O yes, let history proud enroll
High on her fair and precious scroll,
The cherished names of all the braves
Who sleep thus loved in martyr graves;
For still it is that earth's best good
Comes only through vicarious blood,
And men can never let such die
As give their lives for Liberty.

July 17 Michael Burns (Company F), died, at Beaufort.
July 18. Daniel N. Harvey (Company M), wounded on Morris Island.
July 19. Company H (Captain Colwell), reached the front.

# CHAPTER XXXIII.

## BREACHING BATTERIES

JULY — AUGUST, 1863.

*The earth shakes 'neath the thundering guns.*

IT was now evident that the rebel forts were to be first weakened and silenced by siege operations, before they could be carried by storm. To this end many and heavy batteries would be requisite. The skill, the daring, and the strength for this work were at Gillmore's command. Day and night his engineers and his best officers devoted to the planning and constructing of breaching batteries. The work went on with amazing rapidity, and Admiral Dahlgren held the New Ironsides and the monitors ready to co-operate with the army.

To save, as far as possible, the lives of the fatigue parties engaged in constructing the batteries and parallels, a watch was set on the highest points of the works on the front, to observe the puffs of smoke from the enemy's guns, and give warning, calling the name of the fort from which the missile was coming, thus: "Johnson! cover!" "Moultrie! cover!" "Sumter! cover!" The men, if possible, would throw themselves under their protections, splinter-proofs, and embankments, till the shot had done its work.

July 24. There occurred an exchange of wounded prisoners. Under a flag of truce, the hospital steamer Cosmopolitan, in charge of Lieut.-Col. F Hall, First New York Engineers, Provost-Marshal-General of the Department, carried up the harbor to Charleston thirty-nine wounded rebel prisoners, and received 105 wounded Union soldiers. The rebels refused to deliver any of the wounded colored soldiers. One hundred and eight wounded men remained in the enemy's hands; fifty-one had died since being captured. Unnecessary cases of amputation had taken place. While the exchange was being effected all was still on the front; but when the steamer passed from the harbor, on her way to Hilton Head hospital, the war-dogs again opened their throats.

During the month of July the forces on Morris Island and its vicinity were increased by the arrival of one brigade of Gen. G. H. Gordon's division, of the Eleventh Corps, and a brigade commanded by Gen.

Alexander Schemmelfennig, and certain other troops. These re-enforcements amounted to about ten thousand men, which greatly relieved our men, already over-taxed in the gigantic siege-work, and gave us assurance that our great task would be pressed to success.

July 25. William C. Tillinghast (Company D), was instantly killed by the fragment of a shell, on Morris Island, and was buried near the Beacon House.

About this time, by a premature discharge of one of our Parrott guns, Howard Rose and Samuel Kirk (both of Company D), were seriously injured. Young Kirk, who was the most severely wounded, as he was carried from the battery, forgetting his wounds and pain, exclaimed: "Give it to them, boys; give it to them." We carried out the injunction. Mark, ye philosophers, how a principle outweighs suffering, and the public welfare becomes to men more sacred than life.

July 26. David Smith (Company F), died at Beaufort.

BOMB AND SPLINTER PROOF.

July 27 By Special Order, No. 441, General Gillmore appointed "Captain Brayton Assistant Chief of Artillery of the Department."

At this date we had in both parallels nine batteries in preparation to open on the rebel forts; the one on the left of the second parallel was 3,328 yards from Sumter, 1,942 from Cummings' Point (Gregg), 4,264 from Fort Johnson, but only 624 from Wagner.

Only a lively imagination, well educated in heavy artillery experiences, can depict the frowning, fiery fronts. Here was to be a fight of the fiercest kind, making earth and sea alike to tremble under the bellowing guns.

July 30. Silas H. Stewart (Company G), died at Fort Pulaski.

Aug. 4. James Kelley (Company F), died at Hilton Head. Funeral honors were always given to our patriot dead.

The rebels on James Island, under cover of the woods, threw up a new battery and armed it with good pieces, one of which proved to be an excellent Brooke gun. Unexpectedly one morning this battery opened on us and did not a little execution. Our men very soon had a name for this new annoyance, suggested possibly by the English gun. General Gillmore, coming to the front, asked Lieutenant Hanscom: "What battery is that?" "Excuse me, General, but our men have named it the ———." The General laughed, and agreed that the name was significant if not polite. The work was afterwards known as the "Bull-of-the-Woods."

Before the reduction of Forts Gregg and Wagner, our batteries erected for their reduction and the demolition of Sumter, were known as those of the First Parallel (first erected), Second Parallel (in advance of first), and the Left Batteries on the inland side of the island. The First Parallel contained Batteries Reynolds and Weed, using eight-inch and ten-inch siege-mortars. The Second Parallel embraced Battery Brown, with two 200-pounder Parrotts; Battery Rosecrans, with three 100-pounder Parrotts; Battery Meade, with two 100-pounder Parrotts; and Battery Kearney, with Coehorn mortars and three thirty-pounder Parrotts. The Left Batteries were, Hayes, with one 200-pounder Parrott and seven thirty-pounder Parrotts; Reno, with one 200-pounder Parrott and two 100-pounder Parrotts; Stevens, with two 100-pounder Parrotts; Strong, with one 300-pounder Parrott; Kirby, with two ten-inch sea-coast mortars.

These were commanded as follows: "Reynolds," Capt. A. E. Greene (B), Third Rhode Island; "Weed," Capt. B. F. Skinner (D), Seventh Connecticut; "Brown," Capt. C. G. Strahan (G), Third Rhode Island; "Roseerans," Capt. J J. Comstock, Jr. (M), Third Rhode Island; "Meade," Lieut. H. Holbrook (M), Third Rhode Island; "Kearney," Lieut. S. S. Atwell (C), Seventh Connecticut; "Hayes," Capt. R. G. Shaw (D), Third Rhode Island; "Reno," Capt. A. W Colwell (H), Third Rhode Island; "Stevens," Lieutenant J. E. Wilson (C), Fifth United States Artillery; "Strong," S. H. Gray (I), Seventh Connecticut. It will be seen that six of the batteries were commanded by our officers. On the death of Lieutenant Holbrook, his place was filled by Lieut. G. W Greene (B). In all the batteries detachments from different commands rendered assistance according to circumstances, since the labors were heavy and exhausting. Never can we forget the brave men of other regiments associated with us in working our batteries.

It should be confessed that in the early part of the war there was a decided prejudice against employing colored men in the army, and particularly against enlisting them as soldiers. Many were afraid of the ghost of "abolitionism." The Government, itself, seemed to stand in awe of slavery General Butler made a happy breach upon all old notions by his use of the word "contraband;" and afterwards the whole of the old policy and prejudice was carried by assault. Officers of the Regular Army were among the last to be reconciled to the use of negro soldiers. In the Tenth Army Corps this reconciliation was largely brought about by the conduct of the colored troops, especially the First South Carolina and Fifty-fourth Massachusetts.

Aug. 1. Under this date Jeff Davis again attempted to inflame the heart of the secessionists by an address to the Confederate soldiers, in which he thus characterizes the Federals: "Their malignant rage aims at nothing less than the extermination of yourselves, your wives, and children. They seek to destroy what they cannot plunder. They propose,

as the spoils of victory, that your homes shall be partitioned among the wretches whose atrocious cruelties have stamped infamy on their government. They design to incite servile insurrection, and light the fires of incendiarism wherever they can reach your homes, by promising indulgenee of the vilest passions as the price of treachery."

Here we cannot but call the attention of every careful student of the Rebellion to the peculiar style and spirit of address, taken as a whole, employed by the rebels, as compared with the language and spirit revealed by President Lincoln and all the officers and organs of our government. The difference will be found to be that between passion and principle.

Aug. 9. The Third Parallel was opened by means of the flying-sap, at a distance of 450 yards from Wagner. This flying-sap consisted of a huge roll or bundle of withes and poles, bound by straps of iron, which was kept as a shield in advance of the party opening the sap. A heavy rain of rebel bullets was always on this movement, but the work went swiftly on.

Aug. 11. In the evening the enemy opened on our advance lines with grape and canister to arrest our work and prevent the approach of reliefs; but the effort was vain. A similar fire was dealt upon us on the following night, but with no better success.

Aug. 12. On this day we opened our first gun on Fort Sumter. It was under command of Capt R. G. Shaw (Company D), and was fired by Sergeant Davis of Pawtucket. The first shot from a thirty-pounder Parrott "struck the gorge wall near the centre of that part of the work. The next shot that was fired at Sumter was from the 200-pounder in the same battery." This battery was planted in advance of our other batteries and behind an extemporized embankment. Perhaps it was unfortunate that General Seymour ordered the opening of these pieces before the battery had been completed and before our line of guns had been advanced for the regular siege, as it forewarned the enemy and led them immediately to the work of protecting Sumter's walls by cotton bales, sand-bags, and timber blindage.

When our breaching batteries, then called the Left Batteries, near the middle of the island on the left hummocks, were completed, and Captain Colwell had opened fire on Sumter, he found it impossible to rely upon the quality and weight of his cartridges. Some shots would overreach and some would fall short. The powder was old and not uniform. Reporting this to General Gillmore, he had orders to do what he could to remedy the difficulty. He then ordered the powder carried to Folly Island and emptied out on canvas and thoroughly mixed, and then carefully weighed out in new and exact cartridges. His ammunition thus arranged with utmost care, to his mind, he opened on Sumter with precision and effect, and immediately the rebel ramparts and the gorge wall began to tumble to the sea.

We may here give an extract from a private letter written by Capt. A. W Colwell under date of Aug. 12th: —

"I went to my battery (Battery Reno), at four this morning; and as soon as it was light, I began firing at fatigue parties on Sumter, Gregg, Johnson, and other rebel works. It was fun to see the skedaddling; their work has not amounted to much to-day This morning I put one of my 200-pound shots into and through a steamer — about the size of the Newport steamers — two miles and a half off. That is what we call fine shooting. At 5 o'clock this afternoon the Chief of Artillery came to me and ordered me to fire into Sumter, and I put seven shots into her — some of them making openings as large as a barn door. I think we shall begin with all our batteries in a few days. In the meantime I have orders to fire at all squads of rebels that I can see. Our mortars are firing to-night to keep the rebels from repairing their works.

"Aug. 13. My company have named all my guns: No. 1, Baby Waker; No. 2, Whistling Dick; No. 3, Brick Driver. I forgot to say that in my firing yesterday morning I knocked one of the guns from the top of Sumter over the parapet into the water."

The amount of work assigned to our regiment at this time may be inferred from the following Special Order, No. 341, dated August 16th: —

"I. All the breaching batteries established against Fort Sumter that are completed and in condition for efficient service, and the other batteries hereinbelow mentioned, will be opened at break of day to-morrow. Those in process of construction will commence firing as soon as the several pieces in succession are ready to open effectively. The firing will continue from day to day, under the immediate supervision of the Chief of Artillery, commencing at daybreak and ending at dusk in the evening, with such intermission during the heat of the day as may from time to time be ordered, as follows: —

*First* — Battery Brown, Capt. C. G. Strahan, Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, one piece firing shot and the other percussion shell exclusively.

*Second* — Battery Rosecrans, Capt. J. J. Comstock, Jr., Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, one piece to fire percussion shell and two pieces to fire shot exclusively.

*Third* — Battery Meade, First Lieut. Henry Holbrook, Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, both pieces firing percussion shell exclusively.

*Fourth* — Battery Kearney, First Lieut. S. S. Atwell, Seventh Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, commanding. The guns will operate against Battery Gregg, with shot and shell, unless otherwise directed, and the mortars against Fort Wagner, exploding the shell just over the fort.

*Fifth* — 'The Naval Battery,' Commander F. A. Parker, United States Navy, commanding, against the gorge wall and barbette fire of Fort Sumter, at the discretion of the battery commander.

*Sixth* — Battery Reynolds, Capt. A. E. Greene, Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, commanding, against Fort Wagner, exploding the shell just before striking.

*Seventh* — Battery Weed, Capt. B. F. Skinner, Seventh Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, commanding, to fire the same as Battery Reynolds.

*Eighth* — Battery Hayes, Capt. R. G. Shaw, Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, with shot exclu-

sively, and against Fort Wagner or Battery Gregg as may from time to time be ordered.

*Ninth* — Battery Reno, Capt. A. W. Colwell, Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, one piece to fire shot and the other pieces to fire percussion shell exclusively.

*Tenth* — Battery Stevens, Lieut. J. E. Wilson, First United States Artillery, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, one piece firing shot and the other percussion shell exclusively.

*Eleventh* — Battery Strong, Capt. S. H. Gray, Seventh Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, commanding, against the gorge wall of Fort Sumter, firing shot and percussion shell, commencing with the former.

*Twelfth* — Battery Kirby, Lieut. Charles Sellmer, Eleventh Maine Volunteer Infantry, commanding, against Fort Sumter, the shells to be exploded within the fort just before striking.

II. The Brigadier-General Commanding takes this occasion to remind the officers and men under his command, and especially those to whom he has this day assigned the posts of honor and danger, that the eyes of a beneficent country are fixed upon them, not only with the ardent hope, but the confident expectation of success. The nation is indeed waiting to crown you the victors of Sumter. We need not — must not fail. Let us fearlessly do our whole duty to our beloved country, and, in the language of our late companion in arms — the gallant and lamented Strong — 'Put our trust in God.'

By order of

BRIG.-GEN. Q. A. GILLMORE."

Aug. 17. All the heavy guns to bear on Sumter were now in position and in full operation. Of course the enemy poured on us an unceasing fire.

There is not only a general fellowship of arms, but a special one. All who wield sabres glory in that dashing arm. All who bear muskets — the arm that bears the brunt in every great engagment — have a pride of their own. Such as handle heavy ordnance and strike the thundering blows, have also a distinguishing attachment for each other. Hence the close and strong fellowship between our regiment — the heavy land-gunners — and the navy — the grand gunners on the decks. Besides, our men often assisted in working the guns of naval transports, and the naval forces in some instances landed with their pieces and fought by our side in siege operations. We rejoiced in our common victories, and wept in our common losses. And here we cannot refrain from some record of one whom we honored and loved.

COMMANDER GEORGE W. ROGERS,

Killed at his post on board the Monitor Catskill, bombarding Fort Wagner, by a shot from the fort, Aug. 17, 1863.

How oft the support of the standard is cleft
While the stars of the banner still shining are left.
Unawed in his duty and pure in his heart
To bear for his country the perilous part,
In the front of the battle he valiantly fell —
Brave Rogers — for whom o'er the land rolled a knell;
Let canvas and marble his record preserve —
The leader in danger who never would swerve;
As a star pours its light over mountain and sea,
Let his name shine afar o'er the land of the free.

Aug. 19. While we sincerely mourned with our brothers of the navy, they found just occasion to sorrow with us, as on this day one of our truest officers received his mortal wound.

LIEUT. HENRY HOLBROOK.

This intrepid officer was born in Mendon, Mass., June 10, 1833. Left an orphan at the age of ten, he lived awhile with his brother and then became a sailor. Leaving the sea in 1855, he enlisted in the Tenth United States Infantry and served in Utah. On the opening of the Rebellion he volunteered as an officer in the Tenth Massachusetts Battery. In our command he was chosen Second Lieutenant Nov. 28, 1862, and was promoted to First Lieutenant April 3, 1863. While in command of Battery Meade, hitting Fort Sumter with every shot, he was struck by a fragment of a rebel shell in the left shoulder, necessitating the amputation of the whole arm with the shoulder blade — usually a fatal operation. He would allow only Surgeon Burton to perform the surgery, wishing the best skill on the front. While under the influence of ether, during the amputation, his mind was still with his command in the siege, and with firm voice he continued to give his orders: "No. 1, Ready! Fire! No. 2, Ready! Fire! Stand to your work men! No. 3, Ready! Fire!" On the return of consciousness he was in a remarkably cheerful mood, and, slapping his leg two or three times with his remaining hand, he said: "Well, Doctor, I'd rather let the arm go than lose one of these fellows." But he rapidly failed. He received his wound Aug. 19th, and died on the 21st, and was buried on the 23d. The funeral cortege was impressive — mid awe-inspiring battle-scenes, under the guns of the foe. Men of our regiment, officers of other commands, a company of infantry, and two field-pieces, with the band of the Sixth Connecticut, made the funeral train. How sadly we laid him in his sandy grave by the side of other fallen braves. His fellow-officers and the men under him, having respected and esteemed him as a capable, devoted soldier, greatly mourned his sudden death. Thus was laid another patriotic, heroic spirit on the altar of freedom.

> Not lost are the tears which the loyal must shed,
> As in anguish they bend o'er the forms of their dead;
> When the valiant thus fall while defending the right,
> The living, for duty, are nerved with fresh might.

While we were advancing and preparing our batteries the rebels poured upon us the heaviest and hottest of their metal; and we allow that they executed some good practice. Before again storming Wagner, it was resolved to silence Sumter, which sorely annoyed us with plunging shot, and commanded the approaches to Wagner. And the navy as well as the army disliked the heavy fire from those high walls.

Aug. 18. Warren Eddy (Company H), was killed on Morris Island.

Aug. 28. Michael Gormby (Company G), wounded.

Aug. 30. Charles Abby (Company M), killed by explosion of gun on Morris Island. Thus gallant and deeply-mourned comrades were falling.

Aug. 21. Lieut. Jabez B. Blanding, on account of the loss of the use of his arm from the battle of Pocotaligo, resigned his place amongst us to accept a commission as First Lieutenant in the Veteran Reserve Corps. He joined us as Second Lieutenant, Aug. 27, 1861, and was promoted to be First Lieutenant, Nov. 11, 1862. He was almost idolized by Company G, and beloved by the whole regiment. A more gallant officer never drew sword. The loss of his arm was his full justification for retiring from the front to a more quiet position among those whose losses of limbs were their enduring proofs of noble conduct.

It will not be inappropriate to here introduce a few extracts from the dispatches (afterwards captured) sent to General Beauregard from Col. Alfred Rhett, the commandant of Fort Sumter:—

"Aug. 13. Seventeen 200-pounder Parrott shot and shell struck the fort. Two men wounded. A clear breach of three feet made in the northwest angle by a single 200-pounder shot.

Aug. 15. Four hundred and seventy laborers and mechanics engaged in relief, day and night, upon the defences of the fort; 300 bags of sand received, 2,500 built up on exterior of gorge.

Aug. 17. They have hammered the fort a good deal. All the guns, except one eight-inch and one ten-inch gun, on northwest point are disabled. About fifty shot and shell came into the fort; over one hundred struck the walls outside.

Aug. 18. Nine hundred and forty-eight shot and shell fired; 445 struck outside, 223 inside, 270 passed over. Should the enemy contemplate moving in to-night on the northeast face, we could not open a gun.

Aug. 19. Twenty feet of gorge wall fallen; two-thirds will probably be down to-morrow. Seven hundred and sixty-two shots to-day; one killed, four wounded.

Aug. 20. Flag just shot away, and replaced. Firing more destructive than ever. Flag-staff disabled; flag twice shot away during the day; 9,000 lbs. powder, quantities of shot and shell, implements, etc., 120 barrels pork, and seventy-five barrels flour shipped from the fort.

Aug. 21. Flag twice shot away this morning. Should the fleet come in, I don't think the men could stay at the guns; 923 shots; 445 struck outside, 259 inside, 219 passed over. Flag-staff shot down four times. Fire the heaviest that has yet taken place.

Aug. 22. Have but two guns *en barbette*. Five arches and terre-plein, northwest face, fallen in.

Shots fired from Aug. 16th to Aug. 23d: Total, 5,750; struck outside, 2,700; struck inside, 1,724; missed, 1,336. The first 200-pounder shots were fired on the morning of the 12th.

Aug. 23. Monitors threw fifty-nine shot and shell; batteries threw 633. Only one gun on east barbette serviceable."

Aug. 24. General Gillmore reported to the War Department "the practical demolition of Fort Sumter, as the result of our seven days' bombardment of that work." It was, indeed, as viewed from our batteries, a shapeless mass, and it was unable to open on Morris Island, or on our fleet a single gun. The completeness of its disability we shall show in a subsequent chapter from the records of the rebels themselves.

# CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE SWAMP ANGEL.

AUGUST, 1863.

*Mysterious angel-ministries.*

THE inland side of Morris Island being a vast marsh stretching out towards James Island and the city of Charleston, Gillmore conceived the singular and seemingly impracticable project of planting far out in this marsh, on the left front of our lines, a heavy battery that should send his ardent compliments to Beauregard and the Charlestonians. This might have been styled the overland and oversea route to Charleston.

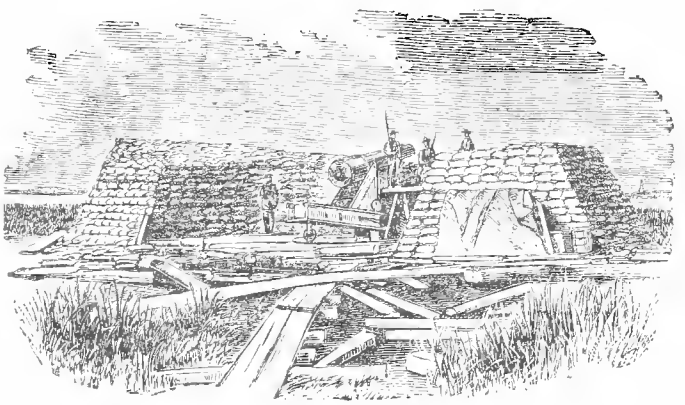
This famous work known as the Swamp Angel Battery, was begun about Aug. 4th and finished Aug. 19th. It was located at a point approachable only at high water, and at a distance of 8,800 yards (26,400 feet) from Charleston — a little short of five miles; 7,000 yards from the lower end of Charleston. The mud of the swamp at this point was sixteen feet deep. A Lieutenant of Engineers said: "The thing is impossible." Colonel Serrell (First New York Engineers), answered: "There is no such word as impossible: the battery must be built at the point indicated." The Lieutenant was instructed to make requisition for any force and any material that might be necessary. It was told of the Lieutenant that he called for "one hundred men, eighteen feet high, to wade in mud sixteen feet deep," and then asked the surgeon "whether he could splice the eighteen feet men if they were furnished him."

An immense platform of logs of ample dimensions, in double layers, crossed and interlocked and firmly fastened, with an opening for piles on which the gun might rest, was towed at high-water, upon a favorable night to the place designated, where each corner was anchored by a stake in the marsh. Accompanying boats, loaded with gunny bags of sand, were ready to discharge their cargoes on the platform, covering its surface and embedding it in the swamp. The scene was like a bee-hive. A host of boats and thousands of bags of sand reached the work quickly. The battery floor was brought above the reach of the spring tides, and covered with heavy plank in two layers. Side walls twelve or fifteen feet thick of bags of sand

were carried up as a proteetion against the enemy's shot. Piles were driven to support the gun-carriage. It grew with astonishing rapidity. By daylight it was ready for the gun intended to be mounted in it.

As the morning fog lifted, there stood, to the astonishment of the rebels, this strange work, the creation of a single night, frowning upon the rebel front.

The construction-party necessarily ceased their work by morning, and retired from the crecks; but three bold men ventured to remain in the work during the day to observe the enemy, and to defend the work, if necessary, with their Spencer repeating rifles. Immediately the battery became a target for the hottest fire that could be poured from Johnson, Sumter, and Moultrie; which was kept up for hours, but inflicted no irreparable damage. The guards within kept hush, making no attack, except upon their rations, and were unharmed. Long will they remember that day



SWAMP ANGEL BATTERY.

The following night the Swamp Angel — a 200-pounder Parrott — was rafted to the spot and successfully put in position; from which hour Charleston was within the reach of our artillery lips, though as yet it was not seriously believed by the enemy that we could mar the city.

The honor of originating the classical name — Swamp Angel — for this historical gun, belongs to Sergeant Felter (Company A), of the New York Volunteer Engineers. What his quiek humor struck off in a moment of patriotic fervor, proved to be an inspiration of history. The battery was commanded by Lieut. Charles Sellmer, Eleventh Maine. The Swamp Angel was equal to its bold and unparalleled mission; it hurled its 200-pound fiery missiles high over all the rebel works into the defiant but now affrighted city. From the nature of the battery, the great elevation of the piece, and the heavy charges used, the gun finally burst at the thirty-sixth discharge.

Before opening fire on Charleston, General Gillmore notified General Beauregard, and demanded his abandonment of Morris Island and Fort Sumter.

Aug. 21. Before noon Lieut.-Col. J. F. Hall advanced to the enemy's lines with a flag of truce and delivered General Gillmore's communication.

Late in the evening a steamer came down from Charleston with a flag of truce and brought the rejection of Gillmore's demand. Beauregard, the wise artillerist and corypheus of the Confederate gunners, knew that the proposed measure of firing so far was unparalleled, and hence he deemed it chimerical — as the boast of a hair-brained chieftain.

But General Gillmore ordered the Swamp Angel to open at 1.30 o'clock, A. M., Aug. 22d. Of the effect of our shot we shall let a witness among the Confederates speak.

A person then in a Charleston hotel thus wrote of the effect of our first shots upon the city: —

"On the 22d of August, at 2.30 A. M., I was startled by a noise that, from connection with my reading ('*Les Miserables*'), resembled the whirl of a phantom brigade of cavalry galloping in mid air. A crash, succeeded by a deafening explosion, in the very street on which my apartment was situated, brought me with a bound into the centre of the room. Looking from the window, I saw fire and smoke issuing from a house in which were stowed the drugs of the Medical Purveyor. On reaching the hall I found a motley crowd with the biggest words cursing the Federal commanders. Whirr! came another shell over the roof, and down on their faces went every man of them, into tobacco-juice and cigar-ends, and clattering among the spittoons.

The population was now aroused, the streets filled with women and children, making for the upper part of the city. The volunteer fire-brigades brought out their engines, and parties of the citizen reserves were organized rapidly and quietly, to be in readiness to give assistance. Through the streets I went down to the battery promenade, meeting on my way sick and bed-ridden people carried from their homes on mattresses, and mothers with infants in their arms running, they knew not whither. Reaching the promenade, I cast my eyes towards the Federal position, beyond James Island, and presently came a flash, then a dull report, and, after an interval of some seconds, a frightful, rushing sound above me told the path that the shell had taken. Its flight must have been five miles."

On Beauregard's sending a bitter complaint that he had not had sufficient time to remove non-combatants from under our fire, General Gillmore suspended fire and gave him till 11 o'clock, P. M., of the 23d. Soon after we resumed our work.

We copy a few lines from a Charleston paper: "Between 1 and 2 o'clock, the enemy commenced firing on the city, arousing our people from their slumbers. Twelve eight-inch shell fell into the city; thirteen in all having been fired. Several shell flew in the direction of St. Michael's steeple, and fell either in the vacant lots in the burnt district on King Street, or more generally struck in the centre of the streets. One entered a warehouse at the corner of Hague and Church streets, entering the roof and exploding in the upper story. Some loose straw or packing was set on fire which caused the alarm bells to ring, and brought out the firemen." The fire-bells were heard on Morris Island.

By the way, the matter of "Greek Fire," of which so much was said, was all a mistake. No Greek fire was at this time used. The "Greek" was all in the eyes of the Charlestonians.

Of the thrilling effect of this, our first fire upon the city of Charleston — a feat that attracted the attention of the world even — we are tempted to speak in off-hand measure, as not unsuited to the nature and bearings of the indescribable event: —

And now that Monster, black as soot,
That in the swamp had fixed his foot,—
A Yankee genius — with a trill
First learned, no doubt, near Bunker Hill;
That Ebon Angel, from his throat
Sulphureous, poured his awful note;
Horrific as the fatal blast
From some eruptive mountain east.
Behold the flaming missile rise
In arching path along the skies;
Behold it dashing on the town
While furious flames are far outthrown;
Wild-lighting up the summer night,
Wide-spreading terror and affright.
Five miles, that Angel's wings were spread,
O'er flowing tide and palmy grove,
Commissioned with a message dread
That seemed like judgment from above;
Alarming voice, convulsing gleam,
That broke the city's guilty dream.
From chamber, cellar, parlor, hall;
Men, women, children, servants, — all
Upstarting, praying, rushing, crying —
Through lanes and streets, half-naked, flying
Beneath the flame-lit midnight skies,
The air resounding with their sighs,
As though Heaven's angel sure had come
To warn them to a warmer home —
An altogether different rapture
From what they spoke at Sumter's capture.

And the peculiar and pithy correspondence that passed between Gillmore and Beauregard, on the occasion of this firing upon the city, may perhaps be best set forth in similar easy measures: —

Affrighted Beauregard now wrote
To Gillmore a protesting note: —
"You crazy Yankee! What is this
Unheard of, barbarous address —
Greek Fire! or something of the sort —
Of Tophet's flames but little short;
And so abominably scented?
This devilish work must be prevented.
Besides the distance is not fair —
Five miles straight measured through the air!
Have you a patent of the sky,
And cannon that on wings may fly?
What! fire o'er all my works, your bombs,
As though my forts were merely tombs?
Such duelling is foul, I swear!
From such malpractice, sir, forbear!
Still further, sir, our southern maids
Have been affrighted from their beds.
Like old Gomorrah deem you us,
With rain of fire to treat us thus?
Give lawful notice, if you please;
I need some more than forty days
To move my maids beyond the lines
To save their perilled crinolines —
In short, this siege, sir, must abate;
Or I shall sure retaliate."
The note official duly read,
Response appropriate was sped.
"How knightly, Sir, the moral tone
Of fighting to be let alone!
But since you broached the martial fun
On the 'Star of the West' and Anderson,
Why now object to play your card
Of 'paixhan, mortar, and petard?'
Indeed, Sir, I am much surprised
That two long years have not sufficed
Wherein to study means and ways
To guard your ladies' hoops and stays.
'Greek Fire!' you cry. You are in sport;
Must be — a joke — or little short.
Perhaps some new phenomenon
Is heralding your greatness' dawn,
Since flames are deemed to augurate
Great changes in affairs of state.
But what disturbed your maids with frights
Were doubtless some new Northern Lights.
Down from the chilly regions sent —
The heralds of some great event;
For, *on your oath*, I might not throw
My shells from Morris Island so;
Besides, who ever heard before
That fire was used in waging war."

Though no "Greek Fire" was used in the shells thrown by the "Swamp Angel" battery, yet when our guns on Cummings' Point opened on the city, some of the shells were charged with incendiary material, prepared at the West Point foundry. Other shells, in addition to their explosive charge, contained pieces of what is known as port-fire. A few were filled with a preparation known as "Short's solidified Greek fire," which proved to be no more effective and to be less safe than the ordinary port-fire prepared at our arsenals. It was prepared in tubes that were dropped in the shell with as much powder as could be shaken in among them.

Aug. 25. Sergt. Joseph H. Fish (Company M), died of his wounds, on the hospital-ship Cosmopolitan, on her way from Morris Island to Beaufort, and his remains were tenderly laid in the cemetery in the suburbs of the city.

# CHAPTER XXXV.

## FALL OF FORTS WAGNER AND GREGG

AUGUST — SEPTEMBER, 1863.

*The stoutest fronts of wrong must yield.*

OUR breaching batteries having silenced and disabled Sumter, and having, in conjunction with the monitors and gun-boats, proved themselves capable of holding the other rebel forts nearly dumb, labor was renewed in running our saps and parallels towards the moat of Wagner. This work was severe and hazardous in the extreme; and it was astonishing with what promptness and ardor our troops gave themselves to this desperate task. Did the world ever see superior engineering or bravery? Such sapping under a terrific fire men had never before accomplished.

Aug. 17 At ten in the evening the rebels sallied from Wagner and charged upon our sappers and miners. They were desperate, as they knew that we were surely planning their overthrow. They only drove in our pickets, for we were ready to meet them at all times. Our reserve forces soon regained the ground, and our working parties pushed on their saps. By day and by night the firing continued, and was often severe on both sides, but the work upon the approaches went on.

Aug. 18, 19. A powerful northeast storm, with an unusual tide, filled the trenches and carried away much of our third parallel. This was immediately restored. We were equal to flood and fire.

Aug. 21. A fourth parallel was opened three hundred yards from Wagner. All this work was carried on at night, to be secure from the sharp-shooters in the rifle-pits and redoubts on the margin of Wagner. Skirmishes along the front were now constant. Nearly a hundred yards in front of the fourth parallel a sand-ridge crossed the island, behind which the rebels found shelter, and from which they withstood our advance.

Aug. 26. Upon this ridge the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts under Col. F A. Osborn made a successful charge with the bayonet, killing and wounding about twelve of the foe and capturing the remainder — two lieutenants and fifty-one men of the Sixty-first North Carolina. Shovels were placed in the hands of the prisoners who were glad to dig to protect themselves from the terrible fire of their own side.

Upon gaining this ridge, work was instantly commenced on the fifth parallel, within 200 yards of Wagner. And from this parallel Capt. Joseph Walker, (First New York Engineers), who had the direction of the sapping and mining, started a flying-sap toward Wagner and ran it about seventy-five yards before daylight under a tornado of musketry and artillery.

Our sappers met with numerous torpedoes which the rebels had planted in the sand along the possible approaches to their stronghold. One of these exploded near Captain Walker burying him to the waist in sand. We drew out ten of these hidden monsters. One or two exploded without inflicting damage. They were sheet-iron oval-shaped cases — like two cones united at their bases — holding nearly fifty pounds of powder, and exploded by pressure upon a plunger with a percussion cap, sprung by a step upon a small board on the surface of the sand.

Mortars were mounted in the fifth parallel. Meanwhile the batteries in the first and second parallels and on the left were pouring their hot and destructive blows on Wagner, Gregg and Sumter.

The following is a summary statement of the firing at Fort Sumter during the seven days' bombardment, from the 17th to the 23d of August: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Whole number of projectiles, | 5,009 |
| Total weight of metal, | 552,683 lbs. |
| Projectiles that struck, | 2,479 |
| That struck gorge wall, | 1,668 |
| Weight that breached, | 289,986 lbs. |

Of our operations at this time General Gillmore thus speaks: "For forty-two consecutive hours the spectacle presented was of surpassing sublimity and grandeur. Seventeen siege and coehorn mortars unceasingly dropped their shells into the work, over the heads of our sappers and the guards of the advanced trenches; thirteen of our heavy Parrott rifles — 100, 200, and 300-pounders — pounded away at short though regular intervals, at the southwest angle of the bomb-proof, while during the daytime, the New Ironsides, with remarkable regularity and precision, kept an almost incessant stream of eleven-inch shells from her eight-gun broadside, ricochetting over the water against the sloping parapet of Wagner; whence, deflected upward with a low-remaining velocity, they dropped nearly vertically, exploding within or over the work, and rigorously searching every part of it except the subterranean shelters. The calcium lights turned night into day, and brought the minutest details of the fort into sharp relief."

Aug. 28. While our men of Company I were bravely and steadily wielding their big guns in the battery on the extreme right near the beach, in the darkness of the night, Michael Gormley, at his gun No. 1, a 200-pounder Parrott, was struck by a rebel shell from Simkins, that mangled, and necessitated the immediate amputation of, his left arm.

Sept. 5. From the fifth parallel, since the island was very low and narrow at that part, our approaches were by zig-zag saps, making sharp angles, as there was no chance for another regular parallel. Here the labor was peculiarly difficult and hazardous. Here the sand of our saps and the skirts of Wagner were often wet with blood. Our approaches finally reached so near the fort that the sand of the last sap thrown up (Sept. 5th) slid into the moat of the fort.

Sept. 6. As during the preceding day, the batteries and the fleet kept up a constant and powerful fire upon Wagner, holding its garrison in silence, and tearing the angles and parapet of the work. General Gillmore was now ready for the final asasult. In the evening he assembled his brigade and regimental commanders at General Terry's head-quarters and gave to them his full and final instructions. The troops were to form compactly in the trenches at 1 o'clock, at night, ready to charge and support. Axemen of General Stevenson's brigade were to be ready to cut away palisades and obstructions. The land and naval batteries were to keep the rebels in their bomb-proofs till the very moment of assault. That was an hour of portentous expectancy on our part. It was an hour of painful trepidation on the part of the enemy.

At the hour named in the night, the troops had marched to their positions in the trenches. Soon a report was passed along that Wagner had been evacuated. Two men volunteered to reconnoitre, crossed the moat, mounted to the parapet, and found the work deserted. Its silent abandonment had just been accomplished. General Terry pressed on to Fort Gregg only to find that it also had been evacuated. Our flag went up on the captured works. A few straggling rebels and about fifty in a boat were cut off and taken prisoners by Major Sanford, of the Seventh Connecticut.

The rebels commenced the evacuation of the forts about 10 o'clock of the previous night, and escaped in boats from Cummings' Point. Fort Wagner was commanded by Colonel Keitt, of South Carolina, and garrisoned by 1,400 effective men. Its bomb-proof was capable of holding 1,800 men. Fort Gregg was manned by about 200 men. We captured nineteen pieces of artillery and a large supply of superior ammunition. The evacuation of the forts must have been determined upon only a short time before it took place. Perhaps the rebels learned of the strength of the assault that was impending. Their flight saved a large effusion of blood.

It is worthy of record that, during our siege, our parallels, trenches, saps, splinter-proofs, and batteries would have measured, in a single, straight line, about eight miles.

The firing at Fort Wagner on the 5th and 6th, from the breaching batteries — Strong, Brown, Reno, Rosecrans, Meade, and Stevens — may be summarized: Whole number of projectiles thrown, 1,411; weight of

metal thrown, 150,505 pounds; number of projectiles which struck the fort, 1,247; number which struck the bomb-proofs, 1,173.

The report of Brig.-Gen. J W Turner, Chief-of-Staff and of Artillery, made to General Gillmore Sept. 8th, closes as follows: —

"The total number of projectiles thrown against Sumter, up to the 7th of September, was 6,451; and against Wagner, since the 26th of July, 9,875: making a total of artillery projectiles of 16,326.

In closing this report, I would call the attention of the Commanding General to the zeal and efficient services rendered by Captain C. R. Brayton, Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, who has acted during this period of operations as my Assistant."

Wagner was terribly torn and very filthy. Bodies unburied and half-buried were found in and around it. In it we found Belgian rifles, siege-guns, howitzers, and mortars. Around it we found more than sixty torpedoes. The outer edge of the work was hedged with French boarding-pikes of an old pattern — lances and spears with edged or bladed hooks set in hard wood handles, making a *chevaux-de-frise* of steel blades. The bottom of the moat was covered with planks full of sharp spikes two or three inches in length. But all the arts and strength of the rebels were insufficient to preserve their strongholds.

Immediately our heavy gunners were thrown into the works and began the labors of reversing the guns and fitting the forts for aggressive operations.

That Wagner and Gregg had succumbed, was to us a great relief and joy But now we were called to be the excited spectators of a new and remarkable duel. In the afternoon of the day that we entered the evacuated forts (September 7th), the Weehawken moved up near to Cummings' Point to cheer our troops, and lend Fort Sumter a few fifteen-inch shells. On her return after dark, she grounded off Fort Moultrie, close under all the rebel guns on Sullivan's Island, and every effort during the night to get her off was fruitless. Early in the morning (September 8th), the enemy discovered her and opened on her about a hundred guns. Her consorts in the fleet flocked to her relief and defence. The Ironsides came in with her thunders and thunderbolts. Then there was gunning of a high order. We, of the army on Morris Island, about two miles distant, unable to give her succor, in our sympathies flocked to the sand-hills and beach to witness the duel. Nearly a hundred rebel cannon smiting one little monitor supported by her sister keels. How bravely the spunky "cheese-box" answered back, pouring her fifteen-inch shell into Moultrie. Her second shot entered a magazine, blowing it up and killing and wounding a number of the garrison. The other iron-clads and the Ironsides drove home similar arguments, firing some of the buildings, and finally compelling the rebel gunners to quit their pieces, till Moultrie at least was almost silent. At the turn of the tide, late in the day, the Weehawken floated and came

out of the fight with only slight bruises of her mail and three men wounded. Our caps and shouts went up for the navy.

Sept. 11. While engaged in rearranging and refitting Fort Wagner, our men were exposed to buried torpedoes. Peter Reiley (Company M), while on the glacis of the land-face of the work, sprung one of these concealed, deadly machines, and was fearfully injured in his right leg. The amputation of his limb saved his life. He, however, continued in the service till discharged by surgeon's certificate June 24, 1864.

Surgeon Burton tells of touching incidents of courage, endurance, and affection of men when passing under his hands, in the loss of their limbs, and when dying from wounds and disease.

One man, whose only living relative was a sister, when about to die, and fully conscious of his state, said: "Well, doctor, I'm going; and I have no one to love me but my sister, who can't be here; but, doctor, won't you kiss me before I die?" A more tender and feeling kiss was never given.

Some may inquire relative to the comparative excellence of the gunning on the two sides in the great operations of which we are speaking. At the close of the war the Confederate artillerists frankly acknowledged that the Yankees possessed superior guns and skill. But we as frankly state that the rebel gunners handled their pieces with remarkable precision and effect. Let one statement illustrate this. After the capture of Fort Wagner the enemy opened a lively fire upon the work while we were refitting it. Now the fort embraced an area of less than an acre within the circle of its parapets, and the enemy's guns were about two miles distant; yet in a single day, out of 235 shells fired at this work, 185 burst inside; and on another day 150 shells struck inside the fort. The best of artillerists will allow that this was excellent practice. One day, in and around the work, we lost sixteen men, killed and wounded. It was a hot place for fatigue parties.

# CHAPTER XXXVI.

## DEMOLISHING FORT SUMTER.

SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER, 1863.

*Where treason smote is treason smit.*

FORT SUMTER was already silenced. Its barbette guns had been overthrown and its parapet cut away. Its gorge wall was a vast ruin, and all its embrasures facing Morris Island had been beaten out. Still the enemy held it with a garrison, and waved over it the Confederate flag, and managed to occasionally fire a small gun. As we opened new cavities in the walls, the rebels filled them with logs and bags of sand. Nothing, however, would satisfy us but the complete destruction of the work that had so proudly defied us.

We again quote from the records of the rebels in Sumter: —

"Sept. 1. The effect of firing to-day very heavy. Pan-coupe and next two arches have fallen. The rest of the wall is badly scaled, and in all probability will come down to-morrow as low as the first tier of casemates. We have not a gun *en barbette* that can be fired. Only one gun in casemate."

Thus we have the testimony of the rebels themselves that Sumter was mangled, paralyzed, powerless. But we still add one more extract from Colonel Rhett's record: —

"Sumter, Sept. 4, 1863. I consider it impossible to either mount or use guns on any part of the parapet; and I deem the fort, in its present condition, unserviceable for offensive purposes."

The following official paper was enthusiastically received by our troops, and proudly read throughout the loyal ranks of our country: —

"DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HEAD-QUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Sept. 15, 1862.

*General Orders:* —

It is with no ordinary feeling of gratification and pride that the Brigadier-General Commanding is enabled to congratulate this army upon the signal success which has crowned the enterprise in which it has been engaged. Fort Sumter is destroyed. The scene where our country's flag suffered its first dishonor, you have made the theatre of its proudest triumphs.

The fort has been in possession of the enemy for more than two years, has been his pride and boast, has been strengthened by every appliance known to military science, and has defied the assaults of the most powerful and gallant fleet the world ever saw. But it has yielded to your courage and patient labor. Its walls are now crumbled to ruins, its formidable batteries are silenced, and, though a hostile flag still floats over it, the fort is a harmless and helpless wreck.

Forts Wagner and Gregg — works rendered remarkable by their protracted resistance and the sacrifice of life they have cost — have also been wrested from the enemy by your persevering courage and skill, and the graves of your fallen comrades rescued from desecration and contumely.

You now hold in undisputed possession the whole of Morris Island, and the city and harbor of Charleston lie at the mercy of your artillery from the very spot where the first shot was fired at your country's flag, and the Rebellion itself was inaugurated.

To you — the officers and soldiers of this command — and to the gallant navy which has co-operated with you, are due the thanks of your Commander and your country. You were called upon to encounter untold privations and dangers; to undergo unremitting and exhausting labors; to sustain severe and disheartening reverses. How nobly your patriotism and zeal have responded to the call, the results of the campaign will show, and your Commanding General gratefully bears witness.

Q. A. GILLMORE,
*Brigadier-General Commanding.*

Official:
ED. W. SMITH, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

Sept. 24. For his grand military achievement General Gillmore was promoted to be a Major-General, and our batteries gave him a loud salute of thirteen guns. He chose the occasion for reviewing the troops on Morris Island, and twenty-two regiments, besides the artillery regiments and batteries, passed in review; a grand sight, indeed, when the quality of the troops was considered, and the record they had made. After the salute had been fired, the General, with his brilliant staff, rode down the line, drums rolled, colors dipped, and the vast line presented arms. The artillery attracted special attention. General Terry then led the whole in review before the Major-General, the bands playing, and the troops marching in superb order. It was a proud day for the Commander and his war-worn, victorious, honored army.

Sept. 26. Martin G Thornton (Company H), died, at Hilton Head.

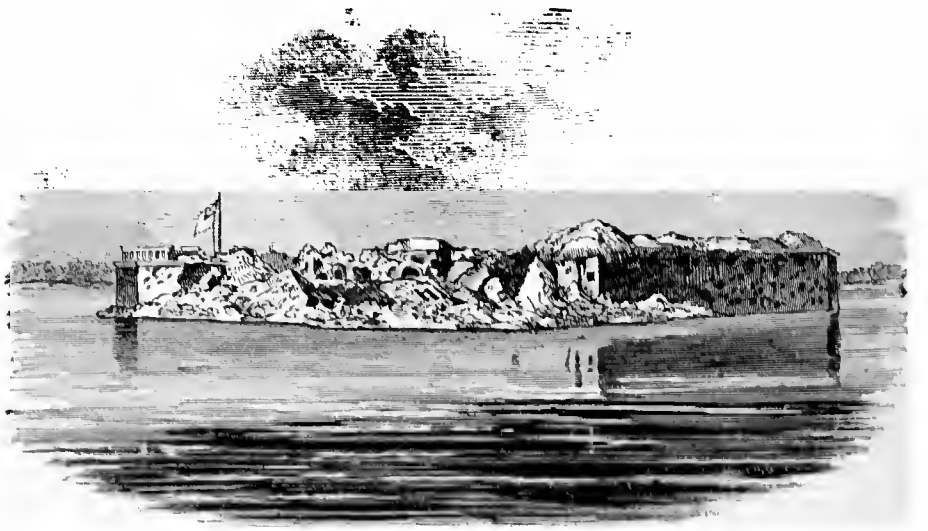
At the close of September our companies were located as follows: B, C, D, H, I, and M, in siege-work on Morris Island; the most of F, K, and L, holding the entrenchments on Hilton Head; E, in Fort Mitchell, on Skulk Creek; A, holding the entrenchments at Beaufort; G, in Fort Pulaski — the post commanded by Major Ames; and detachments from different companies, holding Fort Seward at Bay Point, and manning armed transports and gun-boats on picket. But our companies were frequently changing position, as the exigencies of the service required the use of our guns, or as our exhausted condition called for rest.

Company B, on Morris Island, wielded four ten-inch sea-coast mortars, with orders to throw 200 shell daily into Fort Sumter, "which duty," says

Captain Greene, "was performed, I hope, to the satisfaction of our Chief, if not to the enemy."

Oct 3. Regretfully the regiment parted with Capt. Joseph J. Comstock, Jr., who resigned in order to accept a commission as Major of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. He joined us as a First Lieutenant Aug. 15, 1861, was the first Adjutant of our command, and was promoted to the rank of Captain March 11, 1862. His talents, culture, bravery and devotion won for him an enviable rank in the esteem of our regiment. His after-record with the Fourteenth Regiment adds to his merited reputation.

The command of the battalion on Morris Island now devolved upon Capt. R. G. Shaw, as senior captain, which position he held till the arrival of Maj. W. Ames, Nov. 22d.



FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

Oct. 5. Near 9 o'clock, at night, the "long-roll" swelled over the island; all the troops were under arms, and our men stood to their heavy guns. The alarm was occasioned by smart musketry fire among the fleet in the outer harbor. An attempt was made by a cigar-shaped torpedo-steamer, fifty feet long and five feet beam, nearly submerged, to blow up the Ironsides. On its approach, giving no response when challenged, the deck sentinels fired, and so raised the alarm. The dark craft struck the Ironsides a heavy blow with its prow, under water, when the torpedo exploded, throwing up a huge column of water to the spar-deck and into the engine-room of the ship, but failing to cripple her; meanwhile it extinguished the fires of the torpedo-boat, so that its commander, Lieutenant Glassell (formerly of the United States Navy), the fireman, and pilot jumped into the sea and were captured. The Ironsides had only a beam started, but her officer of the deck was mortally wounded. The torpedo-keel rekindled her fires and returned to Charleston.

Oct. 12. Lieut.-Col. John Frieze resigned his commission. He had shared some military experience before joining our command. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant of the First Light Artillery Dec. 24, 1861. He joined us as a First Lieutenant Feb. 11, 1862; was advanced to be Major Sept. 16, 1862, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel Jan. 14, 1863. His qualities won him position.

The rebel front maintained a slow and steady cannonading — using, particularly, mortars to annoy our working-parties on Cummings' Point; but we steadily pushed on our engineering and fatigue-work reconstructing old Gregg, wherefrom to forward to our enemy our ponderous compliments.

Oct. 20. Maj. Charles W. H. Day resigned his rank and place amongst us. He entered the service at the first opening of the Rebellion, receiving a commission as Captain in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia April 18, 1861. Returning from that three months of service, he joined us, a Captain Aug. 17, 1861, and was promoted to the rank of Major Nov. 28, 1862. His name stands brightly on our roll.

Of the services of Light Company C, on Morris Island, it should be recorded that double service was rendered by them — service by day and service by night. Of the night pickets in Charleston harbor, they always furnished the gunners for the boat-howitzers, while the infantry did the rowing. They left the shores at dark and returned at daylight. Many a thrilling story can they tell.

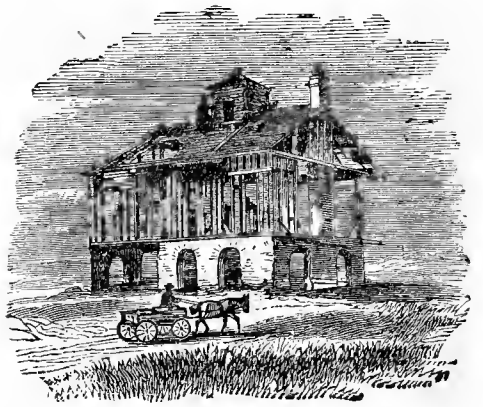
Oct. 21. Colonel Metcalf came up from Hilton Head, as he frequently had done, to look after the interests of the battalion and to inspect matters generally, on the stormy front. The battalion camp was now near the centre of the island, near the former line of batteries, parallels, and saps, and was the most advanced camp on the island at this time. Occasionally a rebel shell plowed up the sand around our tents, and so kept up a tension of our nerves. We by no means liked the bellowing of the "Bull-of-the-Woods," south of Simkins, as it was furnished with a fine Brooke gun.

The Beacon House — an old hospital — near the centre of the island, now nearly demolished by the strokes of the enemy's guns and parties foraging for tent-floors, was used by us as a lookout, and on its top was kept a telescope for viewing Charleston and the movements of the rebels on their front.

Here we may copy paragraphs from the Chaplain's letters to the *Providence Journal*:—

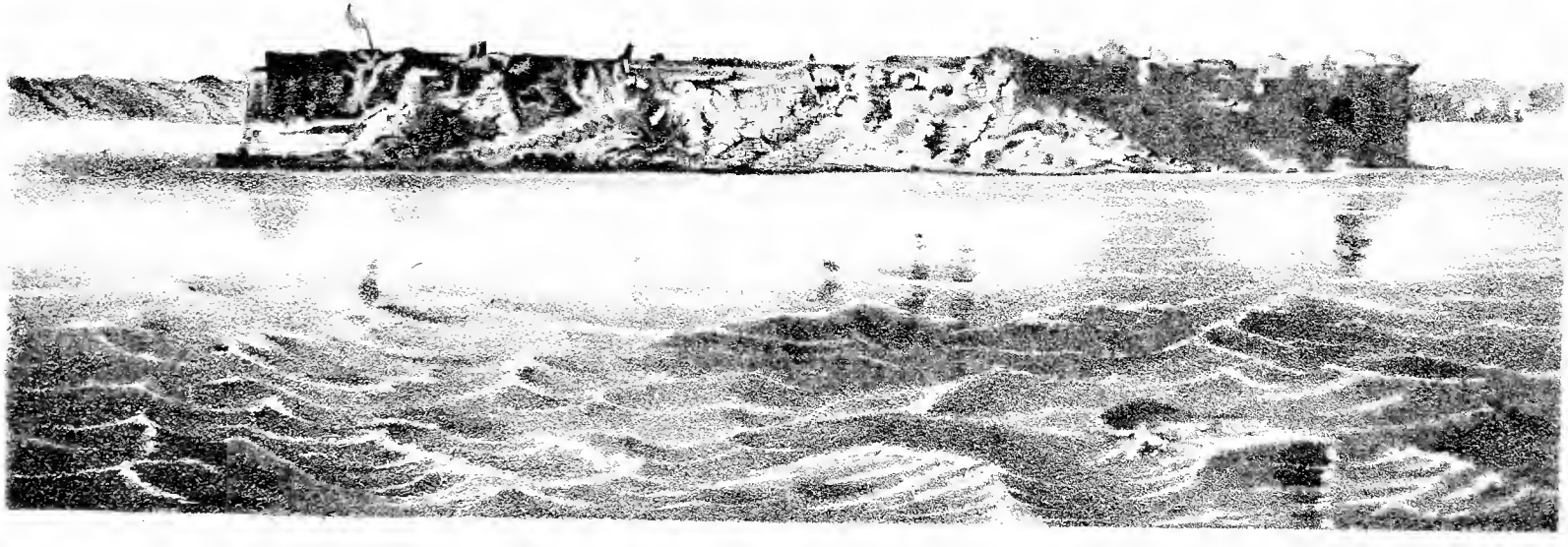
"Oct. 22. Only two trees remain to indicate the cheerful shades that once rested on these sea-born and wind-driven sands. Perhaps a little more than half of the island, the portion toward the inlet, is occupied by our camps and army supplies. The northwestern end, like the toe portion of the ox shoe, is the especial seat of war, being pelted day and night by the rebel shells. Yet under this fire our men are toiling on heroically and will be heard from in due time. The amount of work already accomplished

is truly wonderful. I wish, for the honor of our officers and men, I were permitted even now to tell the story. But we must yet keep hush. We are making, not writing, history I wish every impatient grumbler at home could tread where I have trodden, through the marshy, boggy, sandy parallels, over splinter-proofs, rolling saps, bristling moats, logs, torpedoes, and yawning shell-furrows, and through monstrous earthworks, more formidable than the mightiest forts, thus dimly discovering through what perils and toils, what daring and death-beholding, our men have pressed back our foes, and are now making ready for a new onset; their murmuring would give place to grateful tears. All honor to the men, to the dead and the living, who have wrought and fought so heroically on this island. One must tread this strange region and look for himself upon these scenes, the shoals and shores, the sands and creeks, the swamps and forests, the bays and batteries, the blazing fronts and forts, before he can form any just conceptions or pass any judgments. Ah, how impotent are pens, types, and wood-cuts! As well may you put the roar of artillery or the ocean's anthem in a book, as to express the sublime doings and darings, and, I may add, dyings, that have taken place on Morris Island. I had thought myself familiar with battle-fields and the weighty operations of war, but these developments utterly eclipse all my previous experiences and observations. I marvel at the work done, the dangers braved, the ends achieved, and the plans now unfolding.



BEACON HOUSE.

"I have visited all parts of the island, the regiments, the batteries, the forts, the hospitals, the depots, the ruins of the light-house, the skeleton of the Beacon House, the old batteries that triumphed over the rebel strongholds, the vicinity of the 'Swamp Angel,' the solemn grave-yards, and particularly the grave of Lieutenant Holbrook, where I could not restrain the warm flowing tears. Henceforth this island is peculiarly the property of the muse of history. But another chapter is yet to be opened, of which I am now wisely forbidden to speak. But for this prohibition I might tell you strange things of Wagner, Chatfield, and Gregg — Chatfield lies between Wagner and Gregg; these three are assigned to Rhode Island companies. So the valiant Third Regiment, that has hitherto acted so conspicuously and bravely in the front, still occupies the post of peril and honor, and is to strike for new laurels and fresh sacrifices. Rhode Island cannot refuse to be proud of her Third Heavy Artillery till her bosom ceases to beat patriotically.



FORT SUMTER.

*August 23d 1863.*

"I close these hasty field notes, listening to the bellowing of the insurgent cannon, the bursting of shells over our working-parties, and the hum of our cheerful camps, and gazing, with a kind of awe-inspiring inquisitiveness, upon Simkins, Johnson, Charleston, Pinkney, dilapidated Sumter, Bee, Moultrie, and Battery Beauregard. The Ironsides, the monitors, gun-boats, and a fair fleet are riding within the bar. Transports swing in the inlet. Heavy forces are busy on Folly Island. Let the country be patient and give us confidence. We fear no just criticisms, and only ask for men and courage. Providence is with us.

"On the morning of the 23d inst. our fleet brought into their anchorage another splendid Clyde-built, side-wheeled, double-stacked, low-decked, grab-colored blockade-running steamer, wearing the English flag. So another of John Bull's neutral speculations has, like a defective shell, exploded prematurely.

"During the night of the 22d two rebels deserted from the ruins of Sumter in a boat. Making their way to the Ironsides, they were a target for canister and shell from Sullivan's Island, but were picked up by our monitor on picket duty. The forts, Wagner, Chatfield and Gregg, received orders on the 23d to be in readiness for action at a moment's warning on and after the noon of the 24th. I may not say more than this at present. The Rhode Island boys have the front and you may trust them. An idea of the bomb-proofs of Wagner may be formed when I state that on my second visit to that prodigious work, I hitched my horse under one of those mighty shields. From Gregg our view of Charleston and the long, bristling, insurgent front is naturally grand and historically imposing. Hard and heroic work yet lies before us.

"The camp of our battalion bears S.S.W from Fort Moultrie, which occasionally pronounces her most emphatic compliments, one of which addresses my ears and eyes as I write this line.

"Our surgeon, Dr. C. S. Burton, able and honored here in his important profession, furnishes the following facts in his morning report of the battalion: 'Sick in hospital, 6; sick in quarters, 11; total, 17.' This speaks well for the health of our men. Dr. Burton's office here, since the 1st of July, has been no sinecure; he has stood by our men like a brother. His surgical operations have been many and highly creditable to his skill. In such a field of perils and death-dealing, only the most accomplished surgeons should be tolerated. In general the hospitals here are well arranged, and the sick and wounded receive good treatment. The wounded are usually treated on this island, and the severe cases of both sick and wounded are shortly transferred to Folly Island or to the general hospitals at Hilton Head and Beaufort. It ought to be mentioned that the Sanitary Commission, through their representatives here, are doing an important and praiseworthy work, going right into the front of the battles to bestow their

labors and charities. The agents of the Christian Commission, by similar sacrifices, have won like praise."

We copy from a private letter written by the Chaplain, as it somehow got into print: —

"MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Oct. 24, 1863.

I am sitting in Captain Colwell's tent, near the centre of this war-renowned island, the ocean rolling on one side and the rebels cannonading on the other. Captain Colwell is assigned to the command of Fort Chatfield — a new fort we have built between Wagner and Gregg — a strong-hold, indeed, and a post of honor. Among his 'pipes' he mounts a 300-pounder Parrot. He will be ready to smoke in a few days; indeed, he now waits orders to fire.

The rebels are throwing shell, day and night, over our working-parties in and around the forts.

The work done by our army is perfectly astounding. Only eye-witnesses can form an idea of the prodigious works of our spades, rifles, and cannon. Morris Island, with its forts, rifle-pits, parallels, flying saps, and monster batteries, is one mighty volume of thrilling history.

The enemy are busy strengthening their works. I can see, by a glass, the negroes doing fatigue duty, also steamers transporting troops.

I have been constantly on the wing, going to Fort Pulaski, Beaufort, Bay Point, Fort Mitchell, Fort Welles, on board gun-boats, and up the coast to these redeemed islands. I usually preach twice on a Sabbath; and, indeed, 'as I go, preach' and distribute reading-matter. I carry my bed in a bag, and my wardrobe and books in my hand — a Baptist circuit preacher and army colporteur; sometimes preaching to the ex-slaves and sometimes writing.

But I must close. Heaven only knows the future. Duty is with us; destiny is with God."

At this time Captain Shaw (Company D), was in command of Fort Gregg, Captain Colwell (Company H), in command of Fort Chatfield, and Captain Strahan (Company I), in command of Fort Wagner, with orders to be ready to open fire.

Oct. 26. At noon these forts opened their fire, Captain Colwell pitching the loud battle-tune with his 300-pounder. The principal target was Sumter. We drew the enemy's fire from James and Sullivan's Islands, and so we had thundering music again, such as human ears rarely take in.

Fort Gregg now mounted one 200-pounder Parrot, two 100-pounder Parrots, four thirty-pounder Parrots, one ten-inch columbiad, and two ten-inch sea-coast howitzers.

General Turner's orders were to fire our pieces "once in ten minutes each," using percussion and time-fuses as circumstances required. To the order he attached the following postscript of caution: —

"Take every precaution of oiled sponges, white lead, swedging, &c."

"The clamps are not to be screwed down any tighter than absolutely necessary to prevent capsizing."

Details from infantry regiments — both white and colored — were made to assist us, and were employed chiefly in carrying ammunition from the magazines to the guns. Says Capt. R. G. Shaw, commanding Gregg: "The two companies of the New York Independent Battalion proved to

be efficient and rendered us a great deal of assistance; they were, however, very unfortunate, as most of the casualties occurred amongst them."

Please notice the handling of one of those guns. The piece has just recoiled from the last firing, and is out of battery; it is instantly depressed to a level; up step the spongers; back and forth, with a rolling twist, goes the sponge, and it is withdrawn; up rises the great bag-like cartridge and is entered; quickly the rammers drive it home to the clean, moist, but warm chamber; stout men lift the great conical shell and pass it into the black lips of the monster; again the rammers bend to their work and drive back the projectile upon the powder; now the gunners heave the piece into battery; the sergeant looks to and adjusts the training, right or left; now he turns to secure again his proper and exact elevation, and makes his allowance for windage; the primer is entered; the lanyard is attached, and the gunner, standing behind the traverse, waits order. The officer cries: "Ready! Fire!" Hold your ears. Note the smoke — an aerial maelstrom and cataract, with voice of an earthquake. See that black spot traveling on its parabolic journey. Ha! how smokes and tumbles the rebel wall. Up go the loyal cheers, and the boys pat their gun.

Fort Chatfield mounted one 300-pounder Parrot, two 100-pounder Parrotts, and two ten-inch sea-coast howitzers.

Fort Wagner mounted one 200-pounder Parrott, five 100-pounder Parrotts, two Napoleons, two ten-inch sea-coast mortars, and one eight-inch sea-coast howitzer *en barbette*.

Surgeon G. S. Burton at this time was Medical Inspector of Morris Island. The troops on the island consisted of five brigades besides our battalion, numbering about nine thousand men.

Oct. 25. The fleet brought in a blockade-runner, having overhauled her in the night, and knocked her walking-beam clean overboard; a luckless investment for English pockets.

Oct. 27. The battle blast was resumed at sunrise; Charleston harbor and vicinity, rolled and rocked under the awful and almost deafening thunders. As on the preceding day, the navy came in as aids — the previous day the gun-boat Paul Jones and monitor Lehigh, this day three monitors. To one standing on the parapet of Wagner the sight was sublime. We fired mainly upon Sumter, dashing down the upright portions of the wall, and lifting bricks, mortar, sand, timbers, and splinters high into the air. Just before noon Captain Shaw, in Gregg, trained one of his 100-pounder Parrotts upon the city of Charleston, using St. Michael's church as his target, and sent three shells, with fuses of thirty-five seconds, towards that rebel seat of commerce; the first shell fell short for want of elevation: two entered the city. His elevation was all the gun carriages would then allow, for he removed the elevating screw. Near noon one of the Captain's 100-pounders burst. In the afternoon the Captain sent a shell into Simkins that exploded a magazine or quantity of ammunition.

Oct. 28. During the preceding night a heavy shell from Simkins came into Gregg, and breaking through the entrance of the magazine killed one, severely wounded a second, and stunned a third man — all of the New York Independent Battalion, known as "The Lost Children." During the day two others were injured by shells in the same fort. In Wagner a member of the Second South Carolina Volunteers (colored) had his left leg shot off near the body by a shell. These facts may indicate the hotness of the battle that raged day and night. The walls of Sumter were steadily tumbling to the sea. Our shots would bore huge holes and plow immense furrows in the face of the work. It was important to the rebels to hold Sumter on account of its relation to the obstructions and torpedoes in the harbor. Every morning its flag was run up, and every evening it was hauled down with a ceremonious sunset gun.

Oct. 28. George Jefferson (Company D), died in New York city.

Oct. 29. The earth and the air shook from the thunders of the siege. Two monitors assisted in the work during the afternoon. One Parrott gun burst; another blew out at the breech. Our scarps and parapets were plowed by the foe. One shot struck inside of Wagner and badly demoralized a mule team. Corp. C. M. Corey (Company M), for the second time cut down the flag of Sumter; the Corporal knew how to wear his chevrons. At sunset, just as the enemy had hauled down the flag of Sumter which had been re-raised, Sergt. W H. Manchester (Company H), with the 300-pounder Parrott cut away the flag-staff. The times were hot and noisy on both sides of the lines. Here was some of the sharpest and best gunning the world ever knew.

Oct. 26, 27, 28. During these three days our emphatic remarks upon Fort Sumter, from Fort Strong alone, footed up as follows: Six pieces — one 200 and five 100-pounder Parrotts, at an elevation of about seven degrees; 8,916 pounds of powder, with noise and metal to correspond; one gun exploded.

Oct. 29, 30. Our patriotic addresses were continued in their usual strain; from Fort Strong to Sumter, 2,800 yards, five pieces engaged; 6,690 pounds of powder with iron to suit; another gun exploded. Such were the resolute and telling utterances of a single fort. It will be recollected that usually one pound of powder hurls about ten pounds of projectile.

Oct. 30. By General Gillmore, General Orders, No. 94, the new forts were permanently named, and the old captured forts were renamed. The fort on the south end of Folly Island, held by Company B, was called Fort Delafield; the work on the north end of Folly Island was named Fort Greene; the work on Oyster Point, on southwest part of Morris Island, was styled Battery Purviance, and was now held by Company M; the new heavy fortification near the middle of Morris Island was called Fort Shaw; Wagner was renamed Fort Strong; Gregg (Cummings' Point) was renamed Fort Putnam; the new work between Wagner and Gregg was called Fort Chatfield; two mortar batteries were located near Fort Chatfield,

ready to open in a few days — one named Battery Barton, the other Battery Seymour — one for ten-inch, the other for thirteen-inch mortars.

The following were the distances of important points from Fort Putnam on Cummings' Point: to Simkins, 2,200 yards; to Johnson, 2,950 yards; to Charleston Battery, 6,710 yards; to St. Michael's Church in Charleston, 7,440 yards; to Charleston wharves, 7,040 yards; to wharves on line with Castle Pinckney, 7,800 yards; to Castle Pinckney, 5,510 yards; to Sumter, 1,480 yards; to Mount Pleasant Landing, 5,020 yards; to mouth of channel leading to Mount Pleasant Landing, 3,500 yards; to Battery Bee, 3,100 yards; to mouth of channel leading behind Battery Bee, 3,500 yards; to Moultrie, 2,600 yards; from Putnam to Chatfield, 440 yards; from Putnam to Strong, 1,100 yards. In our first attack on Sumter, when we silenced her barbettes and broke her gorge, our nearest battery — nearly west of the Beacon House — was 4,200 yards distant.

Oct. 30. Two more of our 100-pounders burst, one in Strong and one in Chatfield. Two monitors assisted us in the afternoon. The enemy shelled Black Island. During the day Captain Colwell threw from his 300-pounder Parrott, 15,000 pounds of metal, using 1,500 pounds of powder, firing about sixty times — heavy work for one gun in one day, and heavy were the strokes on the enemy's front. Our officers and men had many very narrow escapes. They became very expert in detecting the path of the enemy's missiles, and in evading them by covering behind traverses and under bomb-proofs.

Oct. 31. Battery Beauregard, on Sullivan's Island, east of Moultrie, opened fire on us for the first time, thus lengthening the fiery front. Two monitors aided us in the afternoon. The rebel shots glanced from them as pebbles from an alligator's back. Three more of our 100-pounder Parrotts burst, one in each fort, Putnam, Chatfield and Strong. Three times we cut away the flag of Sumter, once again by Sergt. W. H. Manchester, (Company H), once by the mortar party operating near Fort Chatfield; a rebel endeavoring to raise a new flag was killed in the attempt.

For certain kinds of work — harrassing fatigue-parties, and reaching the inside of heavy fortifications — and within certain ranges, well-handled mortars were effective weapons. The extreme range of ten-inch sea-coast mortars was about 4,250 yards, reached by an elevation of the pieces of nearly forty-five degrees with ten pounds of suitable powder. By the way, our powder was coarse or fine according to the guns used; that used in the heaviest rifles was about the size of walnuts.

Captain Turner, with his thirteen-inch mortars, did not a little splendid firing on Sumter to prevent fatigue parties from repairing damages — once firing all night, correcting his ranges by the flames of his shot as they burst and lighted up the work. The compliments he received for the order of his battery from the Chief of Artillery, were pinned on the door of his magazine.

# CHAPTER XXXVII.

## SHELLING THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

NOVEMBER — DECEMBER, 1863.

*Secession's cradle rocks with fear.*

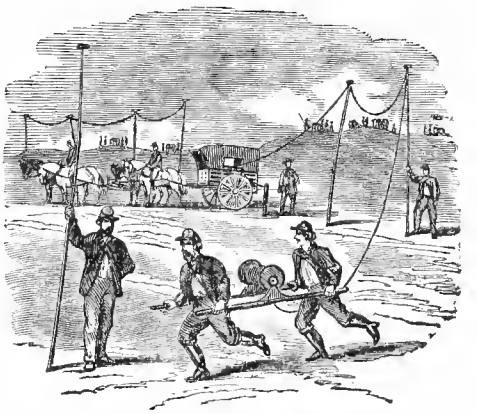
THOUGH Morris Island had been captured and Fort Sumter had been reduced to a vast ruin, we were not satisfied. The forts on Sullivan's and James Islands were still strong, and the harbor was obstructed by torpedoes and chains and rafts. We now aimed to mar all these rebel works and, meanwhile, to introduce into the city of Charleston as much metal and fire as we could. Thus to hold in the fiery gripe of incessant siege the most important port of the Confederacy, was an incalculable disappointment to the rebels and to their blockade-running English friends.

Soon after commencing our systematic firing on Charleston from Forts Putnam and Chatfield, we had orders to fire ten shots during the night to aid the Charlestonians in their dreams. Once we were instructed to fire ten shots at midnight. No sooner had we opened our first gun than all the rebels' guns, including mortars, on Sullivan's and James Islands, simultaneously responded, making a warm and lively time for us. Their gunners must have been at their posts, with lanyard in hand, waiting for our fire. To pay them off, the next day when they lowered their flag and fired their sunset gun on Sumter, we were ready with every gun on our front, and gave them an artillery chorus to be remembered. Those vespers were not sung in whispers.

Nov. 1. Though the siege went on, the Chaplain preached to such of the battalion as were not on duty; he also preached to the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers. A deserter from Charleston reported that Sumter was held by about forty during the day, and 300 by night; that on the 29th of October our shots killed fourteen, and on the 31st eleven, in the fort; four of the eleven being killed by one shot as they were raising their flag. We cut away the flag again, and the rebels dared not raise another.

Nov. 2. General Gillmore frequently came to the front. General Turner was now Chief of Artillery. The engineers and working-parties were busy completing the forts and repairing the injuries inflicted by the

enemy's shots. Occasionally the rebel forts threw their shell over our camps in the middle of the island. We threw out a heavy grand guard every night to meet possible attacks. Sumter now looked more like a rude bluff or volcanic pile than like a fortification. Its strength and form had departed. We shot away two more flags from its ruins, and through the afternoon it remained flagless, though it had life enough to fire a feeble sunset gun. Three monitors aided us, and fired handsomely. During the preceding night Captain Ferris, of the New York Independent Battery ("The Lost Children"), made a boat reconnoissance alone to Sumter, and found a line of the enemy's picket-boats from Moultrie to Sumter and thence up the harbor towards Charleston. During the night of this day Captain Ferris and six men made another visit to Sumter, and reached the crest of the work on the side of the gorge wall, where they received volleys from the rebel sharp-shooters that wounded two of the party. Sumter had no flag during the day. The work was steadily bowing to the water under the blows of our guns. Michael McKinna (Company D), was burned in his face and shocked by one of our guns in Putnam.



ARMY SIGNAL TELEGRAPH.

Nov. 2. Under this date, the Chaplain, in the chapters of notes that he often sent to the *Providence Journal*, wrote as follows: —

"History is being acted here in large characters and on a grand scale, yet the spot itself is the poorest of all places for writing either history or anything else. You may imagine your correspondent, perched on a little camp-stool, upon a sand-ridge, under a thin piece of flapping canvas, like a fly under a blade of grass, half-blinded by the driven sand, half-deafened by the thundering cannon, and half-exhausted by varied efforts along the battle front, endeavoring to gather up his distracted ideas and see if he can arrange them in any decent order. Not that one can be without ideas here; the difficulty is in keeping them together in their logical and historical positions. In this respect I might compare myself to a single mule train that a few days since passed up to the front, during the heat of the action, with a load of supplies; whereupon a rebel shot struck the cart squarely in the front, tearing it from the poor beast and the tackling, and dashing it in fragments along the ground, while the negro driver ran for dear life, leaving the bereft, unmoved mule to muse, as he soberly seemed to, on the mutability of human affairs.

"In fact, one's sensibilities become blunted or benumbed after being for

a while in the midst of exciting scenes, intense operations, and the ceaseless breaking and rolling of mighty sounds. As the peasant may at last be quite indifferent to the shock of the mountain tempest, and the lowly cottager may be lulled to his slumbers by the roar of Niagara, so the soldier becomes accustomed to the fiery storms and awful music of fields of battle. As regiments and detachments pass my clerkly sand-knoll, going up to the front, under the enemy's fire, to work our guns, to repair the shot-ploughed breast-works, or to pace the beaches on picket duty, they cheerily march to the lively tune they whistle or sing as though they were bound on a pic-nic excursion. It is particularly interesting to listen to the colored soldiers, of whom there are three regiments on this island; a fatigue party moves up the beach, the front rank mimicking buglers by blowing a wild air through their curved hands; another detachment goes forward all whistling in concert, and making rich music, truly; again a battalion advances to the front, singing in their own unrivalled manner, repeating the last lines with an indescribable pathos, songs like the following: —

'I've got my sword,
I've got my gun;
No man can hinder me,
No man can hinder me.'

"Though reporters and correspondents are wholesomely restrained by general orders from mentioning facts, figures, movements, labors, and plans, a knowledge of which might possibly be of advantage to the insurgents, yet enough of incident and achievement remains to fill the little time and opportunity one may find for scribbling. Be assured this region is now appropriated to workers. Our own regiment on Saturday could not lay down their heavy weapons or appear on parade as usual on muster-days, but many of them were mustered at their monster guns, battering down the rebel front.

"The operations of Saturday were a continuation of the heavy efforts of the five preceding days, with a few modifications. Three flags and two flag-staves were cut from Sumter; one of them was brought down by Sergt. W H. Manchester (Company H), duplicating his stroke of Thursday; another was cut by our mortar party; a third was sent over the parapet by a shot from Company D. At least twenty feet of the gorge and sea walls have been carried away, and lie like loose fragments and sand rolling outward and inward to a level. The opposite faces are sharing the same fate. Such an immense, ragged ruin cannot be accurately described, and it is fast putting on a more unsightly aspect as it is rolling irreclaimably towards the floor within and the harbor bottom without. Two of the monitors shared in the action through the afternoon and even maintained their fight during the night, aiming constantly at Sumter, and utterly disregarding battery Beauregard on Sullivans' Island at the east of Moultrie, though that battery struck up splendid jets around them and smote them twice with its shots. The 'web-

feet' were unharmed by the shower. Some have thought that more might have been done by the navy. We are no judges of that arm of the service. The army desires only to maintain a generous rivalry. Away with profitless criticisms and give us needed encouragements. We intend to make solid reports and achieve successes. On Saturday morning, near the south end of Folly Island, a sharp artillery dispute occurred, the result of which was that the rebels evacuated in great haste one of their advanced positions. We are expecting to touch a new string in the war strain, but I may not now tell the hour or the nature of the note.

"We have just heard that our brave Capt. C. R. Brayton has been promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of our command. The hearty welcome of the regiment awaits him. He was heroic in the front during the fierce action that secured to us this island."

The *Charleston Mercury* of Nov. 2d, stated that one shell from Fort Chatfield entered Sumter and broke the iron girder of a casemate, letting the arch fall, whereby fourteen men were killed.

Capt. George Metcalf was promoted to the rank of Major, — a deserved advancement, as he was one of the truest officers of our regiment. He was one of the first volunteers from Rhode Island, and was a private in the First Rhode Island Detached Militia. His coolness and bravery were revealed on the plains of Manassas. On the organization of our command he was appointed Second Lieutenant Oct. 9, 1861. He was promoted to First Lieutenant May 20, 1862, and advanced to be a Captain July 8, 1862. While serving as Major he was also on General Terry's staff as Assistant Chief of Artillery, and finally Chief of Artillery in the Northern District of the Department. In every position and rank that he filled, Major Metcalf was honored, and was an honor to the service of his country. Unfortunately he incurred a malarial disease from which he has greatly suffered ever since.

Nov. 4. The enemy made no reply to our guns, which was strange, but we afterwards learned that on this day Jeff Davis visited the rebel works on James Island and all along the front. Sumter was battered into a powerless heap; not having a gun to bear on our front, Heard firing among the rebel troops on James Island — may have been a salute to Jeff. Surgeon Burton performed the delicate work of opening the side of D. F Bryant (Company H), and removing a splinter of a rib that had been driven into his body. Learned that Captain Shaw had been promoted to be Major of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored), which was then being raised.

Nov. 5. Captain Colwell reported that in the nine preceding days he had used 19,000 pounds of powder and 147,000 pounds of metal. The new mortar battery near Chatfield, for Capt. A. E. Greene, who was the most expert of men with those guns, was nearly completed. Our guns killed, according to rebel reports, thirty-four men in Sumter on the first of this month. The enemy raised a new flag on the ruins.

Nov. 6. The staff and flag raised on Sumter were again cut down; this time by a monitor's shot.

Nov. 7. Lieutenant Barker, at Fort Purviance, sent a shot to Secessionville in answer to a few rebel shots thrown at one of our transports coming up Folly River. This beautiful and strong battery mounted two twenty-pounder Parrots, and two forty-two-pounder sea-coast guns. Its chief object was to protect Light-house Inlet and the adjacent creeks.

Nov. 8. Captain Greene, with his company (B), left Fort Delafield on Folly Island and came up to occupy and operate the new mortar battery by the side of Fort Chatfield.

Nov. 9. Lieutenant Bible (Company M), in Fort Putnam, with a ten-inch columbiad, dismounted the enemy's rifled piece in Simkins and inflicted severe damage, as we could see the rebels carrying off their comrades on stretchers. Lieutenant Barker with his company (M), was making ready to open fire with mortars from the refitted Swamp Angel Battery.

It will be observed, from our records of our guns, and from the reports of the rebels in Sumter, that our firing was remarkably exact and effective. This was true not only of our rifled pieces, but also of our mortars. Better and heavier mortar practice the world never saw. Capt. A. E. Greene (Company B), was our most expert gunner with his ten-inch pieces, and commanded the principal battery on the front, near Fort Chatfield, that threw our bombs into Sumter. On the heads of the rebels in that fort he often dropped two hundred of his huge, exploding missiles a day, rarely missing his point. The difficulty of securing accurate work at a great distance with these ponderous, short, large-mouthed pieces will be appreciated by all artillerists. The high compliments, therefore, that our gunners received from General Gillmore and the members of his staff, were appreciated by us and by all the army. Captain Greene and his officers and men had a right to be proud of their work with mortars.

The rebel records kept in Fort Sumter during the siege, and which fell into our hands after the close of the war, under date of Nov. 9th, had this entry: "Aggregate (shots) fired since the opening of the present bombardment (Oct. 26th to Nov. 9th), 9,306; struck, 7,700; missed, 1,606."

When Col. William Barton (Forty-eighth New York Volunteers) came into command, for a time, of all the forces at Hilton Head, Fort Pulaski and Tybee Island, under date of November 11th, he issued his general order, and appointed our valued Adjutant, Lieut. G. O. Gorton, his Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

Nov. 10. Company E, from Fort Mitchell on Hilton Head, reached Morris Island in the night, having been ordered to man and operate one of the mortar batteries near Fort Chatfield; and their battery was to use some thirteen-inch mortars, weighing about nine tons. Capt. P. J. Turner, who had been Acting Division Quartermaster on General Terry's staff, resumed command of the company.

A solid shot from Simkins struck John Niekerson (Company D), in Fort Putnam, producing a compound, comminuted fracture of his right leg and extending the injury into the knee, so that his leg was immediately amputated above the knee. At the close of the skillfully performed operation, Surgeon Burton, holding up the limb, said: "There it is John." The brave man answered: "I give it to the Union."

In the afternoon James Havens (Company B), died of quick consumption in our hospital; his father (of the same company) was with him. His death was as a sleep. He was buried on the following day with a soldier's honors in the new Soldiers' Cemetery near the south end of the island.

Again we cut down Sumter's flag.

We may here give extracts from the *Charleston Courier*:—

"During Friday night (11th), the enemy's fire was chiefly maintained by Battery Gregg and his mortar on Cumming's Point Battery. Sixty-eight shots were fired, but eight of which missed and passed over, making an aggregate of 1,120 shots fired in twenty-four hours.

At 3 o'clock on Saturday morning (12th), a deplorable disaster occurred, resulting in the instant death of thirteen of the heroic garrison, detailed and posted in the barracks, near the sea-wall, in readiness for immediately mounting to the crest, in case of an attack from the outside. The melancholy occurrance was caused by a 300-pounder Parrott shell striking an iron girder in the sea-wall of the barracks, caving in the roof, and crushing and burying the men beneath the ruins. The position was considered comparatively safe, the roof having previously resisted the continual shocks of the falling debris.

This painful news reached the city at an early hour Saturday morning, and created a general feeling of sadness and depression in the community. The brave and gallant men, so suddenly cut off, were mostly all natives and residents of this city, and their deaths have brought mourning to a large number of households and distressed relatives and friends. The bodies were brought to the city Saturday evening and taken possession of by their respective families. On Sunday afternoon the funerals took place from the various residences of the deceased, followed by large crowds of sorrowing relatives and sympathizing friends. The scene in Tradd street, where the funeral processions followed in succession, was peculiar and painful to witness. The bereaved families lived side by side.

On Saturday the bombardment again raged furiously. A steady fire was kept up by the monitors, two heavy and two light rifled guns at Gregg, three heavy rifled guns and four ten-inch mortars at the Middle Battery, and four rifled guns at Wagner. Four hundred and forty-three rifled shots were fired from the land batteries, of which sixty-one missed; eighty-six from the monitors, *all of which struck;* and 373 from the mortars, of which 120 missed.

The flag-staff was shot away twice Saturday, and replaced by Sergeant Graham, Corporal Hill, and Private Swain, all of the Twelfth Georgia Battalion.

On Sunday (13th), the firing continued hot and heavy."

Nov. 15. Our companies, at this time, were as follows: Eight on the front in the siege of Charleston; one in Fort Pulaski; detachments in Forts Welles and Seward, at Port Royal, and on the gun-boat Mayflower; the remainder in the intrenchments at Hilton Head.

Fort Putnam sent nineteen weighty and musical addresses to the

Charlestonians. The distance, in a direct line, to the city was above four miles; the path of the missiles was about six miles — quite a Yankee leap. Charleston, at this time, was a poor place for tender nerves.

Nov. 19. Captain Hamner (Company A), led in the night a reconnoitering party to demolished Sumter, and found it still held by a band of sharp-shooters, using Whitworth rifles. The severe cannonading continued, and Fort Chatfield threw fourteen 100-pound shells into the city.

During the month of November we had a very acceptable visit from the Allotment Commissioner of Rhode Island, Col. A. D. Smith, 3d, and Major Langworthy, his assistant. By the way, the Allotment Commission, devised by Rhode Island for the benefit of her soldiers in the field, was the first system of its kind devised in the country; and, as soon as understood, was copied by nearly all the loyal States; a system that saved a great deal of money and anxiety for the soldiers.

Nov. 22. Maj. G. Metcalf was still Inspector of the Department at Hilton Head. Major Ames was summoned from Fort Pulaski, where he had been in command since July 1st, to assist General Terry, on Morris Island. Lieutenant-Colonel Brayton had the command of our battalion on the front. Col. E. Metcalf was now assigned to the command of the forces at the mouth of the Savannah, with head-quarters at Fort Pulaski, which took the official head-quarters of our regiment to that place on the 25th of November.

Our Allotment Commissioner, Col. A. D. Smith, 3d, desirous of visiting the front and looking on the opposing line of pickets in the vicinity of Skulk Creek, was furnished with a horse, and accompanied the officer of the day. The sections of our line were held by men from different regiments, some of them wearing the Zouave uniform. As Colonel Smith paused at one picket-post to make inquiries and look upon the rebel front, not recognizing the picket as belonging to any regiment that he had seen, he very properly inquired, "To what State do you belong?" The picket, standing in full soldierly position, promptly responded: "*I belong to the United States.*" The Colonel lifted his cap to the picket, and allowed that his idea was the aptest thing he had heard in the Department.

Nov. 18. James D. Havens (Company B), died on Morris Island.

Nov. 21. Martin S. Howe (Company M), died on Morris Island.

Nov. 26. Thanksgiving Day, but no home-circle, no family gatherings, no dear church worship, no overflowing store, no ample table, no domestic gratulations and sweet reunions — only the tented field, the fiery siege, the vigilant watch, the privations, severities and perils of war; but thankful we all were that we had a country too noble to be sacrificed to slavery, and that we had hearts to defend it.

Adjt. G. O. Gorton, who had been serving as Post Adjutant at Hilton Head, was relieved to resume his duties with the regiment and joined the head-quarters at Fort Pulaski. Lieutenant-Colonel Brayton was appointed

Chief of Artillery for Morris Island on General Terry's staff. Our sick list at this time, on Morris Island, was only two per cent. of our roll.

Nov. 30. Cold and windy night, top of the ground frozen, ice as thick as window glass in basins and buckets: no further fear of tropical fevers. John Nickerson (Company D), who lost his leg on the 10th, died in the General Hospital at Beaufort.

Our light battery, Company C, by order, left Morris Island for Folly Island Nov. 1st, to join the forces under Schemmelfennig, to make an advance on John's Island. On the 2d they crossed over to Kiawa Island, and landed on the 3d, and moved about two miles, to a sort of fort, where on the 5th they put their three guns into position.

Nov. 11. They lost one horse in the quicksands of the creek, as a party were out cutting poles.

Nov. 14. Left camp at 3 o'clock, A. M., and marched to Vanderhoof's plantation.

Nov. 15. At midnight left for Seabrook Island; at daylight put our guns into position; heard firing about 3 P. M.; opened with our guns; The infantry crossed about 5 P. M., and moved to our old camp; marched all night.

Nov. 16. Reached our old camp safe and sound.

Dec. 4. On Kiawa Island, south of Stono Inlet, three of our men, Corporal A. W. Guild and E. D. Whitcomb (Company C), and I. A. Potter (Company B), in disobedience of orders, venturing too far towards the rebel lines, were captured. These men belonged to our light battery stationed here to guard our rear and right flank as occasion might require. Indifference to danger proved to be their great fault. They were imprisoned in Richland Jail, Columbia, S. C.

The rebel records kept in Fort Sumter under date of Dec. 12th read thus: —

At 9.30 yesterday morning (11th), the southwest magazine exploded: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Killed, | 11 |
| Wounded, | 41 |
| Total, | 52 |

Laughable events would occasionally occur to relieve our facial muscles from the tension of anxiety. One day Major Ames, Lieutenant Bible and a little squad of officers, on horses, visited Fort Putnam. As they rode up along the beach their "misguided southern brethren" saw their opportunity for salutation and had their guns trained for opening. When the party left Putnam on their return, they galloped down the beach towards Chatfield. Moultrie opened instantly and briskly. This naturally quickened the pace of our party, and we anxiously watched from the forts. As on our officers dashed, a rebel shell struck just before them and plowed a deep furrow across their path. The fore feet of the first horse struck into

this deep furrow, and away headlong went horse and rider into the ditch and sand, and the rest of the squad tumbled hecls over head into the same trap, making a magnificent military comedy.

Dec. 6. Alas! the brave monitor Weehawken foundered in the raging gale as she lay at her anchorage off Morris Island, close in shore, in full view from our camps, and carried down with her twenty gallant officers and seamen. So sudden was her foundering, and so heavy the sea, that all efforts for her relief were unavailing. It was supposed that the waves breaking over her, through her forward hatch, filled her compartments before her pumps could be started. The gale did considerable injury to the sea front of Morris Island, and sapped to some extent the eastern bastion of Fort Strong (old Wagner).

Dec. 10. James D. Barbour (Company E), died on Morris Island.

Dec. 18. Patrick Kallaher (Company I), died on Morris Island.

With one of our army-navy crafts — a kind of amphibious vessel — the rebel lookouts were exceedingly perplexed, not knowing what to call her or how to report her. She was now among the iron-clads and transports, and now in the inlets, high and dry on the beach. She was a huge steam-scow, named Dirigo, with side wheels and a high, Herculean derrick. Her mission was to take our mammoth guns from the decks of the transports and bring them into Light-house Inlet, where, at full tide, she would run up on the Morris Island sand-beach, and then, at low tide, lift and deliver the guns to our monster sling-carts. We think she came down to us from North Carolina, where she had played a similar loyal part in the national drama.

Dec. 18. Company A, that had left Camp Burnside — their old camp at Beaufort — Nov. 14th, and reached Morris Island Nov. 16th, encamping on the extreme front, to assist our other companies, were now put in charge of the guns at Fort Putnam. On this day their firing on the city greatly exasperated the enemy, and induced a concentrated fire upon our men. A mortar shell from Johnson struck on the top of our bomb-proof and went through the earth, and just stopped on the railroad bars that formed the top, and remained wedged between the bars. Dudley Sisson, who was lying directly under it, remarked: "I don't like that joke very well; it is rough that a fellow can't lie down in peace in a bomb-proof, for a few minutes, at least." But he shook himself from the sand and enjoyed the laugh that his comrades had at his expense.

Dec. 24. "'Twas the night before Christmas," but all in the house was stirring as lively as a cat for a mouse. We were hurling shell and our Yankee sort of Greek fire into the city of Charleston. We sent a shell every five minutes from our 200-pounder Parrotts in Fort Chatfield. This music kept up an animated dance among the rebels, and they answered us to the best of their ability. About midnight we could see three fires in the city: two of them quite close together, and within the range of our pieces. We

inferred, what we afterwards learned, that our shells had occasioned the conflagration, at least in part, and the Charlestonians had a severe task in subduing the flames. This loss to the city was a very heavy one.

In the siege operations in 1863, the returns showed that we expended twenty-four Parrott guns. We also expended 46,175 sand-bags; about 500 wattle gabions; fifty iron gabions; seven sap-rollers filled with fascines: three sap-rollers filled with cotton; 12,382 feet of boards and planks. The saps approaching Fort Wagner, if in a straight line, would have exceeded a mile. They were four feet wide and two feet deep. Three-fourths of the work was executed in the night, and nine-tenths of it under fire of artillery and sharp-shooters. The sap-rollers — nine feet long and four feet in diameter, weighing about 2,000 pounds — were moved about six inches at a time. About one-half of the work was performed by colored troops. About 200 men were engaged at a time; reliefs were frequent. The more exposed work continued about fifty days, and we lost 150 men.

# CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## SONGS OF THE FREEDMEN

DECEMBER, 1863.

*Heaven's stars illume the bondman's path.*

POSSIBLY it may be as much a relief to the reader of our history as it was to us on the front, to turn away for a few moments from the blaze and thunder of heavy guns, to listen to some of the rude but devout songs of the host of negroes who had just escaped from the house of bondage. And we are the more anxious to preserve some of these quaint and ringing lyrics from the fact that, before the full light of freedom and education, they soon will have passed away forever. They are the relics of slavery. Those who composed them sat in darkness and sang as best they could.

Listening to the ex-slaves within our lines as they united in their praise meetings, we wrote down a few of their songs, thus: —

I.

" De man dat keep de ferry,
His name be Simon Peter;
He'll land us ober Jordan, by and by;
Shake hans, believers, shake hans,
Shake hans foreber, by and by.

II.

Don't stay away believers,
Don't stay away;
Dere's room enuf, room enuf,
Room enuf in heaben for you;
Don't stay away;
Starry crown in heaben for you,
Starry crown in heaben for you,
Starry crown in heaben for you,
Don't stay away.

III.

I want to get to heaben when I die,
To hear sweet Jordan roll; roll! Jordan, roll!
Roll! Jordan, roll!
I want to get to heaben when I die,
To hear sweet Jordan roll, etc.

IV.

When I was sinkin down,
Sinkin down,
Benpath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul — for my soul —
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul.

V.

My old fader's ben gone,
Ben gone to Calvary so long,
He don't min trubles here below,
He sat on Zion's hill.

VI.

I've been in de vally so long,
I hant got weary yet,
I've been in de vally so long,
I hant got weary yet,
Hold out sisters; hold out brudders;
Hold out to de end.

VII.

De gospel ship 's a sailin
An I wants to go;
De gospel ship 's a sailin
An I wants to go;
Breddren a long time wondrin,
It's how I am to go;
Good Lord to enter in
De new Jerusalem.

VIII.

I'm listed and I'm boun,
I'm determin to find
De soldier ob de Jubilee;
I'm listed an I'm boun,
I'm determin to find
De soldier ob de cross,
I'm a climbin Jacob's ladder.
I'm climbin way from sin;
I'm listed an I'm boun,
I'm determin to find
Do soldier ob de Jubilee.

IX.

Blow we de gospel's trumpet
To soun de Jubilee,
Blow we de gospel's trumpet
To soun de Jubilee.

Some of their songs contained strong moral point, thus: —

X.

No backbiters can jine us in dis army,
No backbiters can jine us in dis army,
After de Lord.
You mus humble yousels to jine us in dis army,
You mus humble yousels to jine us in dis army,
After de Lord.
You mus ni your ways to jine us in dis army.
You mus ni your ways to jine us in dis army,
After de Lord.
No game-makers shall jine us in dis army,
No game-makers shall jine us in dis army,
After de Lord.

XI.

Believers we haint come to stay;
Dis land is a borrowed land,
Dis land is a borrowed land,
Dis land is a borrowed land.
My Lord take away
De sin ob de world.

XII.

Good news! Good news!
De angels brot de tidings down;
Good news! Good news!
I'm glad I hear from heben to-day;
My Lord sent glad tidings down;
Good news! Good news!
I'm glad I hear from heben to-day;
My Lord sent glad tidings down.

XIII.

Why do you weep?
Why do you mourn so slow?
O, one of Zion's travelers
Has gone along before.
O, weepin' Mary, weep no more,
Weep no more;
Weepin' Mary, weep no more,
Weep no more;
Sittin' on de golden altar,
Sittin' on de golden altar,
Sittin' on de golden altar,
Sittin' on de golden altar,
To view de promise land."

Some of the members of the First South Carolina Volunteers (Colonel Higginson), had a semi-sacred song, to an air analogous to the favorite John Brown melody. While they were with us on Morris Island, our men were fond of listening to their strain: —

"Abe-er-reham Linkum calls for freedom
On Souf Carolina shore;
Abe-er-reham Linkum calls for freedom
On Souf Carolina shore.
He will have freedom,
He will have freedom,
On Souf Carolina shore.
Glory! glory hallelujah, etc."

At Fort Pulaski, the bands of freedmen outside of the fort, after their wont, celebrated their Christmas eve by special prayer, thanksgiving, and song, keeping up the devotional exercises in a rude but earnest way, with a predominance of song, through the entire night. Here their quaint melodies played their large and animated part. Occasionally they introduced hymns of a higher order, obtained by memory in the meetings of their old masters. But for the seriousness of the subject, this religious carnival among these new-born freedmen would have been well-nigh ludicrous. They had a superstition, very strongly held, that at midnight on Christmas eve, all animals — oxen, cows, mules, horses and sheep, and in fact all others on earth — as by an inspiration kneel down and bellow or bleat, or moan in a sort of adoration, thanksgiving and praise, in recognition and celebration of the birth of the world's Deliverer, the Savior of the lost. Of the history of this superstition we were never informed.

# CHAPTER XXXIX.

## WINTER IN FORT PULASKI

DECEMBER, 1863.

*Camps share the sunshine and the clouds.*

MERE garrison duty is always tame and monotonous; the same is true of holding intrenchments. Men long confined within earthworks or fortifications become restless and dissatisfied; soldiers desire activity and variety; they prefer the perils of the field to the *ennui* of the camp. It was necessary, however, to occasionally change our troops from one post to another. Our men were anxious to be on the front.

Our December returns reported Company A on Folly Island; C at Hilton Head; F, on Tybee Island; G, K, L, in Fort Pulaski; B, D, E, H, I, M, on Morris Island.

Dec. 5. Our companies on Hilton Head took steamer "Escort" for Fort Pulaski, and entered upon garrison duty. Reached the fort in the morning; at noon fired a national salute — thirty-four guns — in honor of General Grant's victories at Chattanooga.

Dec. 13. Early this morning five rebel soldiers of the First Georgia Regiment — having deserted from Battery Bartow, south of Fort Jackson on St. Augustine Creek — reached us in a dug-out. They were a ragged, hungry party, thoroughly sick of the Southern Confederacy. Their baggy clothes were coarse, uncolored, undressed homespun. The poor fellows were happy in again coming under the national flag. The Chaplain organized a post reading-room and post library in his quarters, in the gorge wall, and hung out his large card, "Call In," and held religious services, not only with the garrison, but also among the freedmen who clustered on the island.

We all remember with pleasure and almost with veneration, the tall, well-proportioned, opened-faced, gray-headed, kind, and intelligent, old negro, called "Uncle Peter." His wise and faithful services at the post as a fisherman and helper in all things, and his true piety and good advice to all, gave him a place of honor. We still see him deftly throwing, in the ditch of the fort, his cast net for shrimps, and hear him speak his words of kindness to us all. As we always saluted him: "How do you do, Uncle

Peter?" he always replied: "Thank God for life, massa." He reached us by descending the Savannah river, standing on a huge log, his white hairs stirred by the wind, fearing, he said, not the alligators but the sharks. What a picture for an artist or a poet — hoary slavery descending on the waves of war into the safe and strong lines of Freedom. One of his sons escaped, enlisted in Colonel Montgomery's regiment, and fell in the service.

When Fort Pulaski was captured, we found in the demilune, in the rear of the furnace for heating shot, a small fire-engine that had been brought down by the rebels from Savannah for use in case of a fire in the work. Of this engine, Adjutant Gorton tells the following story: After he reached the fort with our head-quarters, and before he had fully explored the mysteries of the place, though he had learned of racoons and minks on the island, "early one pleasant morning the Chaplain in an excited manner, rapped at his quarters and exclaimed: 'Get your gun, Adjutant! A wild-cat in the demilune! Get your gun, quick!' Gun in hand, he rushed out into the demilune where the Chaplain coolly pointed him to the fire-engine that in gilt letters bore the name, 'Wild Cat, No. 1.'" The Adjutant was just the man to enjoy the joke.

Dec. 18. We could not forget or neglect the graves of our fallen comrades. Six of our command — the four of Company B mentioned as killed soon after the capture of the fort, and C. Morgan (Company B), who died June 8, 1862, and S. H. Stewart (Company G), who died July 30, 1863 — with the dead of New York and Connecticut, were buried just outside of the fort on the north side of the demilune. As a memorial to mark the spot, we took the rebel eight-inch cannon, named the Zollicoffer, made at the Tredegar Works in 1861, weighing about five tons, which was broken by one of our shots during the reduction of the fort, and planted it in an inverted position, as a monument in the centre of the little cemetery among the well-lettered head-boards.

Two deserters from Company F, of the Sixty-third Georgia Regiment, in Battery Thunderbolt, who were sent out on picket, escaped in a dug-out and reached our lines on Tybee Island. They brought in their arms.

Little chapters of thrilling interest might be introduced into our record relative to what we saw and heard of deserters from the rebel front. On one occasion a boat load came in from "Battery Thunderbolt" minus their shirts, which they had taken off and tied into the rowlocks to muffle their oars.

Many of the escaping negroes suffered greatly in passing the rebel lines and feeling their way across the vast marshes to our outposts. In some cases for many days they subsisted on oysters and grass, and slept among the reeds.

Our men will recollect many nights of anxious and painful vigil spent on the armed transports, on picket along Skulk Creek and up the various winding inlets, watching and warding off the wily movements of the sleepless foe.

We all remember the eheerful, capable, energetic, gallant Capt. Robert I. Getty, eommander of the armed transport Plato, on board which detachments of our regiment served, during a large part of the war, on various expeditions and in picket serviee on the sounds and up the bayous and rivers. We almost regarded the eompanionable and plueky Captain and his steamer as belonging to our regiment. We wish we might again listen to the Captain's pithy stories and hear his hearty laugh.

With the officers of the bloekading vessels along the coast, and particularly with those of the gun-boats that lay in Tybee Roads, we all maintained the most kindly and fraternal relations.

We eopy from the *New South* a brief artiele sent to its eolumns by the Chaplain, under date, Fort Pulaski, Ga., Dee. 26, 1863 : —

"The fellowship of the army and navy at this post is worthy of all praise — eonfreres in heart and yoke-fellows in serviee. The Unadilla, gun-boat under Commander Johnson, has been stationed in the Roads for months. Of late the steam-bark Dai-Ching, Commander Chaplin, has added her eheerful eompany. The forees on Tybee Island are doing faithful outpost duty. We are happy to announee the suecessful undertaking and readjustment of the telegraphie cable (leading to Hilton Head), that lets our darkness out, and lets the light of the outside in for the eheer of our lonesome hours. Our work, however, banishes melancholy. Our evenings are relieved by our pleasant reading-room, our post library, singing-school, social circles, the entertainments of song, deelamation, comedy, and tragedy, brought out with effect upon the boards by our Eagle Opera Troupe ; while the odd moments are devoted to friendly and love-bidden eorrespondenee. Thus the winter evenings within the walls of Pulaski, and under the decks on the turbid tides of Tybee Roads, are made to gleam with intelligence and gladness. And on Christmas Day, for the adornment of quarters and various beautiful symbolic representations, the adjacent islands contributed their flowers and evergreens, and the "Happy" day — suggestive of the birth of all great events — received some fitting consideration. Viands, sentiments, and innocent mirth-making, after the manner of our remembered northern homes, were not omitted. And in view of the great events now passing — the new birth of Freedom in our land, the wisdom of our legislation and the aehievement of our arms — we sang, more in heart than tongue could express, devout and patriotic Christmas carols."

Of the Eagle Opera Troupe, alluded to above, we may add that it was organized with the consent of the offieers of the post, and held its performanees in one of the large rooms in the gorge wall of the fort, on the left of the sally-port, near the magazine. Their programmes were set in type in the fort, and eirculated *a la* New York or Providenee. It may be the boys will justify us in inserting a couple of these printed bills, though we condense the lines : —

A CONCERT WILL BE GIVEN BY THE EAGLE OPERA TROUPE AT FORT PULASKI, GA., THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 10, 1863.

*Programme.*

Part I.

Overture. .... ..... Orchestra.
Opening Chorus.. ..... ..Company.
Pompey Snow..... ..... .Angell.
Angelina Baker. ..... Yeaw.
Nancy Till..... ..... .Brayton.
Kitty Wells.... ..... ...Perkins.
Going to the Shocking. .Brayton and Angell.
Railroad Smash-Up. ..... Company.

Part II.

Violin Solo..... ..... .Slocum.
Comic Song..... ..... .Freeman.
Stump Speech. ..... .....Perkins.
Song and Dance.... .....Angell.
Gluckison and his Son.. ..Brayton and Angell.

Part III.

Lucy Long. ..... .....Company.
Quartette..... .....Company.

NIGGER IN THE BAG!

The whole to conclude with

THE MASQUERADE BALL!

Doors open at 6 o'clock, P. M. — Commence at 6 1-2 P. M.

Admission..... ..... ..... ..... .....Free.

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A GRAND NEW YEAR'S CONCERT WILL BY GIVEN BY THE EAGLE OPERA TROUPE, AT FORT PULASKI, GA., NEW YEAR'S EVENING, JAN. 1, 1864.

*Programme.*

Part I.

Overture..... ..... .....Company.
Opening Chorus.... .....Troupe.
Annie with the Veil... .....Keating.
The Darkies Sigh. ..... ..Brayton.
Bonny Jean..... ..... ..Lewis.
Folks that put on Airs..... ..Freeman
Dearest Spot of Earth..... ....Weld.
Don't ax me dat Agin.. ..... .Angell.
Railroad Smash-Up..... .Company.
Ballad..... .... .....Lewis.

Part II.

Gobble Family .Freeman, Babcock, and Brayton.
Comic Song. ..... .....Freeman.
Recruiting Office. .....Company.
Comic Song... ..... .Keating.

Part III.

Burlesque Oration..... ..Freeman.
Quartette..... Babcock, Weld, Keating, and Lewis.

The whole to conclude with the

SHAM DOCTOR.

The boys may recall Angell's original song, with the refrain: "When the Third R. I. gets under way," with the dance to "Whack fal de ral, &c."

Dec. 29. Under this date the Chaplain wrote to the *Providence Journal:* "The last of December; and yet we have just gathered a bouquet and a basket of fruit on the island; the flowers have tender, golden tints; and the fruit — the prickly pear — is deep ruby without and within. We have also the fruit of the superior species of the Spanish bayonet (*yucca gloriosa*), shaped much like the bananna, with dark red pericarp, a black jelly pulp, and numerous beautiful disc-shaped seeds. These fruits are counted as remedies for southern diseases. So we enjoy the charms of Flora and Pomona even in the winter.

"The Surgeon of the post, Dr. J. W Grosvener, of our regiment, combines with his professional skill and happy accomplishments, the taste and research of a botanist. His herbarium, collected at odd hours, is a rare collection, representing the flora of the Sea Islands. He is at home with flowers and poetry as well as with medical treatise and surgical instruments. Thus, with the watchfulness of outpost and garrison duty, the Yankees here are not forgetful of the beauties and wealth of the material world, or the higher unfoldings of the world within. It is a part of our faith that

> The world 's a school-room fitted up for man,
> And life 's a school term on the grandest plan;

and we practice according to our faith. We read papers; study military treatises; draw diagrams of fortifications; analyze trees, shrubs, and plants; pore over conchology, ichthyology, and ornithology; exercise ourselves in singing and in the histrionic art; observe the holidays with liberal viands, decorations of evergreens, and hearty social cheer. By ingenuity our isolation is made to contribute to new modes of enjoyment and edification. One thing, however, we cannot do; we cannot create home scenes in a garrison. But we report ourselves, as do the sentinels pacing their beats on the ramparts at night, announcing the post, the hour, and the situation: 'Post 1; 12 o'clock; and all is well.'"

Adjt. G. O. Gorton recalls certain incidents that occurred while our head-quarters were at Fort Pulaski. As the Forty-eighth New York were about to leave the post in some haste, they turned over certain stores to our Quartermaster, F. A. Wilcoxson, among which, as the papers and marks read, were two barrels of whiskey, but which, on after examination, proved to be only water, as the boys of the Forty-eighth had slyly effected the change. "But," says Adjutant Gorton, "was Fred equal to the emergency? You bet [B] was weak for some time." Fred subsequently turned over to Lieutenant Curtis two goats for sheep.

This recalls another of the Adjutant's stories. General Gillmore sent down for nine bushels of oysters, to be forwarded to Hilton Head for an entertainment. The tug would shortly call for them. We read the dispatch nine *barrels*. There was some big and swift raking for the bivalves. And there was some loud laughing at head-quarters when the affair was over.

And the Adjutant here puts in the question — leaving it for the right man to answer: "what officer was it who shot the turkey-buzzard, and brought it to the cook to be dressed as a wild turkey?" He remembers, too, how the "contrabands" after running the gauntlet of the rebel lines, and reaching our posts, exclaimed in their joy, one saying: "I seed de lamp of life ahed, an de lamp of death behin';" another shouting: "Tank de great God, I breave free." He also wants it mentioned that the chaplain, on a gunning expedition near the north end of Cockspur Island, using a

musket and fine English powder obtained from the magazine of the fort, in trying to bring down some curlews flying over his head, was kicked over by his musket and left his east in the mud.

Lieutenant Gorton was not only the efficient Adjutant of the regiment, but filled other responsible positions at different times, in various parts of the Department, where clerkly skill was demanded. He was Post Adjutant at Hilton Head and Fort Pulaski under Colonel Metcalf and Colonel Strawbridge; Aeting Assistant Adjutant-General under Colonel Metealf when he was Acting Chief of Artillery at the time of the naval bombardment of Sumter; also Acting Assistant Adjutant-General under Colonel Barton of the Forty-eighth New York, in command of the Northern Distriet of the Department of the South.

Our companionable and esteemed Capt. D. B. Churchill, whose hospitality and generosity well matehed his bravery and fidelity, taking advantage of the fact that several military chiefs and ladies were visiting Fort Pulaski, where they were detained by stress of winds, invited them and the officers of the post to visit Tybee Island and dine with him. His guests were landed by boat at Goat Point and eonveyed in mule teams to his headquarters, by the Martello Tower. To the beauty of the island and the attractions of the old tower, the Captain added all that is attraetive in genial society and toothsome viands. His demands on Joe, the post sutler, and his requisitions on the oyster-beds, all manipulated by experieneed cooks, furnished no ordinary spread for the field, and must have made a deep impression upon a month's pay. All the guests were delighted with their visit, and left with a high and just estimate of the Captain as a gentleman and an officer.

Our excellent Assistant-Surgeon, G. W Grosvenor, surgeon of the post at Pulaski for more than a year, being a scholar and a votary of the sciences as well as a military man, instituted various branehes of natural research and made thorough meteorological observations at his quarters in the Pelican House. From his tables we may give the mean temperature of each month of the year as found by him during his stay: January, forty-nine degrees; February, fifty-two degrees; March, fifty-six degrees; April, sixty-two degrees; May, seventy-one degrees; June, seventy-six degrees; July, eighty-one degrees; August, eighty-one degrees; September, seventy-four degrees; October, sixty-eight degrees; November, sixty-two degrees; December, fifty-two degrees. The yearly mean was sixty-five and one-third degrees.

By the way, the Doctor was a staunch temperance man, and agreed with many eminent physicians, that the old custom and law of liquor rations in armies was an unhappy relic of unscientific times; that these rations did more harm than good; that their place could be better supplied by capsicum, ginger, and other stimulants.

# CHAPTER XL.

## RE-ENLISTMENT OF VETERANS

JANUARY — APRIL, 1864.

*Unwearied wars the loyal host.*

NEAR the close of 1863, it being evident that the Rebellion would not be fully suppressed before the expiration of the term of services for which the first and best of our troops in the field had enlisted, and it being deemed of great importance to the country to retain, if possible, these veteran soldiers, a proposition was made by the government, and seconded by the States, for re-enlisting as many as practicable of these capable men. It was promised to all who would re-enlist that the Federal Government should pay to each man $400 as bounty, and give him a furlough of thirty days. To this the State added a bounty of $300. No soldier could re-enlist who had not been two years in the service. In the Department of the South, for many and cogent reasons, particularly for the need of retaining tried and thoroughly educated heavy artillerists, it was desired to re-engage members from our regiment.

In their tents, batteries, and garrisons, and along the front, our skilled men discussed the important proposition. Having still a portion of their original term to serve, and confident that the war would terminate triumphantly for the Union in less than two years, and anxious to be on the front when the Confederate flag should come down, many of our bravest, truest gunners concluded to accept the new term with the $700 of bounties and the thirty days of furlough in which to visit their homes.

March 4. There went north, on their furloughs, in the steamer Arago from Hilton Head, one hundred and four veterans with Maj. Wm. Ames, Capt. A. E. Greene, First Lieut. O. A. Thompson, First Lieut. E. W Waterhouse and First Lieut. James Bible. Returning, on board the transport E. L. Clark, they reached Port Royal, April 26th.

In connection with the State bounties of our veterans, as also in connection with the bounties of some of our recruits, occurred certain illegal transactions on the part of bounty brokers, that deserve a permanent historical record. And the arts to which we allude were also practiced upon

other regiments, especially upon the men of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery

The State bounties were paid, in part, in cash during the soldier's furlough, and in part — the major part — by a State draft, due when the soldier again reported for duty in the field and had his draft endorsed by the adjutant of the command.

In contravention of the purposes of the State, and before the proposals of the State had taken on an actual property character, and before the soldiers had any legal title to the State bounty drafts, sharp-eyed speculators made propositions to the soldiers to cash the State proposals for certain large discounts. In some cases they drove their bargains when the soldiers had been decoyed into a state of partial intoxication; in some cases securing not their signatures, but their marks. Some signed papers that they could not read and did not hear read. Some signed professed orders on the Paymaster-General of the State. Some signed similar orders on the Allotment Commissioner or his assistants. Some signed simple notes of hand. In a few cases the papers professed to convey power of attorney. Sometimes one man transacted the business while another finally appeared as the claimant. The discount demanded varied from twenty to fifty per cent. — averaging forty per cent.

Some of the soldiers, discovering the tricks, became sharper even than the sharpers; they professed to sell their claims, and sold them as often as they could — twice, thrice, and more. One man sold his claim seven times. Some, under fictitious names, sold the claims of others. Some who never sold their claims, and knew how foolish and illegal all such bargains were, found their drafts, on reaching the field, encumbered by these bogus names and sales.

The bounty shavers, in some cases, induced the Paymaster of the State, or his clerk, to enter the claims in the orders, on the backs of the drafts, putting the name of the speculator in place of the erased words "or bearer." In other cases the speculators forwarded their claims directly to the Assistant Allotment Commissioner in the field, desiring him to subtract the amounts from the bounties, or, as in most cases, to secure the soldiers signature to the order on the back of the draft, and then forward the draft to the speculator. Thus they sought, professedly with the consent of the Governor, and Paymaster, and the Allotment Commissioner, to involve the State, the State Allotment Commission and its agents, in fraudulent transactions, contravening the laws and design of the State, and fleecing the soldiers in the army.

At this time the Chaplain was the Assistant Allotment Commissioner for the regiment, and for all Rhode Island soldiers in the Tenth Army Corps. Having studied his office and duties, and acting as the agent of the State and of the soldiers, he saw at once, when these drafts reached him, that they had been unlawfully meddled with, and that the soldiers, as

well as the State, had been wronged. All this became more apparent when the bounty-shavers sent him their papers — letters and professed claims — offering, in some instances, to him a bounty or percentage — in one case the money with the letter — if he would act as their agent and secure their claims. He at once put his hand upon these wrongs and arrested them. Colonel Brayton and the officers of the regiment stood by him in his position. He knew only two parties in these drafts, the State and the soldiers; all others were only agents to carry out the purposes of the State. No man should defraud Rhode Island. No man should fleece the soldiers.

The Chaplain resolved to pay the face of these drafts to the soldiers, on their signing them in the field after the Adjutant's signature, without reference to their illegal incumbrances, or send them back to the State for examination and purging. Thus he wrote to the parties concerned. His course stirred the ire of the bounty-shavers, who, finding they could not purchase him, tried the expedient of aspersions and threats, using even the name of certain State officers as their endorsers. He replied that the State was greater than all its officials, and that right doing was of more consequence than money; at any rate the soldiers of his regiment should not be fleeced by unprincipled men if he could possibly prevent it. The speculators informed him that when he should be mustered out of the army they would accommodate him with quarters in the State Prison. In fact, the Governor, for a time — from false information — sided with the bounty-swindlers, and wronged the Chaplain by withholding, for a time, his lawful pay, and until the State took the matter in hand and justified the Chaplain and defended the soldiers.

In allusion to this matter, that awakened wide public interest and called out the memorable report of the Finance Committee of the State, in January, 1865, the *Providence Journal* in an editorial remarked: "Mr. Denison has shown himself quite able to defend himself against the whole army of bounty-brokers;" and in another article adds: "We beg our readers to observe his description of the kind of iniquities which have been practiced. He deserves great credit and the thanks of every citizen for the courage with which he has resisted the pressure brought to bear upon him, not only by bounty-swindlers, but by State officials who sustained and aided those swindlers. They have heaped abusive epithets upon him and threatened him with their vengeance. But he has persisted in the conscientious discharge of his duties, and has saved thousands of dollars to the brave soldiers. By his fidelity as an officer in the First Rhode Island Cavalry and in the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery he has merited the gratitude of Rhode Island."

The whole number of men who re-enlisted as veterans was 303; and, as trained gunners, in their very important arm of the service on the front in South Carolina and in Virginia, they added a valuable and weighty

chapter to the history of the command and the history of the war. Company C had seventy-nine veterans.

In reference to the services of the Chaplain as Assistant Allotment Commissioner it may be mentioned that between Jan. 23 and Sept. 30, 1864, he forwarded for the members of the regiment, to their homes and friends, the moneys entrusted to him, amounting to $102,381, and every dollar reached its destination safely.

Jan. 10. James D. Barber Company (E), died of apoplexy, on Morris Island.

Jan. 18. Patrick Kallaher Company (I), died of chronic diarrhœa, on Morris Island.

Not without reason, our hearts have a tender interest in the cemetery near the south end of this historic island. Beneath those sands what forms of worthy soldiers sleep.

# CHAPTER XLI.

## SCENES ON THE SAVANNAH.

JANUARY — FEBRUARY, 1864.

*The book of nature glows with thought.*

OUR Assistant Surgeon, J. W Grosvenor, now surgeon of the post at Fort Pulaski, was withal a botanist, and made a very creditable collection in this science, and opened a correspondence on the matter with Dr. Asa Gray, the botanist, of Cambridge, Mass. One of his fellow officers in the fort, in a private letter, thus wrote: —

"He has piles of his pet herbs, roots, leaves, blooms, branches, and fruits, sandwiched up with newspapers, in stacks on the floor of his quarters, with heavy chips of Massachusetts granite (no indigenous granite in Georgia), to press them down. He calls this cabinet an *herbarium*, or some other big word; anyway, it is a fine affair, and I like to mouse around the stacks and take a few mental nibbles at the treasures; albeit it nigh chokes one to pronounce some of the names and swallow all the tortuous technical terminology Were I linguist, or limner, or gifted in the descriptive art, I might sketch you some curiosities — a crane or a cactus, a pelican or a palmetto. And we have our palmetto on this island that is worthy, at least, of water colors; the average diameter of the trunk is nineteen inches, but it has been girdled near its middle to a diameter of six inches; yet it is very flourishing, and has an abundance of fruit now just ripe; it might, in shape, be compared to an hour-glass surmounted by a monster bouquet jewelled with fruit. I should also add that there is an auger hole through the small diameter. Such is the tenacity of life in this endogenous representative of the tropics. In its top the racoon loves to bivouac and forage on the fruit."

It will be recollected that the tree here mentioned stood near the north wharf, close by the skeleton of an old cook-house. The famous century plant of the island stood south of the Pelican Club House.

Who of us can forget the scenes and martial ceremonies that occurred within the walls of Fort Pulaski? When the garrison consisted of seven hundred men, the daily drill, and especially the guard-mountings, the dress-parades and reviews on the terre-plein of the fort, were always interesting

and often imposing. Even now we can hear the inspiring music, gaze on the line of armed men, and note the perfect tread and graceful wheelings of the glittering column. The leader of the band, tall and straight, full of martial as well as of musical spirit, in gay uniform, wielding gracefully and often curiously his decorated baton, as with exact measure and step he led off his musicians, was a splendid picture in himself. But all this was only preparatory to other and severer scenes which soon came to all in turn along the front.

Subjoined are some of the generalized meteorological data obtained by our Post Surgeon for the months named. We give only the readings from the thermometrical tables: —

"FOR NOVEMBER.

Highest, seventy-nine degrees; lowest, thirty-two degrees; highest daily mean, seventy-one; lowest daily mean, thirty-eight; monthly mean, sixty-two degrees; warmest day, 6th; coldest, 30th; a little ice on night of 30th; from 7 A. M., 29th, to 7 A. M., 30th, mercurial column fell thirty-six degrees.

FOR DECEMBER.

Highest, seventy-nine degrees; lowest, thirty-two degrees; highest daily mean, sixty-six degrees; lowest daily mean, forty degrees; monthly mean, fifty-two degrees; coldest day, 1st; warmest, 17th; ice one-half of an inch thick on morning of 1st."

The aboriginal inhabitants of Cockspur Island are minks and fiddlers; the minks supply exercise to our few camp curs by evoking their music and muscles; the fiddlers furnish, quite unwillingly, however, the commissariat of the screeching sea-birds. The finny tribes that frequent the channels, creeks, and ditches, yielding to the law of proscription, fill the requisitions of cranes, pelicans and the "contrabands." The immigrant rats and mice, deserters from transports and navy keels, vex our good soldiers but delight our pet cats; it is a little difficult therefore to estimate their exact value. The hawks that visit this half-drowned section of marsh and mud are obliged to content themselves with little birds and small snakes, the latter having but few mourners at their demise. Of the birth-place and ownership of the small knot of goats that nibble along the dikes and reconnoitre about the storehouses, I am profoundly ignorant; that the old, gray, bristle-maned, long-bearded, strong-horned, belligerent billy goat has a *distinguished rank* is notorious, and we give him space accordingly; I question whether any one *outranks* him in the Department. We can boast but five palmetto trees; perhaps because we have found only a juvenile raccoon, and he an interloper I suspect, to feed on the clusters of black seeds; and unfortunately, a few days since, this poor confederate coon was subjugated by a loyal mess. The Spanish bayonets and cactus are really military representatives of the vegetable kingdom as all will allow who have attacked them. Oysters are indigenous, and we are happy to say very digestible; and we would respectfully suggest that the War Department furnish us

with oyster tongs and stout knives; pepper is obtainable at a peppery price from the good sutler's barrack. Prickly pears, now ripening, are quite abundant and somewhat palatable.

We copy an article from the *New South*, penned by Dr. Grosvenor, and add that the Doctor was too modest to allude to the speech he made — one of the best on the pleasing occasion: —

"[*For the New South.*]

COMPLIMENTARY.

"The ordinary quiet and monotony of our soldier-life was this morning relieved by a very pleasant affair, which occurred on board the gun-boat *Dai-Ching*, now at anchor in our harbor. Its nature will be explained by the following correspondence: —

U. S. STEAMER DAI-CHING, OFF FORT PULASKI,
Monday Evening Jan. 18, 1864.

CHAPLAIN DENISON: —

SIR: If you will favor us with a visit to-morrow forenoon. I shall have the extreme pleasure of presenting you in behalf of the officers and crew of my ship, a flag, the glorious Stars and Stripes, as a slight token of the esteem in which we hold a brave man.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully yours,

J. C. CHAPLIN,
*Lieut. Commanding.*

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FORT PULASKI, Ga., Jan. 18, 1864.

J. C. CHAPLIN, *Lieutenant Commanding Ship Dai-Ching, off Fort Pulaski, Ga:* —

DEAR SIR: With heartiest thanks for your kind note and honorary invitation, I promise to respond by my presence (D. V.), to morrow at 11 o'clock, A. M., on board your loyal keel the *Dai-Ching* — The Gallant Warrior.

Remaining as ever, yours, truly,

FREDERIC DENISON,
*Chaplain Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Post Chaplain.*

"At the time appointed our worthy Chaplain, *alias* 'Poet of Cockspur' — who, by the way, is an enthusiastic son of Mars as well as a charming poet — accompanied by officers from the fort, and aided by the politeness and sturdy strokes of the navy, pulled alongside the gun-boat and received a cordial welcome on board by Capt. Chaplin and his officers. After the exchange of friendly greetings, the flag was brought forth and presented to Chaplain Denison, in behalf of the officers and men, by Dr. B. J. Hershey, Medical Officer of the *Dai-Ching*, in an appropriate speech laudatory of the Stars and Stripes, and the man who was about to receive them. In response, the recipient made some happy allusions to the co-operation of the army and navy, complimented the donors for their bravery, and closed with these words: 'Thanks, thrice told and true, from the heart I render you all, brave men, for this precious gift, and remain your great debtor.'

"The flag is of bunting, put up in true naval style, and surmounted with

truck, metallic star and tassels of red, white and blue. The getting up of this beautiful gift is in a large measure due to the admirable skill of Mr. Haworth, sailing-master.

"A ramble over the ship demonstrated that the gallant warrior, in charge of skillful officers and manned by expert seamen is always in trim and ready for an encounter. After other distinguished speeches, of which the happiest was that of Capt. Walker, of Fort Wagner memory, in which he paid a fitting tribute to the Stars and Stripes and the choice heroes who have fallen under them, saying that he was willing to die in defense of the old flag, and that in it the hopes of all humanity culminated; we parted with the braves of the gallant warrior, thankful for our pleasant interview, hoping often in the future to meet those gallant and generous sons of Neptune."

Prior to the war, Tybee Island, though beautiful in itself with its oaks, pines, palmettoes, jungles, wild plums, yams and vines, was but a semi-civilized region. The wild hogs we found there, made still more wild by the thunder of our guns in the siege of Pulaski, were not wholly exterminated during the war-strokes. With great difficulty our boys found them within good rifle-range. Perhaps Captain Churchill will not soon forget how, at a later date, as he was crossing the island on horseback, these savage swine deployed on his flank from the thicket, so frightening the horse that he dashed like a comet through the sand-hills and trees, giving the Captain a ride *a la* John Gilpin. Tybee yams and wild fruit failed to make sweet or tender pork.

Feb. 1. Six men of a rebel engineer corps, sent out to locate torpedoes in the Savannah, deserted and reached Fort Pulaski, bringing with them one torpedo, containing about sixty pounds of powder. They reported that two regiments, ten miles from Savannah, had recently mutinied on account of short rations; also that a mutiny had occurred on the rebel ram Georgia.

Twenty-one negroes attempted to escape from Savannah in a boat, but while trying to pass the obstructions, in the night, the boat was upset and all save one were drowned.

One of the drawbacks to the efficiency of our army, made up as it was of volunteer troops led by men who had strong home attachments, and sometimes the pressure of important business relations that were suffering from their absence, was the frequent changes occurring among the field and line officers.

Feb. 4. We were again made sad in being obliged to part with our able commander, whose resignation was accepted. The regret and loss fell to the whole Department of the South as well as to us. Generals Gillmore, Terry, and others were especially sorry to lose the presence of one who had both honored his State and the service of his country

Colonel Metcalf was one of the original officers of the command.

Leaving an honorable and lucrative position in the legal profession in the State, he accepted a commission as Major Aug. 27, 1861. After the battle on James Island, in which he distinguished himself, he resigned his rank amongst us Aug. 4, 1862, and accepted the Colonelcy of the Eleventh Rhode Island Volunteers Sept. 15, 1862. But he returned amongst us, with the commission of Colonel Nov. 11, 1862. In all these positions, and in others added to these, of which our records make mention, he won a high place, for ability and bravery, in the estimation of all who became associated with him or formed his acquaintance. But few men of equal talents and executive tact were found among those who gave themselves to the service of their country in the hour of her peril.

Feb. 7. We may not forget the peculiar pleasure and profit of the night of the 6th, spent in the deserted mansion on Braddock's Point. Several officers of our regiment and of other commands having rode to this point on their way to Fort Pulaski, were here overtaken by nightfall; the fog on Calibogue Sound and the Savannah forbidding our boats to try the voyage, although one undertook it. Sitting on the floor to a late hour before attempting to woo sleep, we entertained each other by a mutual agreement, in the recital of an outline history of our lives. We were from all parts of our country and from all walks and professions in life, and a few had widely traveled. Certain of the recitals were amusing, some deeply instructive, some remarkably tragic. At the conclusion, near midnight, each one told an anecdote, and then we stretched ourselves upon the solid pine floor for warrior dreams.

The boat that attempted to cross the sound and river was soon enveloped in fog and darkness, and being without a compass became utterly bewildered. To proceed amidst the shoals and the swift running tide was impracticable. The company of officers and men wisely concluded to anchor and wait for daylight. How well they slept and dreamed, we leave for them to recite.

Feb. 18. After the resignation of Colonel Metcalf, the command of the regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Brayton who was on constant duty with the battalion on the front, and therefore removed the head-quarters of the regiment to Folly Island.

Feb. 20. George Thackeray (Company K), was wounded in action.

# CHAPTER XLII.

## BATTLE OF OLUSTEE, FLORIDA.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

*Judge not the future by to-day.*

OLUSTEE is a post-office town of Florida, in Baker County, forty-seven miles westward from Jacksonville, on the Jacksonville, Pensacola, and Mobile Railroad (or Florida Central). The battle was fought between the Federal troops under Gen. T. Seymour and the Confederate forces under Generals Finnigan and Colquitt; the enemy having the advantage both of numbers and position. Our troops advanced upon this point from Jacksonville, leaving their camp-equipage and supplies at that place. The object of the movement was two-fold: to cut off the large supplies of animals and plantation products from the rebel army, and to induce our "wayward sister" to return to the Federal Union.

Under date of Feb. 22d, Lieutenant Eddy, on board the steamer Cosmopolitan, wrote as follows: —

"On Thursday morning (18th), we left our camps at Jacksonville, Fla., in light-marching order, with ten days' rations. We marched all day, and, as the roads were bad, we made only sixteen miles, when we halted for the night. On Friday morning (19th), we started early, and, marching all day, made seventeen miles, stopping over night at a small place called Barber's. On Saturday morning (20th), at 7 o'clock, we started forward for a place called Lake City, thirty-six miles distant, which, if we had succeeded in occupying, we should have stopped supplies being sent to the western armies of the enemy. We marched eighteen miles, when we met the enemy, and skirmished with them for the next four miles, when we found that they were in force, and had formed their line of battle.

The columns were at once deployed, and our advance was soon sharply engaged. Hamilton's battery was ordered forward. Four pieces of the battery, including my section, were placed in position within a hundred and fifty yards of the rebel lines, under a severe fire of musketry. We went in with four pieces, fifty horses, eighty-two men, and four officers, namely: Captain Hamilton, Lieutenant Myrick, Lieutenant Dodge and my-

self. In twenty minutes we lost forty-five men, forty horses, two guns and four officers, when we managed to get off with what little there was left. The fight lasted three hours, when, finding his small army so much cut up, the General (Seymour), ordered a retreat.

"We returned to Jacksonville, fifty-eight miles distant, and reached there last night (21st) at 12 o'clock. We had 5,000 men engaged on our side, and lost 1,200, as near as I can learn. The enemy had 15,000 opposed to us, and of course whipped us badly Captain Hamilton is wounded in the left arm severely and in the hip. Lieutenant Myrick is badly wounded in the left foot, and will probably lose some of his toes. Lieutenant Dodge is wounded in the left arm, but not badly. I am wounded in the right leg, about three inches above the ankle joint, but not badly. All of us officers had our horses shot under us. We are now on board of this steamer, bound for Beaufort, S. C., where all the wounded will be landed except us four officers. We return to Hilton Head to-morrow. The battery remained at Jacksonville, which I think our forces will find it difficult to hold, as the enemy were following us closely. Taking everything together, we have done pretty sharp work. In ninety hours we have marched 110 miles, fought a battle of three hours' duration, got badly whipped, and what there is left of our little army is back again where we started from."

Our artillery was well managed; the men sticking to their guns like heroes, and the officers displaying great gallantry. Hamilton brought his pieces into battery on the centre, Langdon on his left, and Elder on his right. At one time Hamilton's battery was but one hundred yards from the enemy's front. Before he could get into position he lost several men and horses. The same was the case with Langdon. It was not until the artillery had lost more than half of their men and horses that they thought of retiring. Captain Hamilton and his five lieutenants were wounded.

Four pieces of his battery were brought away by Lieutenant Myrick, who was wounded at the time in the foot. Two pieces fell into the hands of the enemy for the reason that there were no horses to bring them away.

On the left, with Langdon, was one section of the Third Rhode Island, under Lieut. H. H. Metcalf. They had a fearfully sharp struggle to hold their pieces, but the Lieutenant and his thirty-two men with their two pieces did splendid work; they fired the last gun. They had five wounded, and one of them missing. The Lieutenant's horse was shot from under him. The wounded were Corporal Warren Moon, Jeremiah Hogan (Company M), George Thackery, James Harris, Michael Broderick—Harris missing.

To the account of the battle given by Lieutenant Eddy, should be added the fact that Lieutenant Irwin of our regiment, serving in a regular battery received a wound in his left hand.

Lieut. Wm. S. Bailey (Company C), gives us this incident: "At the battle, private Michael Broderick (Company C), while sitting on his horse,

ready for instant orders, had the cross-cannons shot from the top of his cap, and the same bullet plowed a furrow on the top of his head. Broderick, though only a boy of about eighteen years, disregarded the shot wound and sat his horse as if nothing had happened. Shortly, as the blood trickled down his face, he wiped it away, and, turning to one of the cannoniers, said: 'Won't you pick up those cross-cannons? They cost me three cents, and I can't afford to lose them.'"

One of our men, James Harris, Company C, was reported killed in the action, and his name so appears on all reports. It is thus enrolled on the State monument, in Providence. The truth is he was severely wounded in the right lung and wrist, and left for dead on the field. By us nothing was heard of him for sixteen months, when he strangely reappeared, sadly emaciated. He was one of the victims of the rebel prisons, though his lot was less severe than that of some of his comrades.

John G. Williams (Company M), — real name George Cox — who had been transferred to Hamilton's battery, was taken prisoner and carried to the horrible Andersonville pen, and was in the hands of the enemy ten months and twenty-three days.

Not satisfied with the movement on Olustee, General Seymour pushed, soon after, a portion of his force further south. The Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, a regiment of colored troops, a portion of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, and Company C, of our command, took transports and ran up the St. John's as far as Pilatka, about seventy-five miles from Jacksonville. We felt of the country with our guns cautiously but boldly as we passed up the stream. At Pilatka a report was brought of a rebel force in that neighborhood. A section of our battery, under Lieut. B. F. Manton, supported by the Massachusetts Cavalry, under Major Stevens, advanced and probed the forests with our shell. Returned by land to Jacksonville.

We found Floridian scenery wild, beautiful, rich in palms and reeds and dense jungle. Live oaks, palmettoes, cypresses, alligators, and gallinippers may answer in poetry better than in experience.

Crossing to the right bank of the St. John's and reconnoitering through everglades, forests, and clearings, finding nothing worthy of our steel, we took up our march through the wilderness by all sorts of ways, roads and paths, through pines, cypresses and palms, and through swamps and over creeks —a distance of certainly eighty miles for us, to Jacksonville. What underlies this great peninsula of Florida, resembling a monstrous everglade on the face of the ocean, we do not know, and never may, but we imagine unfathomable depths of mud; and our artillery, by reason of its weight, had a most uncomfortable attraction for this unexplored region. But steamers followed along the river with an occasional eye on us as if suspecting that we might founder in the kingdom of ooze.

The diary kept by Corp. H. J. Peckham, Company C, gives the following notes: —

"Feb. 9, (1864). Remainder of battery landed in Jacksonville (Fla.), this morning; late in afternoon started for the front. 10th. Came to Camp Finnegan last night, halted till morning; arrived at Baldwin about dark. 11th. Started at daylight, halted at noon; came to Sanderson Station. 13th. Moved back to Barber's Station, thirty-three miles from Jacksonville — Sanderson is forty-five miles. 14th. Second detachment went on a three-days' raid with One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, and Massachusetts Cavalry. 17th. The boys came back from Callapan Station well played out. 20th. Left Barber's at daylight for Lake City, passed Sanderson's near noon; about six miles beyond got a nice whipping, and fell back. 21st. Reached Barber's at midnight, halted till daylight; started for Baldwin, where, after a halt, pushed for Jacksonville. 22d. Reached Jacksonville 10 A. M., and placed guns in the breastworks. 23d. Two pieces went out to Camp Finnegan. 25th. The pieces went to the front again; pieces came in. March 9th. Right and centre sections moved up the river with Barton's brigade on steamers Gen. Hunter, Chas. S. Houghton and Maple Leaf. 10th. Landed at Pilatka, seventy-five miles from Jacksonville; went out scouting about ten miles and captured nine prisoners. 11th. Scouting again. 15th. The naval tender captured a rebel gun-boat last night up the river. 16th. Rebel cavalry seen. 21st. The rebels drove our pickets in. 29th. Generals Gillmore and Hatch present; 'rebs' seen again. 31st. Infantry had a skirmish with 'rebs.' April 1st. Detachment of One Hundred and Fifteenth New York captured a rebel picket-post — about fifteen men — up the river. 2d. The rebels captured one of our picket-posts — tit for tat on captures. 3d. Steamer Maple Leaf blown up on her way to Jacksonville; Quartermaster-Sergeant Harrington, of our command, was on board. 13th. Had orders to evacuate Pilatka; crossed to the east side of the river. 14th. Started for Picalata; halted at Moccasin branch — tributary of the St. John's; moved on at night. 15th. Arrived at Picalata and found Colonel Montgomery's brigade. 16th. Steamer General Hunter blown up by a torpedo. 18th. Orders to leave Picalata. 19th. Reached Jacksonville. 26th. Left Jacksonville for Hilton Head."

It seemed to us as if Florida must be a hard problem for geologists, not, as some say, "a hard nut to crack," for there is no hardness to it; it is the softest domain, to our notion, on earth — mud and fine sand. Apparently it is attached to our country by accident, as if it had been floating around the ocean, and finally was swung against the continent by the Gulf Stream, and grounded with the wrong end to the north, for its rivers are running mainly the wrong way. The St. John's flows towards the north star, a fact that was always turning our heads. As for the famed fountain of youth here, we never found it, but always felt that we were growing old very fast while we remained here. Possibly tourists and land speculators will express a different opinion.

# CHAPTER XLIII.

## INCIDENTS AT FORT PULASKI

MARCH - APRIL, 1864.

*Earth still is full of tragedies.*

March 1. ONE of our sentinels thought he heard a cry for help floating down from far up the river. "Come and get us!" was the rude, faint voice that came from more than two miles across the water from an island of mud and rank grass. From the ramparts of the fort we discovered an object which proved to be a pole holding up a towel raised by the suffering wanderers. A boat was dispatched which brought in three besmeared, starving, colored men. These reported more men and three women in a similar situation farther up the river. A second boat was sent out, which, after hours of search, venturing close to the enemy's lines, rescued the perilled and destitute company. These refugees were a spectacle — almost naked, the women having only little, miserable skirts that reached their knees, besmeared with mud, as one said, "boggy as de bog eself," famished and almost wholly exhausted. For nine weary days and fearful nights they had been feeling their perilous way from the slave-pens, twelve miles beyond Savannah, through the rebel bivouacs and lines, wading through swamps, skulking through forests, and swimming three rivers, the women clinging to the necks of the men, floundering across the mud islands, as they said, "like de aligators," till they discovered the dear Stars and Stripes floating over Fort Pulaski. The original party consisted of twelve: four gave out on the way. The famished but persevering eight were consuming their last morsel of food when they descried our garrison flag. One of them said: "When I see dat flag, it fill me right up." What a compliment from the human soul to our standard! How unspeakably sweet is the thought of liberty! Tell us not that the slave is indifferent to freedom. But miles of distance and the swift-flowing Savannah still divided them from help and safety The wind baffled their uplifted voices. Another night of hunger, nakedness and peril was before them on their island of mud, where they mired to their waists. Before the sun went down they saw a steamer visit the fort, and hoping they had been heard, looked longingly for her to come up the river after them, but when they saw her leave

the fort and disappear from view on her way towards Port Royal, their hearts began to fail them; one remarked: "When I secd de steamboat go way, my heart go down to de bottom of my foot." But the calm of the following morning allowed their cry for freedom to reach our ears and their rude stick and little towel attracted our eyes. Pitiable, yet unutterably happy creatures they were when they reached our garrison. One moment's view of them and interview with them would have melted the most obdurate of "copperheads." They had been working for the confederate government and a little corn bread daily was their whole compensation. As we handed one of them a loaf of bread, he ejaculated: "Gorry, Massa, dat be worf too or free dollar in Sawanna." In almost every sentence they would exclaim: "Tank de Lord we get away."

March 2. During the night a small fast-sailing schooner, of thirty-five tons, loaded with coffee, pepper, alcohol, and whiskey, commanded by John N Wicks, of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by a crew of four, direct from the neutral docks of John Bull, at Nassau, in trying to dodge into the mouth of the Savannah under cover of the night-fog, struck on the shoals east of the Roads towards Braddock's Point, and disabled her rudder, but succeeded in getting to sea again.

March 3. During the night the disabled schooner was swept by the winds and currents upon the southern extremity of Tybee Island, where Captain Churchill and his Company (F), captured crew, vessel, and cargo. The navy coming in after the ceremonies were over, wished to gain possession of the prize. But Major Bailey, Captain Churchill, and Quartermaster Wilcoxson were unable to see the point. The craft had an English flag — neutral of course — and claimed to be named the Artella. The cargo was safely landed by our men and stored, in part, for the time, with Captain Churchill at the Martello Tower. In a few days the whole was removed and stored in Fort Pulaski.

The ingenuity of men who have a passion for whiskey was well illustrated by some of the prisoners then in the fort who were detailed to roll the casks of liquor from the south wharf up the plank causeway and into the fort. The men worked in pairs two to each cask, one at each chime. Before the men started on this duty some genius initiated them into the mystery of drawing the liquor while the casks were in motion. They furnished themselves with gimlets and pine taps, and went on duty with empty canteens. Starting from the jetty with a cask, the man at the left chime would shortly insert the gimlet into the centre of the head of the cask, and hold it firmly till the revolutions of the cask carried it through; then withdrawing the gimlet he held his canteen till it was full, when his pine tap was inserted, driven hard, broken off, and the scar smoothed over with dirt from the sides of the cask. The art was handsomely practiced, and probably would have passed undetected had it not been for one man who drew his canteen full from a cask of alcohol, from which he took so heavy a drink that it made him wild and noisy.

We often heard of the damage that the rebels intended to inflict upon us by their huge, iron-backed rams. Of these, the monster Georgia, in front of the city of Savannah, was in sight from the ramparts of Fort Pulaski, and there the unwieldy craft remained till the Confederate flag was humbled. The Atlanta (the blockade-runner Fingal changed), ventured into Wassaw Sound, only to be captured by a monitor. Three other iron-clads were commenced in Savannah, but, like the Confederacy itself, never met with recognition.

The two prodigious rams built and armed in Charleston only backed and filled in front of the city, and skulked in the channels of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. Their manœuvres reminded us of the fable of the kid on the roof railing at the wolf below. Our little monitors were sure death to the rebel Goliaths.

March 18. Company D was transferred from Morris Island to Fort Pulaski; Company F was transferred from Tybee Island to Morris Island; Company G, from Fort Pulaski, was transferred to Tybee Island; Companies A and B were at Hilton Head. Company C (light battery) remained in Florida, serving in sections at Jacksonville and Pilatka.

April 10. To secure rare flowers for the decoration of the head-quarters of Fort Pulaski on the coming anniversary, a boat and party of soldiers from the fort visited Daufuskie Island. A heavy wind rising, lifting a strong swell on the river and sound, and the tide ebbing, the boat-party, in trying to return, were swept out of the river and the Roads to sea. They were watched with intense anxiety from the ramparts of the fort. Our hope was that they would be picked up by the fleet. By desperate rowing and bailing, till the wind lulled near night, they saved themselves, and before morning landed on the east of Hilton Head.

April 11. The anniversary of the capture of Fort Pulaski was fittingly and enthusiastically celebrated by us, under Major Bailey. The fort was put in superb order, and the officers' quarters were decorated. The military and naval dignitaries and friends were invited from other portions of the Department. As the steamers from Port Royal, containing General Gillmore and other officers, came up the channel, we fired a national salute — thirty-five guns — and a salute for Gillmore — thirteen guns. A gala-day was enjoyed by all. Among the decorations of the quarters were original poetic mottoes arranged by the Chaplain, and mounted by the men on mammoth cards.

The military display was excellent. The festivities held to a late hour, if we may so style the short hours after midnight. During the night the steamer Cossack left for Jacksonville, Fla., with a load of troops.

April 12. During the night a beautiful, Clyde-built iron steamer, decked over all, and with two engines and three smoke-stacks, side-wheeled, and drawing five and a half feet of water, named Allianee, loaded with medicines and groceries for the Confederates, and having on board a

few rebel passengers just from Nassau, attempted to skulk into Savannah, but struck and grounded on the shoals west of Calibogue Sound, near Mungen's Point on Daufuskie Island, and so became a Federal prize. The English captain was reticent and chop-fallen. By throwing overboard most of the coal and a part of the cargo, the vessel was tugged off and saved; craft and cargo worth $60,000. No crafts were able to succeed in running into or out of Savannah.

May 28. Clam-bakes belong historically to Rhode Island; and only Rhode Island men have an inalienable right to institute them on other shores. Company G held to this right, and exercised their prerogative on Tybee Island, Ga., in war time. The coast-picket — Sergt. James B. Hudson, and three men, on the south end of the island, secured about twenty bushels of round clams, a quantity of dry wood, and a lot of Spanish moss (in lieu of Rhode Island seaweed), and proceeded to have a home-like festival, to which they invited their friends of the navy.

May 29. The grand bake came off. Capt. O. A. Thompson, at the Martello Tower, gave permission to all the company not on duty to attend, and they went down — four miles — in a mule team to celebrate the mystery. Right merrily and thoroughly were the shells cleaned out — for our men were good at shelling. When Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Fidler came down in the afternoon, they found shells only.

# CHAPTER XLIV.

## SIEGE GUNS ON THE FRONT

JANUARY—JUNE, 1864.

*Insulted law mounts monster guns.*

WE must turn back now in our historical notes to our brave men toiling incessantly on the front, in their forts and batteries on Morris Island. Theirs was not the monotony of garrison duty. They had no time for amusements. They were not suffering for exercise. One continuous battle day and night absorbed their attention and taxed their strength. Most truthfully observes Captain Greene: "Being for months in the same place, and firing day and night continually, there was to us a seeming sameness; although had a person from Rhode Island visited us and spent a single day in our batteries, when we were giving and taking it hot and heavy, that *one day* would have been to him *the* day of all his life."

Every fort and battery on Morris Island played its part in the grand, unceasing music of the siege, not excepting our guns down near Light-House Inlet. Here we may copy one of the many orders that were almost constantly being promulgated: —

"GENERAL VOGDES' HEAD-QUARTERS,
Jan. 23, 1864.

CAPT. J. M. BARKER, Battery Purviance: —

Fire on Secessionville once in five minutes, with percussion and time-fuze shell, for an hour.

C. H. BRAYTON,
*Chief of Artillery.*

Jan. 27 How irrepressible the Yankee genius! Classical entertainments are mingled as episodes with the thunders of war. Chaplain Hudson, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, gave a splendid lecture on the "Othello" of Shakspere, near the head-quarters of Brig.-Gen. W W H. Davis, post commander of Morris Island. The lecture was in the large ordnance building, and largely attended by stars, eagles, anchors, bars, and chevrons.

Feb. 1. Another English, side-wheeled, Clyde-built, blockade-runner,

having dodged the fleet in the night, stuck on the sand near Moultrie, and soon received from our forts and the monitors all the iron she needed for ballast. Her name was Presto, and presto she snugly pressed the bottom of the channel. Her cargo of blankets, shoes, and rebel supplies was probably distributed among porpoises and drum-fish. Her touching requiem was played by Captain Colwell's 300-pounder Parrott.

Our boys will remember, with a smile, the sage-looking colored man whose special business, for a time, was to furnish supplies for our water battery under Fort Putnam, from which we constantly shelled Charleston. This sable factotum drove a tip-cart, the mule to which had a chronic disposition for kicking. After the negro had discharged his load and returned to the entrance of the fort, the mule began to indulge in his old habit. Our boys grew fat with laughter. Finally one of them assured the negro that he had an infallible recipe for curing kicking mules. Stepping to the little camp-fire, where some coffee had been warmed, and securing a stick burning at one end, he ordered the negro to touch the mule under his tail, saying: "Then you'll see him go." The darkey obeyed. The mule went; first, his heels went high in the air; second, his body went horizontally like a streak of lightning down the island, tearing through the sand-hills, while our boys were convulsed with laughter, and the poor negro was running to catch a sight of his team.

On another occasion this colored assistant of ours, who never became fully reconciled to the rebel shells, having discharged his load of supplies at Fort Putnam, started back towards the other forts. Reaching the open and exposed stretch between Putnam and Chatfield, the rebel guns began a spurt of their impolite music. Our surprised driver, in his confusion, halted his mule, leaped from his seat, and crouched under his tip-cart, like the Paddy's crab, that crept under the wharf to get out of the rain. Our boys had another hearty laugh at the negro's expense.

At his head-quarters on Morris Island General Terry had two negro men: one that he carried with him from the North, and who attended to the cooking; the other a freed slave of South Carolina, who acted as a sort of factotum. Between these Africans there was a little pride of birth-place and rank, and a certain boasting of knowledge and skill; each triumphed over the other as he found opportunity. On one occasion the knight of the *cuisine*, in making up his fire-place, used expended shell found on the island for andirons, one of which was still loaded. Just as kettles and spits, filled with a grand dinner, were in a superb heat from the oak and pine logs, the charged shell exploded, lifting fire, ashes, kettles and spits high into the air among the trees, and throwing the cook himself backward on the ground. At this the Southern darkie raised a shout of exultation and exclaimed: "Dar, dar, a Southun nigger know better dan dat."

We again copy extracts from rebel records made in Sumter: —

"Jan. 29. At nine last night, the enemy opened on us with mortars from the middle battery, throwing by morning, 123 shots, of which eighty-two burst in and

over the fort. Shots from columbiads and Parrotts at south angle, 156; 129 hit.

Jan. 30. Number of shots fired, 159; hit, 138; missed, twenty-one. At 3 P. M., the flag-staff was shot down.

Jan. 31. Number of shots, 131; hit, 114; missed, seventeen."

Feb. 1. As the morning broke on Charleston harbor, Captain ——— in Fort Gregg and Captain Colwell in Fort Chatfield discovered a small, beautiful, Clyde-built steamer, that, having dodged the fleet in the night, had run into the harbor but had grounded near Fort Moultrie. Immediately our guns were blazing, and the *stock* of that steamer *went up*, while the steamer herself *went down;* the venture was *divided up*, but not among the owners. Probably Beauregard complained that the Yankees were sinking vessels in the harbor.

On the same day two casualties occurred in our command. Joseph Hughes (Company H), lost his left leg, and died from this loss on the 3d; William McGrath (Company E), lost his right leg below the knee. We should not forget to mention that all our brave men who perished on the front received the tenderest funeral honors we could pay; their coffins were always wrapped in the sacred flag of our country.

Near the entrance, in Fort Putnam, was a battery of two guns facing the harbor and Sullivan's Island, and on its parapet was a platform to admit of a howitzer in case of an attack. On this platform stood General Gillmore, Colonel Brayton, Capt. A. E. Greene, Lieut. G W Greene, and other officers, surveying the front, and holding a consultation. The enemy on Sullivan's Island, seeing this group of officers, aspired to have a voice in their councils by opening on them with a huge mortar. Our officers saw the puff of smoke, heard the loud report, and discovered the huge shell making its curved way directly towards them. Our men in the fort saw the affair and intently looked to see the officers fly to cover. Said one of the officers: "Though we saw the bomb had us in line, our pride and rank forbade our flinching, and we stood firm, and would have stood if our heads had been blown off. Providentially, the shell burst a little in front of us, right in our faces, and not a fragment of it injured us. We were then glad that we had not shown the white feather (whatever we felt) in the presence of our men."

Our boat-pickets around Morris Island, chiefly infantrymen, were furnished with four Requa batteries — curious implements — consisting of twenty-five rifle barrels combined and mounted, for field use, on a light carriage, and on a pintal in the stern of a boat when used on water. By a single movement all the barrels were loaded with metallic cartridges, and all were discharged at once by a hammer and lanyard. Such, too, was the combination, that the barrels could be elevated, depressed, contracted, or opened laterally, to sweep a smaller or larger front. Twelve discharges could be effected in a minute — at the rate of five bullets a second — 1,800 in an hour. One of these batteries was in the harbor with our pickets

every night during the winter, and with the parties that reconnoitered Sumter.

Feb. 12. For some uncommunicated reason the rebels chose to open simultaneously all their guns on our front, which occasioned special inquiry for the moment. Major Ames, being Chief of Artillery on the island, at once ordered his horse and dashed up to the forts to investigate the matter. Reaching Fort Putnam (Gregg), he had no sooner dismounted than his horse was struck in the neck by the fragment of an exploded shell, and instantly killed. Of necessity our officers had frequently to be exposed more than the gunners, who usually had the protection of traverses and parapets. Always, however, all of us were targets when approaching and leaving our batteries. On this day the rebels tossed us more than 400 shells — quite a striking proof of their liberality.

Feb. 17. About nine o'clock in the evening we heard the thud of a peculiar explosion within the lines of the fleet. We soon learned that the sloop-of-war Housatonic, lying outside the bar, was attacked by a long, cigar-shaped, submerged torpedo craft, coming out from Beach Inlet, undiscovered till close on her victim. The stroke was heavy and the explosion instantaneous. The shattered Housatonic reeled and sank in three minutes, taking down with her five men, The torpedo craft, with her commander, Captain Dixon and his crew, also perished. This was the first war vessel that we lost by the enemy's torpedo warfare — the Russian method of covert attack in harbors that, on the whole, proved expensive but ineffective, for the Confederates.

Of this torpedo boat, Colonel Olmstead, in his excellent address before the Georgia Historical Society, thus speaks: —

"It was built of boiler iron, about thirty feet in length, with a breadth of beam of four feet by a vertical depth of six feet, the figures being approximate only. Access to the interior was had by two man-holes in the upper part, covered by hinged caps, into which were let bull's eyes of heavy glass, and through these the steersman looked in guiding the motions of the craft. The boat floated with these caps raised only a foot or so above the level of the water. The motive power was a propeller, to be worked by hand of the crew, cranks being provided in the shaft for that purpose. Upon each side of the exterior were horizontal vanes, or wings, that could be adjusted at any angle from the interior. When it was intended that the boat should go on an even keel, whether on the surface or under, these vanes were kept level. If it was desired to go below the water, say, for instance, at an angle of ten degrees, the vanes were fixed at that angle and the propeller worked; the resistance of the water against the vanes would carry the boat under. . She was rigged with a long spar at the bow, to which a torpedo was attached, to be fired by actual concussion with the object to be destroyed. She was sunk at the wharf at Fort Johnson by the waves of a passing steamer. The dead were removed and a second crew volunteered. They made experiments in the harbor, but went down, and failed to come up. The boat was again raised, still another set of men volunteered for duty. The expedition started, but did not return. That night the sloop-of-war Housatonic was reported as having been

sunk. Nothing definite was ever known until after the war, when divers, in endeavoring to raise the Housatonic, discovered the cigar-boat with the bleached bones of the crew lying near the wreck of the noble ship that she had destroyed."

Lieut. George W Greene told of the excitement and disappointment in his battery, on a certain day, when promiscuous firing had been forbidden by a special order, and General Beauregard, distinctly seen by our glasses, on an inspecting tour, passed to Fort Johnson, and then in plain view drove on to Battery Simkins, as a rebel deserter and Charleston paper had said he would. In hope that the order would be recalled, the Lieutenant commanded his men to "train a gun, grease down, draw her fine, and be ready," sure of his game if allowed to fire. All were eager for the final order to fire. No order came, and the rebel magnate escaped. Shortly Colonel Brayton, Chief of Artillery, rode up to the battery, and, learning of the lost opportunity, said: "Good heavens; and you let the old cuss go?" The Lieutenant quoted the general order. The Colonel answered: "General order be darned! Never let anything as large as a wheelbarrow come down that road again."

We insert, as a specimen of our manner of working, an approximate table of distances, elevations, etc., based upon actual firing from Fort Putnam (old Gregg), on Morris Island (Cummings' Point), during the month of March: —

| Number and Calibre of Gun. | Object. | Yards Distant. | Degrees Elevation. | Seconds Fuze. | Charge Cart. | Charge Shell. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Nos. 1 and 2. 30-pdr. Parrotts.... | Sumter..... | 1480 | 3 | 5 | 3¼ | 1½ |
| | Moultrie..... | 2600 | 6 | 9 | " | " |
| | Battery Bee.... | 3100 | 8 | 13 | " | " |
| | Mt. Pleasant Channel.. | 3500 | 12 | 16 | " | " |
| Nos. 3 and 4. 200-pdr. Parrotts... | Sumter.. | 1480 | 3.30 | 5 | 16 | 4 to 10 |
| | Moultrie..... | 2600 | 6 | per. | " | " |
| | Johnston..... | 2950 | 7 | " | " | " |
| | Battery Bee.... | 3100 | 7.30 | " | " | " |
| | Mt. Pleasant Channel.. | 3500 | 11 | " | " | " |
| No. 5. 10-inch columbiad.. | Sumter..... | 1480 | 4.30 | 5 | 16 | 3 |
| | Simkins..... | 2200 | 7.30 | 8 | " | " |
| | Johnston..... | 2950 | 11 | 12 | " | " |
| | Lamar ..... | 3500 | 14 | 15 | " | " |
| No. 6. 100-pdr. Parrott... | Simkins..... | 2200 | 4.30 | per. | 10 | 5 to 6 |
| | Johnston..... | 2950 | 7 | " | " | " |
| | Bull of the Woods... | 3300 | 9 | " | " | " |
| | Lamar..... | 3500 | 9.30 | " | " | " |
| | Pinckney... | 5510 | 16.30 | " | " | " |
| No. 7. 30-pdr. Parrott.. .. | Near Mt. Pleasant. | 6200 | 22.30 | " | 3¼ | 1½ |
| | Pinckney.. | 5510 | 24 | " | 3¾ | " |
| | Charleston. | 7440 | 30 to 40 | " | " | " |
| No. 11. 100-pdr. Parrott.. | Ram on stocks. .. | 7000 | 30 | " | 10 | 3 to 6 |
| | Charleston. | 7440 | 26 to 38 | " | " | " |
| No. 12. 20-pdr. Wiard..... | Simkins..... | 2200 | 10 | " | 22-oz. | 4-oz. |
| | Charleston..... | 7440 | 45 | " | 27-oz. | " |

This last did not reach.

The famous gun, in its life, for firing on Charleston was No. 7. It was expended on the 4,606th round, having thrown ninety-nine tons of loyal compliments to the Charlestonians, expedited by nine tons of patriotic powder.

We must add another word of this famous thirty-pounder that so splendidly pounded the cradle of secession. From the time it was mounted—Jan. 10th—its carriage playing and recoiling on a peculiar chassis of long, elastic timbers, it was fired, on an average, once in about twenty minutes, day and night (sometimes once in twelve minutes), till it burst March 19th, making it, on account of its elevation, range, destructive work, and long life, the most remarkable gun on record. Its fragments were carefully collected and put together, and after it had received suitable inscriptions ending with these words, "Expended on Morris Island under Col. Charles R. Brayton, Chief of Artillery," it was sent to West Point for study and for preservation. On the 15th of January it fired 237 shell, 216 being good shots and striking the city fairly. In its whole life it fired 4,257 good shots, 259 tripped, ten fell short, and eighty were premature explosions.

Inquisitive readers may possibly thank us for mentioning some further facts in reference to our Parrott guns and their projectiles. For a 100-pounder gun the usual charge was ten pounds of No. 7 powder; the weight of the long shell, 101 pounds; solid shot, ninety-nine and one-half pounds; short shell, eighty pounds; hollow shot, eighty pounds. The elevation varied according to object and range, from three and one-fourth degrees to thirty-five degrees; the range varied from 1,450 yards to 8,453 yards; the time of flight from four and one-half to thirty-six and three-fourths seconds.

In the rifled guns the drift was to the right, modified by the amount and direction of the wind. Considerable allowance was made in the columbiads for windage.

Our commander, Colonel Brayton was appointed Chief of Artillery for the Department, and was at General Gillmore's head-quarters.

March 9. James McGahan (Company D), while at his post working a gun in Fort Putnam, was struck by one of the enemy's shells and instantly torn to pieces. The Chaplain being absent at Fort Pulaski, the burial service was read by Major George Metcalf.

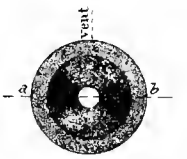
In the latter part of March an order was issued to mount Company A, then under Captain Hamner, as light artillery, to handle four twelve-pounder howitzers. This was in anticipation of the order taking Company C, then under Captain James, with the forces that General Gillmore was to lead to Virginia to assist General Grant.

March 17. Company D went to Tybee Island.

March 20. Company F came up from Tybee Island.

March 27 John B Warner (Company A), died in hospital, in Rhode Island, of lung fever.

March 30. While in command of Fort Putnam, Captain Turner had a




Breech broken off.

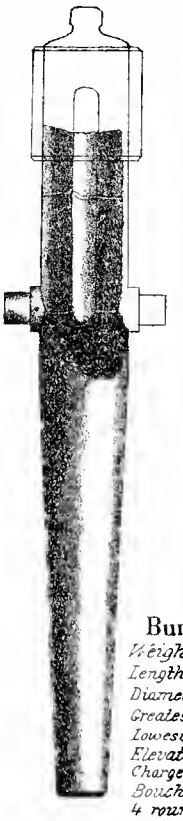
Upper.

Sections on *a.b.*

Lower.

Upper Side, Plane of vent.

Right Side, Fragment.



**30$^{tbr}$ GUN**
**Nº 193.**
**14**

**Burst at 4606$^{th}$ Round.**

*Weight* 4200 lbs.
*Length of bore* 120 inches
*Diameter of bore* 4.20 ,,
*Greatest elevation used* 49°50′
*Lowest* ,, ,, 40°0′
*Elevation when burst* 40°0′
*Charge* 3¾ lbs.
*Bouched twice*
*4 rounds fired at 2°50′*
*The gun was fired but once at an elevation greater than 40.°*

little streak of luck. Gambling was of course always contraband of war, though the regulations did not forbid the shuffling of cards for mental recreation, relieving men's thoughts for the moment from the hoarse music of the siege. But one day the Captain's eagle eye discovered a knot of his men in their quarters of the fort unusually interested in handling the symbolic pasteboards. After a little wily reconnoitering he perceived that our national currency was involved in the contest. Choosing the opportune moment, he made a sudden official advance, and, without parley or ceremony, rescued the currency from its peril, and immediately turned it over to the company fund. With a hearty laugh he entered the amount: "Credit to pot, $2.70."

April 1. Three distinguished English cousins, as a commission from John Bull to inquire into our strange military operations, by permission of our Secretary of War, visited us on Morris Island, and studied, as best they could, our work. These sons of Mars and of Johnny were Lieutenant-Colonel Galmay and Captain Alderson of the British Army, and Captain Goodnough of the Royal Navy. Our visitors looked over our front, gazed on our guns — albeit we did not reveal the best pieces under Putnam that played on Charleston and were that day silent — then dined, drank, chatted with our shoulder-straps, and retired with some new artillery problems in their heads.

April 7. William S. Brown (Company A), absent on furlough, died, in Huntington, Mass., of pulmonary disease.

As a specimen of mortar practice, we give reports of mortar firing from Battery Seymour, by Capt. D. B. Churchill, for April 3d and 29th, 1864: —

| April 3. Guns, 10-inch mortars. | Object. | Distance, yards. | Elevation, degrees. | Length of fuse, seconds. | Charge of shell. | Charge of cartridge. | Shells expended. | Powder expended, pounds. | Fuzes expended. | Primers expended. | Good shots. | Shots falling short. | Shots going over. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 1. | Sumter.. | 1,800 | 45 | 17 1/10 | 3 | 3 1/8 | 42 | 257 1/4 | 42 | 44 | 40 | 2 | |
| No. 2. | Sumter.. | 1,800 | 45 | 17 1/10 | 3 | 3 1/8 | 38 | 232 3/4 | 38 | 46 | 35 | 3 | |
| | | | | | | | 80 | 490 | 80 | 90 | 75 | 5 | |
| April 29. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| No. 1. | Sumter.. | 1,800 | 45 | 17 6/10 | 3 | 3 | 45 | 270 | 45 | 56 | 20 | 10 | 15 |
| No. 2. | Sumter.. | 1,800 | 45 | 17 6/10 | 3 | 3 | 37 | 222 | 37 | 44 | 16 | 9 | 12 |
| 13-inch mortar. | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| No. 1. | Sumter.. | 1,800 | 45 | 20 | 6 | 6 1/16 | 110 | 1326 7/8 | 110 | 140 | 50 | 20 | 40 |
| | | | | | | | 192 | 1818 7/8 | 192 | 240 | 86 | 39 | 67 |

On the 3d of April, it was calm, and the firing was in the night. On the 29th the wind was high and shifting, and both powder and fuzes were

poor. The other mortars, in Battery Barton, did similar work. These batteries were on the flanks of Fort Chatfield.

The following official paper will show that our Colonel at this time held a threefold rank; and we may add that he was more than equal to the duties of his positions: —

HEAD-QUARTERS HILTON HEAD,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., April 29, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

I. By direction of the Colonel Commanding the District, the undersigned, in addition to his duties as Chief of Artillery of the Department, assumes command of this Post.

II. The following officers are announced on the staff of the Colonel Commanding: —

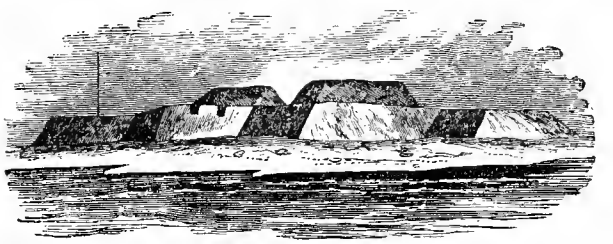
First Lieut. F. A. Wilcoxson, Third Rhode Island Artillery, Post Adjutant.

First Lieut. Edwin Fretz, One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers, A. A. D. C.

III. First Lieut. J. G. Stevens, Fifty-Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, is hereby relieved from duty as Post Adjutant, and will rejoin his Regiment.

C. R. BRAYTON,
*Colonel Third Rhode Island Artillery, Commanding Post.*

Official:
F. A. WILCOXSON,
*First Lieutenant Third Rhode Island Artillery, Post Adjutant.*



FORT WAGNER (SEA FRONT).

By orders from Washington, General Gillmore was now about to take much of the old Tenth Corps to Virginia, to join General Butler, to co-operate with General Grant in the grand movement against Richmond.

General Gillmore took north with him nearly 18,000 men, a draft that essentially weakened the aggressive force of the Department. We had a force of about 16,000 remaining.

Steadily the ocean was making aggressions on Morris Island. The equinoctial storm this year, continuing more than a week, swept from some places on the face of the island more than twenty feet. Since our landing here, in July, 1863, the high water line at the south end, where the general officers had their head-quarters, had receded about 200 feet towards the bluffs. Major Brooks, engineer on General Gillmore's staff, reported that during fifty days in the early part of the siege, the sea had encroached as many feet upon the front of the island where we were engaged. At the time the coast survey officers were employed here, in 1849, they had a station on a sand bluff about two hundred and fifty feet seaward from the site of Wagner, where now, at low tide, there were not less than ten feet of water. But we think these inroads of the sea are of an oscillating character; now sweeping away for a time immense quantities of sand, and then,

for a time, from changing sea-currents, depositing like quantities brought from other localities of the sandy coast. Indeed, the margin of South Carolina has been, like the sandy politics of the State, given to secession and confederation, according to the varying stress of passionate gales.

Adjutant Gorton tells the following story: "After the departure of the old Tenth Corps, and our armies were, according to the New York papers, meeting with reverses on certain fields, I was sitting in front of my quarters, a little blue in my thoughts, when there came along an old lame negro woman. I spoke to her and asked her to be seated and get a moment's rest. I then remarked upon the war and inquired: 'In case the Johnnies succeed in getting the best of us, what will become of the colored people?' Rising from her seat and reverently casting her eyes towards heaven, with upraised hand and extended finger, she replied, 'Massa, de great God in heaben will neber permit um.' I thought if that poor old crippled slave could have such confidence in our cause, it was time I took a little more stock in it; and my blues vanished."

The Chaplain, under his general pass from General Gillmore for every part of the department, on duty, ran down the coast to St. Augustine, of which he wrote as follows, under date of

"June 5. St. Augustine is the jewel city of this fair land of flowers. It is the oldest and oddest city of America; purely Spanish in its plan, architecture, and many of its customs. Here stand the walls of heavy mason work (*coquina*) of the first house built by Europeans on our continent. On the cathedral hangs the oldest bell that sounds in the western world, cast in Spain in 1608. The city was founded in 1564 — more than 300 years ago. Originally a fortified city, one of the city gates, with portions of the wall on the east, of *coquina*, recalls the olden years. The ancient fort — now Fort Marion — guarding the harbor, was commenced with the city, and was nigh 100 years in building. About a hundred years ago it was repaired. The material is *coquina*. The work is a beautifully wrought and bastioned quadrangle with watch tower, demilune, moat and covered way. Over the sally-port are old Spanish tablets with inscriptions, legends and coats of arms belonging to by-gone days, yet in good preservation and promising to defy the storms of other centuries.

The work still contains many old Spanish cannon, now dismounted and stored in the terre-plein. In the base of the southeastern bastion are two dark, barbaric dungeons. The inner one is a horror indeed, dark as Erebus. You enter it by creeping on your knees, following your guide with his lamp. When lately cleared out, it was found to contain several human skeletons — vestiges of inquisitorial wrath. Were these dungeons planned by Melendez, the founder of the city? In one of them was found, buried in fine sand, the remains of his great mahogany treasure chest.

The streets of St. Augustine are regular, but most of them extremely narrow, after the style of old Spanish cities, some not twenty feet in

width; and over the streets hang antique balconies. The plaza, or public square, on the harbor side is delightful. In it, and in courts, gardens, and lawns, are many shrubs and beautiful trees of a tropical character, the date palm, the banana palm, the pomegranate, the fig, the guava, the plum, the orange, and the lemon. Some of the orange and plum groves are charming. The most princely tree is the date palm, standing proudly with its plumed head overshadowing all its fellows. At the entrance of the harbor, along the high banks of sand, are great numbers of the high, branching Spanish bayonet, that in May and June hang out their host of immaculate blossoms.

Floridian scenery on the banks of the St. John's River, and in the regions around Jacksonville and Pilatka, was very attractive to our northern vision; albeit the navigation of the St. John's was attended with a disagreeable uncertainty from the torpedoes strewn in its channel by the rebels. We passed the wreck of the steamer Harriet A. Weed, blown up by two of these sunken engines May 9th; and six others, unexploded, were found near her. Within a few weeks we thus lost three vessels. The snaky alligators rolling in the mud along the banks and in the marshes seemed very indifferent about the war. The vegetable kingdom was beautiful; the oaks on the bluffs, the pines on the low lands rising a hundred feet in the air, the soldier-like cypresses, the clusters of palmettoes, the hedges of myrtle and jessamine, the vast acres of reeds, the sacred patches of passion flowers — all gave to the country a charm that even the sombreness of war could not eclipse.

At Fernandina, Fla., we first saw specimens of "white trash," commonly known as poor whites or "crackers," and in Georgia familiarly known as "clay caters." They were too white to be slaves, too poor to be slaveholders, and too stupid to acquire property, and were alike despised by slaveholders and slaves. From lack of native energy, and because southern society allowed of no third class between masters and servants, these poor whites seemed conscious that they had no future. While the slaveholders fought for their institution, and the slaves escaped within our lines to work and fight for their permanent freedom, the stolid "white trash" sat in their hovels unmoved and immovable. Though we did not see them eating clay, their faces certainly looked as if they were made of poor soil.

# CHAPTER XLV.

## WORK OF OUR LIGHT GUNS

APRIL, 1864, — JUNE, 1865.

*On varied fields is duty's fight.*

OUR light battery, Company C, from our arrival in South Carolina, had only occasionally been with the head-quarters of the regiment. On every expedition where mounted men and light guns were demanded, this Company, which always bore a good name for skill and bravery, was called for. And now when the call came from the War Department for General Gillmore and a portion of the veterans of the Tenth Army Corps to move to the support of General Grant in his siege of Richmond, this Company was chosen to operate with that force. Leaving Jacksonville, Fla., they joined the forces at Hilton Head.

As previously noticed, when Col. Brayton took command of the regiment the head-quarters were removed from Fort Pulaski, Ga., to General Terry's head-quarters on Folly Island, as the Colonel was Chief of Artillery under the General in that district of the department; and when the General went to Virginia our head-quarters were removed to Hilton Head.

"When the troops under General Terry were ordered to rendezvous at Hilton Head preparatory to proceeding to Virginia," says Adjutant Gorton: "I, with my Sergeant-Major — 'Jeff Davis' — Tom Ramsey — the largest man in the regiment, the wagon-master, and my colored servant, 'Sam,' were left at head-quarters on Folly Island to bring down camp equipage, horses and stores, as soon as we could secure transportation. We were left with a bare picket line under command of Colonel Alford. The steamers crowded with troops left in full view of the enemy, which of course suggested to them some ideas; hence at dusk they opened fire on our pickets with shot and shell from their batteries. Near midnight, as the fire was continued and heavy, I confess I wanted to go home, lest my long cherished wish to see Charleston should be gratified before morning. Not forgetting my trust, I took the regimental colors, wrapped them in an old tent-fly, and, with the assistance of Sam, hid them under the bank near the shore, covering them with the light sand, unwilling that the Johnnies

should have the satisfaction of waving the flag of the Third Rhode Island We watched anxiously from our position, not being on fighting duty just then. When morning came, didn't I use my language to procure transportation to Hilton Head? Having secured it, we struck our remaining tents not exactly according to tactics, but in *time* that would have astonished the Regulars."

April 30. Our light battery (Company C), Captain James, left Hilton Head on steamers Delaware and Beaufort for Fortress Munroe.

Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster succeeded General Gillmore in command of the Department.

Our April return for the command mentions the positions of our companies thus: A, at Jacksonville, Fla.; B, at Hilton Head; C, in Virginia; D, K, L, in Fort Pulaski, Ga.; E, F, H, I, M, on Morris Island S. C.; G, on Tybee Island, Ga.

Company A remained in Florida, with head-quarters in Jacksonville for several months, occasionally finding lively exercise in raids.

DR. FRIEND'S HOUSE.

On their passage to Virginia, our boys of Company C had another encounter with the elements off Cape Hatteras, and seriously debated about surrendering their horses to Neptune in order to save the steamer. The Beaufort, halting in Hampton Roads only long enough to draw a supply of forage, moved, May 4th, up James River — at one time grounding in a dangerous place — and landed, May 5th, at City Point, from which they pushed on and reached Bermuda Hundreds, May 10th. The detachment on the Delaware landed at Glocester Point, May 3d, where they remained until the 6th, and then moved — riding their bare-backed horses from Yorktown to Fortress Munroe, camping one night on their way. On the 7th they embarked on the Thomas Jefferson, with their horses, and moved to City Point, from which, on the 9th, they marched all night, reaching Bermuda Hundreds on the 10th.

The light battery brigade consisted of Batteries B, D, and E, Third United States Artillery, First Connecticut Light Battery, New Jersey Battery, and our Company; all under Captain Elder, acting as brigade commander.

On our march from Glocester Point we passed through Yorktown, historic spot on account of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the British army, that decided the Revolutionary struggle, but otherwise an unattractive locality, boasting only a dozen houses, a post-office, a grocery store, a wheelwright's shop, and a blacksmith's shanty. Our march through

sand and dust, under a hot sun, was very fatiguing. From Fortress Monroe we took steamer to Bermuda Hundreds, where we pitched camp near the river. Look where we might, on stream and plain, only the proofs of grim-visaged war were before us; Virginia was reaping the harvest of her secession. General Butler's forces consisted of the Eighteenth Corps, under Gen. W T. Smith; the Tenth, under General Gillmore; and Kautz's division of cavalry.

May 12. Hitched up at 5 o'clock, A. M., and advanced six miles to Walthal Junction on the Petersburg road, and six miles from Petersburg, where our infantry tore up the track. Our artillery brigade was associated with the infantry under Gen. A. Ames. At this station we remained two days, entertained only by picket firing.

May 15. Started at 4 o'clock, A. M., to join our forces near Drury's Bluff, being posted on the right of the army, about nine miles from Richmond. There was constant firing on the front.

May 16. Says Lieutenant Sabin: "At daylight we were aroused by heavy firing and repeated volleys of musketry. So dense was the fog that we could scarcely see the length of a gun, and the rebels, taking advantage of this, had thrown heavy masses of infantry against our right, in front of Fort Johnson. They crawled up in the fog, and took our pickets before our men could fire a gun. At first all was confusion and a rout seemed inevitable. But our troops soon rallied, and the fog lifted, and we shortly checked the rebel horde and held our ground. At 3 o'clock we were ready to entertain them. We were forced back about a mile, when we formed a second line of battle, and at five returned to our old camp.

"Our battery took a very important part, although not so closely engaged as some others. We occupied about a dozen different positions and did effective service. At one time we were posted in front of a wood from which our men had just been driven, and where the rebels must be checked or a desperate fight against superior numbers would follow. We were within about six hundred yards of the woods, our guns loaded, and every eye eager to see the form of a 'gray-back.' Soon they came to the edge of the wood with that peculiar yell which must be heard to be realized. Our six guns opened on them with terrible effect, and laid them in heaps, and the force shortly fell back, evidently not pleased with their reception.

"Later in the day a rebel battery opened on a section of our battery, under Lieutenant Manton, on the turnpike. We soon brought our four remaining guns to bear upon the assailants, and in about half an hour, with a cross fire, drove them from their position. Bullets whistled around us in a very lively manner, and we had a hard day's work. Upon the whole we were worsted; but it was owing to the fog that we lost the day. Jeff and Beauregard were anxious to catch Butler, but failed. At 5 o'clock we retired to our entrenchments between the forks of the James and Appomattox Rivers."

May 16. Captain Belger, of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery, Battery F, fell into the hands of the enemy. Captain Elder was now our Chief of Artillery.

May. 17. Our lines were attacked at daylight by the enemy in force, but we drove them back. Our guns were called to answer and carried on the hot discussion for about two hours. In the entrenchments we held Battery No. 5.

May 18. Notwithstanding the rain storm the enemy opened upon us with artillery, and we opened in return. They finally assailed our pickets, but without breaking our lines; and the same kind of fighting continued through the next day.

May 20. Our forces *lost* a rifle-pit and three companies of infantry. Meanwhile our guns were kept hot in defending our front. The following day we vigorously shelled the rebel works. On the 22d the enemy were repulsed on our left, and had one of their caissons blown up.

Familiar as we were with shot and shell, our experience in the entrenchments here was exceedingly annoying; in fact we were under fire nearly all the time, taking and giving the best shots that could be made. Whatever the enemy gained was held by entrenched works, and they pressed up within easy range of our pieces. As their shots reached beyond us, it was safer for us in our battery than in our camp a little in our rear; their cross-fire was often quite damaging. From the fault of a primer of one of our guns, the men who attempted to re-prime were injured. Richard F. Johnson had his toe broken, and Elnathan Cory had his thumb split. While in Battery No. 5, we changed our camp four times to keep out of range of the rebel pieces.

We exchanged our two twenty-four-pounder howitzers for two three-inch Dyer rifles, which gave us six Dyers. The firing on both sides was daily kept up at intervals, the rebels usually opening in the morning. Richard F. Johnson of our battery was wounded. But our position was immovable; the work was of a siege character.

June 1, 2. The siege still raged, both parties playing their guns smartly.

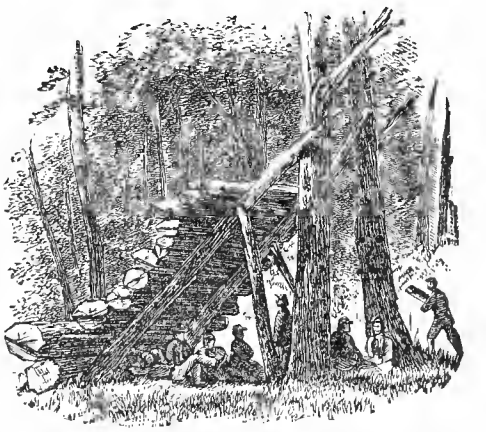
June 7 We were relieved from Battery No. 5, in the entrenchments and allowed to camp in the rear for rest.

June 9. Firing continued on the left and front.

June 15. Writes Lieutenant Sabin: "At 9 A. M. we had orders to move. Crossed the Appomattox, and after marching about nine miles, halted in a field near a plantation house which was being used as a hospital. The infantry had been engaged all day, and large numbers of the wounded were brought in. We patiently waited (though it was hard work) until 5 P. M., when orders came to go to the front. We passed up a road through woods, till we came upon the edge and almost upon our skirmish line, when we placed our guns, by hand, among the trees, with orders that not a man

should speak a loud word. Accompanying us were Battery F, Rhode Island Light Artillery and a battery of Regulars of four pieces — sixteen guns in all. At a given signal we opened fire. A slight elevation in front of us obstructed our view of the object of our aim; but the guns were worked with a will, every man doing his utmost and under a perfect shower of minie balls, which made the work intensely exciting. We shall long remember this whistling of metal.

"After firing about an hour — giving the enemy forty-six rounds — our Chief of Artillery came forward, waving his hat, and ordered us to cease firing. Our victory had been complete. The rebels, under General Wise, had evacuatad the forts and retreated to Petersburg; and but for hesitation on the part of our commander, General ———, it is believed we could have marched into Petersburg without opposition. Cornelius Barber, Peter Mee, and Charles Donahue were wounded. Sergeant Barber was shot in the leg by a minie ball. When asked if he wanted assistance, he replied: 'No, don't mind me.'"



BULLET PROOF IN THE WOODS.

Now the siege of Petersburg was fairly begun, and, as we shall see, it continued till April 2, 1865.

The Federal losses before this city, from June 15th to June 19th, foot up 1,298 killed, 7,474 wounded, and 1,814 missing. On this, the opening day, our battery had its casualties.

Charles Donahue was struck with a minie ball. On examination it was found that the bullet had plowed a little furrow across his body just at the small of the back, for the moment paralyzing him, so that we sent him to the hospital. What was our surprise in a short time to see him joining the battery and hear him remark: "Lieutenant Sabin, I'm all right again," and insist upon resuming his part in the battle.

June 16. Our left section went into position and performed some good shelling. Afterwards the whole battery took position and rounded out the artillery music. After the unavailing charge of the infantry we were allowed to go into park; but the battle continued all night.

June 17, 18. The battle was renewed and waged with great vigor. Soon after coming into position we received orders, at 5 o'clock, and started back for Point of Rocks, reaching our old camp. The next day, 18th, we moved near the look-out. We had pushed the rebels to their interior works. On the 20th Butler gained a footing at Deep Bottom.

June 21. At 9 o'clock, crossed the Appomattox by pontoon bridge, towards Petersburg again, and at 6 P. M., reached the front within 500 yards

of a rebel fort. This was a tight and hot place, and we were on the extreme right of the army.

June 22. We were within 2,500 yards of Petersburg, and sharpshooters greatly annoyed us. No man could show his head with safety. Heard heavy firing on our left. It was dangerous to show one's head above the protections. When a battery was wanted to fill this position, General Burnside suggested that the Rhode Island boys were the ones to be relied on, and so it fell to our lot.

June 23. Lieutenant Sabin's section fired on the railroad bridge at Petersburg, and the Lieutenant had his horse shot. Seven of our horses were wounded. We fired from No. 5, twenty-eight rounds, and No. 6, thirty-two rounds. We suffered also from the hot weather and from a want of change of clothes.

June 24. At seven in the morning the rebels opened and shelled like furies. What water we had was obtained under cover of the darkness at night.

June 25. Opened a little past noon on the railroad bridge, and received return fire, while heavy firing was heard at our left. The same order of battle continued until the 27th, when we were relieved by the Third New York Artillery, and we placed our pieces in a fort at the rear, where we fired the next day at long range. On the 30th we fired seventy-two rounds, when our troops made an advance.

In our lines was mounted a monster mortar, called "The Petersburg Express," for firing into the city. It was so named from the fact that it was mounted on a sort of platform that moved backward and forward like a railroad car, to give the gun a needed recoil. This piece, used chiefly at night, was particularly dreaded by the rebels, and from whom, as we learned by deserters, it received it expressive name, as conveying warm and emphatic dispatches, doing no little damage to the city. In our siege operations here we recalled the experiences of Fort Pulaski and Morris Island. There were constant collisions on the picket-line, and an almost uninterrupted booming of cannon.

Here we must leave for the present Company C, battling in connection with Grant on the "sacred soil" of Virginia in the memorable siege of Petersburg and Richmond, while we return to the other companies of our command in the Department of the South. The division of our regiment thus compels us to write short chapters, and to pass hurriedly from one part of the great field to another.

May 6. Charles D. Stalker (Company A), was taken prisoner in Florida, and finally died in prison at Florence, S. C., Feb. 13, 1865. In his sufferings were the facts that, could they have been recorded, might fill a touching chapter.

May 25. Brigadier-General Birney, with quite a force, white and colored, assisted somewhat by the navy, made a demonstration up the Ashepoo

River, S. C. Serious mistakes occurred among the commanders and pilots, that really crippled the plan of the expedition. The steamer Boston grounded and was destroyed. Quite a loss of men, horses and munitions was suffered. A detachment of our regiment was in the action on board the armed transport Plato (Capt. R. I. Getty), used at the time by General Birney as his head-quarters or flag-ship. Our boys behaved gallantly. William Hobert (Company F), while putting a shell into his gun, was injured by a premature explosion; and after the fuse of the shell was thus ignited, Hobert coolly threw the shell overboard and it burst in the water. The sponge of the gun was blown overboard, and another of our men leaped overboard and swam nearly two hundred yards and recovered it, under the enemy's fire.

May 25. Two sections of Company A, of our regiment, with Seventh United States Colored and 200 of Seventy-fifth Ohio, mounted, started at 10 o'clock, A. M., from Jacksonville, Fla., on the King's Road, toward Finnigan Camp. About 4 o'clock, P. M., we struck the rebel pickets and drove them in and across Cedar Creek. Halting the column, Colonel Shaw sent the three right companies across the creek to skirmish, while the pioneers rebuilt the destroyed bridge. Shortly firing ceased and the men were preparing supper. Again the firing opened. The enemy in front were in force. Company A brought their pieces into position and opened a hot fire, under which our skirmishers and finally the whole force fell back. Our guns covered the withdrawal by occasionally giving the enemy a few compliments of iron. Darkness shut down upon us through the heavy pines while we moved back to Jacksonville.

In the latter part of May General Gorton planned an expedition from Jacksonville against Camp Milton, a rebel work beyond Ten Mile Station, on the Florida and Gulf Railroad. The two columns, one under Colonel Noble (Seventeenth Connecticut), the other under Colonel Shaw (Seventh United States Colored Troops), were to co-operate, though advancing by different routes; the first moving up the St. John's River by steamer as far as practicable, and then over land; the other to march direct by way of Camp Finnigan.

May 31. Colonel Noble left at dark; Colonel Shaw, at 10 o'clock, P. M., with his Seventh United States Colored Troops, Seventy-fifth Ohio (mounted), One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York, and Company A, of our regiment, marched to Three Mile Run, where we bivouacked.

June 1. At 4 o'clock, A. M., we resumed our march, and, advancing to Cedar Creek, found the bridge destroyed, which was soon repaired by our pioneers, when we crossed and threw up a rifle-pit for its protection. About noon we reached Camp Finnigan and found it abandoned. Near 4 o'clock, P. M., we reached Ten Mile Station, where Colonel Noble and his column had already arrived and were holding the rebel works. The movements of the two columns had turned the enemy's position both at

Camp Finnigan and Milton — the last a work of no little strength — about a thousand yards of earthworks, block-houses, and barracks. The flames from the burning works lighted our bivouac, near the railroad. A fray with the foe on our picket line brought us into line near midnight.

June 2. The front got into a lively musketry dispute about 9 o'clock, A. M. General Gordon, commanding all our forces, learning that the rebels were advancing, used our artillery to cover his falling back, and especially to protect the bridges. We returned in safety to Jacksonville.

July 22. Late in the afternoon, with Seventh United States and other forces, on steamers, Company A moved out again from Jacksonville on a raiding expedition. Pushing up the St. John's as far as Black Creek, and about four miles up that stream, we landed and bivouacked on the road.

July 23. Moved forward about a mile and halted, and finally marched to Middleborough Bridge.

July 24. Moved to a bridge over a tributary of Black Creek, where on the appearance of a troop of rebel cavalry, our guns gave them some specimens of ferruginous pepper not exactly to their taste, and so induced them to withdraw. In the evening we advanced to Webster's Court House and chose a bivouac.

July 25. Moved forward; the mounted troops having some leaden disputes. Having improvised a bridge over a creek, in the afternoon we reached and cut the Florida and Gulf Railroad at Trail Ridge; and then aimed for Darby's on the Florida Central road.

July 26. Reached Darby's, only to find it in flames, together with a depot of rosin stored there. Onward we marched to Baldwin to find it also evacuated. To this point an engine came up from Jacksonville with supplies. This town — the objective point of the expedition — is at the intersection of the Florida Central, and Florida and Gulf Railroads — in itself an inferior little town in a swamp. Here we remained a few days and then marched back, by Ten Mile Station, to Jacksonville.

# CHAPTER XLVI.

## HONORS ON MORRIS ISLAND

JUNE, 1864.

*Fair honor waits to crown the brave.*

IF ever the full record of our civil war is given to the world, large honors will be awarded to the men who, on decks, and in trenches and forts prosecuted the siege of Charleston. Their strong and continuous blows, month after month, told heavily on the famous city of the insurgents, and sent their echoes round the world. Foreign nations withheld their recognition of the Confederacy while Charleston was being bruised and charred by our artillery.

June 26. The "Medals of Honor" awarded by Major-General Gillmore for "Gallant and Meritorious Conduct" in the reduction of Morris Island and demolition of Sumter, were bestowed upon our men with appropriate ceremonies and addresses. The General Order No. 94, issued by General Gillmore in October, 1863, specifies that these "Medals of Honor" should be awarded to three per cent. of the aggregate strength of the regiments, companies, and detachments in the actions in the batteries and trenches. Accordingly ten of the gallant men of our regiment received these decorations for valor and ability; two in each of the five companies engaged in the memorable battles. The men were: S. F M. Bushee (Company B); ——— ——— (Company B); Sergt. John F Newcomb, wounded (Company D); John Nickerson, who had died of wounds (Company D); James McGuire (Company H); Michael Ryan (Company H); Daniel Currie (Company I); Michael Gormley, who lost his arm (Company G); Sergt. George F Hazen (Company M); Thomas Cryan (Company M) The presentations were made before the battalion at dress-parade, accompanied by suitable remarks from the officers and the Chaplain. Where all our men behaved so gallantly under the heavy missiles, it was no easy task to select the proper persons to bear those honorable distinctions and rewards. In Companies B and H the selection was made by lot. In some cases the men insisted that the honors should be bestowed upon the wounded.

The medals were of choice prize metal, olive-colored, larger than a

half dollar piece, very finely wrought, with ornaments and mottoes in relief; the face reading: "For Gallant and Meritorious Conduct. Presented by Maj.-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore;" the obverse reading: "Fort Sumter, Aug. 23, 1863," with a relief view of the demolished fort. They were surmounted by swivel cap-pieces, bearing the inscribed names of the recipients, and furnished with clasps that held grounds of heavy red silk ribbon and attached the whole decoration to the left breast of the wearer. The medals were accompanied by elegantly struck certificates, bearing the soldier's name, the award, fac-similes of the faces of the medal, and the bold signature of Major-General Gillmore.

On the same day an interesting affair occured in Fort Putnam, while our gunners were engaged in a hot and heavy duel with the rebel forts on James Island. A rebel shell cut off the top of the topmast of the flag-staff in Putnam, and our flag ran down to half-mast. In an instant, defying the shots of the enemy's sharp-shooters in Sumter and the shell from the engaged batteries, George F. Sweet (Company E), darted up the mast and brought down the flag. Immediately upon this, F W Tibbets (Company M), who had been a sailor, climbed to the cross-trees, repaired the topmast, and lifted again defiantly the good old banner of the brave. And following this, one of our men trained a thirty-pounder Parrott and shot away the flag and flag-staff of Sumter. Such coolness, daring, and skill, won the warmest encomiums. Maj. G. Metcalf and Capt. P J. Turner, who were present, handsomely complimented the gallant men. When the rebels raised a second flag in the ruins of Sumter, one of these expert gunners again cut the rebel rag down. The cheering following these exploits was loud and long.

June 29. Lieutenant Burroughs trained a 200-pounder Parrott upon Castle Pinckney, distant about three and a fifth miles, and Sergeant Spooner with three out of five shots smote the castle. We dropped our shells into Charleston whenever we pleased; but the size of the castle made it the smallest armed target that we had selected; and its occupants, feeling that they were exempt from our regards, and safe, were sitting and strolling about on the work. Our magnificent shots produced among them an indescribable excitement. From that hour the work began to undergo a change, and soon, by sand-bags and timbers, it became transformed into quite a solid earthwork. Yet it was never regarded as a point of vital military importance.

The ten, twenty, and thirty-pounder Parrotts performed admirably, and had great endurance. The larger guns were excellent in duty but brief in life. The average number of rounds sustained by the 100 and 200-pounders, excluding those in which the bursting could be traced to the premature explosion or breaking of a shell, was three hundred and ten.

The following table presents a view in figures of the size, calibre and weight of some of our guns, and the weight of cartridges and shot.

PARROTT RIFLED GUNS.

| Size of Guns. | Inches Diameter of Bore. | Inches Length of Bore. | Pounds Weight. | Pounds Charge Powder. | Pounds Weight of Shot. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10-pounder..... | 2.90 | 70 | 890 | 1 | $9\frac{3}{4}$ to 10 |
| 20-pounder.. ..... | 3.67 | 79 | 1,750 | 2 | $18\frac{3}{4}$ to $19\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 30-pounder army..... | 4.20 | 120 | 4,200 | $3\frac{1}{2}$ | 29 |
| 30-pounder navy.... | 4.20 | 96.8 | 3,550 | $3\frac{1}{4}$ | 29 |
| 100-pounder. ..... | 6.40 | 130 | 9,700 | 10 | 80 |
| 200-pounder. ..... | 8.00 | 136 | 16,500 | 16 | 150 |
| 300-pounder..... | 10.00 | —— | 26,000 | 25 | 250 |

It is worthy of record that our marvelous success in throwing metal and flame into the city of Charleston — a horizontal distance of five miles — was very largely due to the novel and peculiar gun-carriage we employed. The kinds of gun-carriages hitherto known would not endure such heavy firing at such great elevations. The elevation in some cases was about forty degrees. Some of the missiles would be thirty-six seconds on their path. Special provision had to be made for the recoil of the gun. The new carriage invented, which was kept a secret from all visitors — even from the officers from abroad — consisted of long elastic timbers of such size and adjustment as allowed the gun to spring down and backward on a parabolic curve.

The battery appropriated chiefly to firing on Charleston was in front of Fort Putnam, close under its face, concealed and guarded by parapet and traverses of marsh sods, and sand, and known as the Water Battery. Into this, visitors were cautiously admitted.

Our boys had their episodes of service. One day a brave man, having purchased of the sutler a can of lobster, thought, before broaching it, to have it warmed for the improvement of its relish. Gathering splinters and sticks, he soon had a fire in the sand, on which he placed his unbroached can. To encourage the flames he bent down and blew the waning brands with his earnest breath, when,— Zounds! bang went the can, by explosion from generated steam, and away went the simmering lobster, no small part of it smiting the man on head and face, making him look as if he had the small-pox in a very irritating form.

# CHAPTER XLVII.

## ACTION ON JAMES ISLAND.

JULY, 1864.

*The valiant tread old battle-grounds.*

July 1. GENERAL SCHEMMELFENNIG, in command of the Northern District, led the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania, One Hundred and Third New York, Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, (colored,) and the Thirty-third United States Colored Troops from Folly to Long, from Long to Tiger, from Tiger to Coles, and from Coles to James Island, landing south of Secessionville, where at break of day, July 2d, our troops drove in and captured some of the enemy's cavalry pickets, and then dashed on a battery and captured two twelve-pounder guns, and thus gained a foothold. Lieutenant-Colonel Ames, of our regiment, as Chief of Artillery, accompanied the storming party. Heavy cannonading now commenced and continued day and night, disputing the soil of James Island. General Hatch now came up with forces he had led from Edisto Inlet and River by the way of John's Island and struck James Island on the west. Re-enforcements also went under Generals Saxton and Birney to aid in the movement. General Foster had command of all. All our troops behaved admirably, disregarding the hot hail of the rebel artillery; and the colored troops won fresh praise for their coolness and intrepidity. To assist and instruct the colored troops in handling artillery, some of our sergeants and corporals were in the hottest of the action.

The guns handled by Corp. R. B. S. Hart (Company H), on Long Island, did such splendid execution that the rebels turned two Brooke rifles and two eight-inch columbiads upon his battery to disable it, and well-nigh succeeded by plowing down its protection and tearing up everything around it. At last, while the corporal was sighting his piece, an eighty-seven pound shell from a Brooke rifle came so close to his head as to cut off the edge of the vizer of his cap, the outer cloth of the side of his cap, leaving the lining, and also cut off the tip of his right ear. But he instantly sprang to his gun again. His loss of cap, ear,

and blood did not deplete his courage, and when relieved from his post, as he quickly was by a wise caution, and taken back to the hospital, he was extremely anxious to return to the front and assist Sergeant Spooner and his comrades, and return his material compliments to the enemy.

The action on the southern portion of James Island continued with varying fortune for a number of days. Corporal Hart was often detailed, and sometimes for long periods, in giving instruction to other regiments in the use of heavy guns.

To aid in this action on James Island, Lieutenants Bible and Williams, with detachments from our batteries, were detailed to march down to Stono Inlet to man and wield two twenty-four-pounder howitzers, and a Parrott gun, on our armed transport, to be sent up the inlet and in the creeks between Folly and James Islands. The march had its mirthful events, but the service up the creeks was of a more sober character. Our men played the game of "give and take" with iron marbles, in highly creditable manner, very generously giving the "gray-backs" more than they received. They were absent from us on this service for several days.

Of General Schemmelfennig we are disposed to add, that he was a Prussian, and had been educated as a military engineer, and had confidence in his professional abilities. Having exercised his skill in constructing a map of the adjacent islands, laying down with great care the creeks and roads, he sent out a reconnoitering party with his map in hand, and gave orders that, on reaching a certain point where the road turned to the right, as his map would show, they should halt and wait further direction. On reaching the point, the party found that the road turned to the left and not to the right. In their perplexity they sent back a statement of the facts. After listening to the plain and positive testimony, General Schemmelfennig replied: "The map is all right; but this country here is all wrong." Some will also have amusing recollections of the General's experiments with fuses and rockets — the latter to serve as a kind of missiles, which they did, but by a reactionary movement upon his own men. This experimental force of his was humorously styled the "Rocket Brigade."

We add one more incident furnished by Adjutant Gorton. The General called for a volunteer to perform a brave and perilous task that he had planned. One of our regiment volunteered and reported for duty, whereupon the General said: "The Rhode Island Artillery will bore ze hole in ze wall of Sumter about ze size of ze barrel, then you will take ze keg of powder in ze boat, place it in ze hole made by ze artillery, then ze fort and yourself will be blown to h—l; and your whole duty as a soldier will be done." Our volunteer, of course, asked for time to carry out his plan. The General also had his own peculiar tactics in dealing with the myriads of southern mosquitoes by smearing his face with kerosene oil, choosing to endure odors rather than the loss of blood. On the whole, however, he was a brave and an accomplished officer.

# CHAPTER XLVIII.

## ATTACK ON FORT JOHNSON

JULY, 1864.

*The valiant dare to do, or die.*

July 2. WHILE the sharp reports of musketry and the heavy thuds of artillery were filling the air on our left, along the southern extremity of James Island, an order reached us on Morris Island to instantly organize a force, and, during the night, lead it against the forts and batteries on Johnson's Point, the north end of James Island, in front of Charleston. These objective points were Fort Johnson, Battery Simkins, Fort Pickens, and their supporting earthworks. The force consisted of eight hundred men, taken chiefly from the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York and Fifty-second Pennsylvania, with sixty men from our regiment to act as infantry during the assault, and as gunners in the captured works in case of success, the whole under command of Colonel Hoyt of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania. It was supposed that the action then being pressed on the south end of James Island had drawn somewhat from the rebel garrisons in our front, thus affording a hopeful prospect for the contemplated assault. On receiving the order, Maj. G. Metcalf called the battalion into line, and, after reading the order, called for volunteers, as had been the custom with us on like occasions of details for perilous duty Instantly, in answer to the call, the majority of the command stepped three paces to the front. This seemed to leave our commander in the dilemma of being obliged to select the sixty, after all; but after duly complimenting the men on their noble devotion, he counted off the sixty, beginning on the right of the line. Officers were named to lead the detachment, and the men were dismissed to make themselves and their arms ready before night.

In a short time one of the chosen men — a man of superior character and abilities, who had left a wife and little son, to enter the service — appeared before the Chaplain's rude shelter, where the following dialogue took place: —

*Soldier.* "Well, they won't let you go with us, they say."

*Chaplain.* "No. They allow only line officers."

*Soldier.* "This expedition means business."

*Chaplain.* "Certainly; Fort Johnson will not be captured without blood."

*Soldier.* "Well, you will do what you can for us?"

*Chaplain.* "Surely; what can I do?"

*Soldier.* "Here, take this pocket-book; it contains —— dollars. If I don't come back — and you see the chances are against us — please send it to my wife."

*Chaplain.* "I hope you will return."

*Soldier.* "But further. Here is my watch; please keep it till you hear of me, dead or alive. If I fall, will you send this to my boy?"

*Chaplain.* "God bless you, and give you success. Your wishes shall be followed."

Such was some of the splendid stock in our command. We are happy to state that this man returned to us unharmed.

The officers selected for our detachment were Captain Churchill, Lieutenant Bible, and Lieutenant Elliott. Action was still going on, in places, on James Island. Meanwhile, the enemy on Sullivan's Island desired to claim our attention, on Morris Island, as much as possible. In the afternoon Moultrie gave us 216 shot and shell, which, while finely sanding our works and camps, gave us all the scrap iron we then needed. At the same time Forts Greene and Purvianee were addressing their weighty regards to the village of Secessionville. Before night Lieutenant-Colonel Ames returned from James Island to assist in our expedition, and as a volunteer, accompanied the One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh New York with Colonel Gurney.

July 3. The expedition, duly armed and instructed, left Morris Island in boats soon after midnight, under cover of the dense fog that always on still summer nights wraps in its folds the islands and creeks of the southern coast. Proceeding with utmost caution and silence, the force reached the rebel front and commenced the attack at 4 o'clock in the morning. The surprise was nearly perfect. But there was an unexpected break in the line of boats, owing to the fog and a curvature of the shore, and a consequent delay in the landing of some of the troops. This forewarned the vigilant enemy and prepared Fort Johnson for the blow.

As the first boat of the line touched the shore, a deadly fire of artillery and musketry poured from the front of Johnson and the neighboring batteries. In the silence and darkness that had reigned, this eruption of fire and sound was awful as it saluted our force and filled our expectant eyes and ears on Morris Island, where all were watching the issue with breathless anxiety. The right of our line was broken with heavy loss. Such was the fiery storm of shell, grape, canister, and volleys of musketry, that the line of boats was compelled to fall back. Some had landed, however, and

begun the work of assault; here the loss was fearful. The roar of guns awoke every rebel stronghold on our front. Battery Cheves (known familiarly as the "Bull-of-the-Woods"), on the south of Battery Simkins, and also Moultrie, away over on Sullivan's Island, turned their guns upon our men, which made their situation indeed desperate. Only the mantle of night saved them from utter destruction.

Wild and awful was that scene; the night lighted up by such awful death-flames, and the air rent by such wrathful peals of artillery and sharp reports of musketry. The Union loss was nineteen killed, ninety-seven wounded, and 135 missing. Among the missing were Colonel Hoyt and Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania. One brave and good man of our regiment, Peter Connelly (Company F), in the boat with Lieutenant Bible, as they reached the shore under the guns of Simkins and encountered a volley, was instantly killed by a ball that passed through his neck and head. The body was tenderly brought off, and on the following evening we observed suitable and exceedingly solemn funeral services, wrapping the coffin in our national flag, and tearfully laying our fallen comrade in his sandy grave beside the many who had fallen on this memorable front. Captain Churchill and his men were the last to leave James Island, and so the last to return to Morris Island.

At this time Colonel Brayton was Chief of Artillery for the whole Department of the South; Lieutenant-Colonel Ames was Chief for the Northern District, and Maj. George Metcalf was Chief for Morris Island. Meanwhile, Major Bailey commanded the post of Fort Pulaski and Tybee Island. Thus the field officers of our regiment held the highest and most responsible artillery positions in the Department; and they received from the superior military authorities the credit of always doing their work quickly and well. Our line officers were almost constantly in command of forts, earthworks and important batteries; and both our captains and our lieutenants were honored for their work.

We recollect when Lieutenant-Colonel Ames returned to Morris Island from the severe fighting on James Island, just in time to join in the attack on Johnson, covered with mud and thoroughly exhausted, throwing himself down under a strip of canvas and with an inimitable look and key of voice, repeated the consoling words:—

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,"

and then pointed to the mud on his uniform. He was always full of classical sunshine and pertinent humor; and he alone can tell the story about "chickens on an iron-clad."

Our assault of Fort Johnson was only a part of the military programme that was being executed in our department, all of which was intended to prevent southern troops from being sent to re-enforce Lee at Richmond or to check Sherman's advance to Atlanta. The troops of our department at-

tacked the rebel front in four columns, from as many different points. First, our column to strike Fort Johnson; second, a column of 2,500 under Schemmelfennig to move up the Stono to an attack near Secessionville; third, a force under General Hatch, to move by the North Edisto, cross John's Island, and strike James Island in the flank; fourth, a column of colored troops under General Birney, to ascend the Dawhoo in boats, march to Rantoul's Creek and cut the important bridge of the Charleston and Savannah railroad.

We wish that the design and limits of our volume would allow us to speak, as our hearts prompt us, of the merits of the troops with which we were associated in the arduous and perilous services in our department. Brave and devoted brothers — officers and men — we found from Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other loyal States. Their deeds are their eulogy. We hope every command will present to the country its faithful history. Impressive foot-prints were made by the loyal army on the shores of the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida.

July 4. By a premature discharge of a gun in Putnam, a member of Company E, Samuel Powley, was so injured in his face as to utterly lose his sight.

July 5. In the lulls of the siege, we looked out upon the fleet of monitors, gun-boats, and transports — some outside and some inside of the bar. The flag-ship held her ensign as the centre of the martial host. A company of divers and wreckers were engaged in the endeavor to lift from her watery grave the unfortunate Keokuk. The ocean beat its deep requiem over the gallant Weehauken; and just above the crest of the waves rose the tops of the masts of the torpedo-wrecked Housatonic. On the south side of the channel of Light-House Inlet were the ribs and boilers of one of Johnny Bull's ventures in the neutral enterprise of blockade-running. In the elbow of the channel, not far from Fort Moultrie, lay the skeletons of other blockade-runners. A Confederate transport steamer hugged the bottom of the harbor above Fort Sumter. The rebel rams were satisfied to nurse their valor under the banks of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers.

How many soldiers will recall the old Beacon House, near the centre of the island, from which we quietly detailed the floor-boards and sheathing till only the frame and roof were left, and from the cupola of which, as a look-out station, with our glasses we could read the time of day on the faces of the town clocks in Charleston, and discern the people passing in the streets. Two men were constantly kept as observers and signal officers in the tower of this building, till finally, from depletion of material, the remaining skeleton succumbed to a southern gale.

# CHAPTER XLIX.

## INCIDENTS ON THE FRONT

JULY — AUGUST, 1864.

*What countless deeds remain unsung.*

FROM necessity our historical sketch is divided into many brief chapters. From the separation of our companies, and our diversified services, it has been impossible to present an unbroken thread of narrative; but our wide and mixed experiences had this advantage, that they brought us into connection with all the important operations in our department. Should we introduce all the stirring incidents, however, that were connected with our service, we should present a large volume.

July 16. Christopher Lovett (Company E), wounded in action.

We have mentioned that our camps were nearly in the centre of Morris Island, and were quite within the range of the enemy's guns. Occasionally we were molested by rebel shells. Once Fort Moultrie threw shells beyond us, killing some in the camps south of us. To show how coolly our boys regarded these rebel salutations, we may mention the fact that, on a Sabbath, when the battalion — save the men on duty — was in line, with the musicians on the right and the officers in their proper position, all listening to the Chaplain, in the midst of his discourse a sixty-four pound shell from Moultrie struck a little beyond the right of the command and exploded, throwing a cloud of sand over us; but the men did not stir or look to the right; and they reported that the Chaplain did not turn his eyes from his audience or halt in the line of his discourse.

Among the colored servants employed by the officers, many will remember one named Jim, who, at different times, served different field officers with great acceptance, as he was distinguished for his industry, skill, and economy. None excelled him as a caterer, and no one equaled him in husbanding the stores of his mess. Of one of the officer's wives he remarked: "She will ruin her husband, she uses such a godly lot of sugar." Having lost a can of tomatoes while moving camp, he shortly made the balance of stores good by finding a chest of tea. On different occasions, when articles of washed clothing were lost from his clothes-line,

he soon made his employer's loss good by finding articles of equal value and very similar character, though the marks and names on the articles were different from the missing ones. He was sure to account, in some way, for all that was entrusted to his care.

Of course, in the Tenth Army Corps, there were a few daring spirits who volunteered to brave the hazards of secret service. Among those who made these solitary and perilous advances there was one whose name appears upon no roll, but whose services are worthy of honorable mention. We allude to March Haynes, a large, well-proportioned, sagacious negro, formerly a slave in Savannah, where, hiring his time of his master, he engaged as a stevedore and a pilot on the river. Comprehending the spirit and scope of the war, he was ready, on the capture of Fort Pulaski, to aid the Union and assist his fellow slaves in securing their freedom. By means of a suitable boat, that he kept secreted in a creek among the marshes, below Savannah, he brought into our lines, at different times, a large number of fugitives. Finally, fearing detection, he came in himself, and brought his wife. Still he was intent on serving the Union cause.

He often made reconnoissances in the night, up the creeks along the Savannah, gathering information and bringing away boat-loads of negroes. General Gillmore furnished him with whatever he needed in his perilous missions. He ordered a staunch, swift boat, painted a drab color, like the hue of the Savannah River. He might select such negroes to assist him as he thought proper. Often he landed in the marshes below Savannah, and, entering the city in the night, sheltered and supplied by the negroes, he spent days in examining the forts, batteries, and camps of the rebels, bringing away exact and valuable information. On one of his expeditions, being delayed till after daylight, as he and his party were coming down a creek, they encountered six rebels on picket. Both parties fired. Three rebels were shot by March, and fell dead; but March himself received a bullet in his thigh. He, however, escaped capture.

In celebrating the 4th of July, and in honoring the great victories of the Union army, the pageant and demonstrations at Port Royal were always grand and impressive. The army and the navy united in the execution of the orders. Flags were lifted in every camp, battery and fort. Every ship of war, monitor, gun-boat, and transport, from mast-head and stays, hung out every possible signal and standard. The old Vermont and the leviathan Ironsides were gorgeously decorated. At the hour named for the salutes, guns of all calibres, from bank and deck, rolled the thundering joy and exultation over the broad harbor, across the fair islands, far up to the main-land and out on the sea. Music, parades, and festivities gave their emphasis to the national expressions.

July 20. Company B, stationed at Hilton Head, holding Fort Welles, lost one man by drowning; Daniel Crosby, with a party engaged in drawing a seine in Port Royal harbor, was caught by the undertow of the swell,

and swept away beyond the reach of his associates. His body was not recovered.

Aug. 1. Captain Colwell's 300-pounder Parrott, in Fort Chatfield, burst, blowing off the front part. With it he had fired 1,007 rounds; on the preceding day he had fired seventy rounds, using 17,500 pounds of metal, 1,750 pounds of powder in cartridges, and 1,190 pounds in the shells. Our men often used, in a single day, shot, shell, and powder, to the value of $1500, which should be regarded as costly gunning, and was so viewed by the rebels.

Aug. 3. Under a flag of truce the siege ceased for a few hours, while a steamer from Charleston came down the harbor and met our steamer Cosmopolitan off Fort Strong, and exchanged about fifty general and field officers who had been in prison in Charleston, for the same number that were about to be put under the rebel fire on our front. This silence in the siege was strange and impressive to us; our ears had become accustomed to the ceaseless thunders of battle. But as soon as the steamers returned to their lines the great guns on both sides resumed their hoarse and hostile music.

By order of the Confederate authorities, there arrived, June 14th, in the city of Charleston, fifty Federal general and field officers held as prisoners of war, who, according to the enemy's direction, were at once quartered in a part of the city swept by our siege guns. Of this barbarous deed the commander of Charleston immediately informed General Foster, who replied that he should send to Washington for permission to retaliate in kind by putting a like number of officers of the same grades, in quarters on Morris Island on ground smitten by the rebel cannon. In due time General Foster's request was granted, and immediate steps were taken to carry out the proposed measure.

The prison barracks designed for the captive rebel officers to be put under the rebel fire, in retaliation for our officers placed under the sweep of our guns, were in due time located between Forts Putnam and Chatfield. They were to be commodious wooden structures, partitioned into convenient rooms, and well ventilated, but well barred. The first of these buildings, erected between Chatfield and Putnam, was struck by shell from Moultrie before it was finished, and thereafter remained a wreck to be plundered by the boys. Two Federal line officers, assisted by negroes, escaped from Charleston the night before the exchange of superior officers took place. There were still 600 Federal officers imprisoned in the Charleston jails.

In reference to the cost of our gunnery, we may record the fact that the men of our regiment on Morris Island, from the 7th of July to the 7th of August, fired upon Fort Sumter above 10,000 rounds, using more than seventy tons of powder and more than seven hundred tons of iron — at a cost of more than $200,000. Meanwhile, remember, we were firing at other points.

Aug. 7. During the preceding night the enemy vigorously shelled our front, throwing several ugly explosives into and around our camp; the shots wounded five of our colored pickets, one of them mortally.

Aug. 9. Again the rebels shelled the island during the night, making it very unpleasant in our camp. Meanwhile, they attempted to slip out of the harbor a blockade-runner, but she was detected and became a target and victim of our guns.

On this same day, two men of Company B, Elisha H. Crosby and J. E. Stewart, lost their lives in Fort Welles, while firing a salute, using a defective gun that was captured with the fort in 1861.

During this month our accomplished Adjutant — G. O. Gorton — prepared in pamphlet form a roster of the commissioned officers of the regiment, that was printed Aug. 31st, at the office of *The New South*.

Aug. 10. Again we were vigorously shelled by the enemy. The Bull-of-the-Woods bellowed lustily at the Swamp Angel battery. But the emphatic remarks of Forts Strong and Putnam hushed the Bull's roar.

Aug. 15. As another specimen of our thundering work, we give the firing for this day of one of our guns — our 300-pounder Parrott in Fort Chatfield, playing on Fort Sumter, using at each discharge twenty-five pounds of powder in the cartridge and ten pounds in the shell; firing nineteen times, we used 665 pounds of powder and near five thousand pounds of metal — certainly producing an impressive result, as fourteen of the nineteen were splendid shots.

Aug. 19. James Crowley (Company E), was killed while on his way north to be mustered out.

A national salute of thirty-five guns was fired on the 15th from Fort Welles, "in honor of the late glorious achievement of Admiral Farragut and his gallant fleet at Mobile."

Our men were ever ready for a dash at the rebels; particularly was this true of Company G, who by their bold expeditions secured the name of the fighting company. Now stationed on Tybee Island, they could not be at rest. By consent of Major Bailey (in Pulaski), commanding the post, Daniel Jordan, in command of a party in a ten-oared boat, leaving Tybee about midnight, pushed up the Savannah, over torpedoes, to the rebel picket-line near the obstructions, within range of the guns of Fort Jackson. Landing about daylight, they deployed right and left to examine the enemy's front, and found it. A rebel pistol raised the alarm. Under a shower of lead and iron, they fell back, protected by the river bank. The rebels were astonished at their audacity.

Each arm of the service for our country's defence has its peculiarities. That of heavy artillery is the most ponderous and scientific. Great labor and skill are requisite in the construction of forts, batteries, redans, redoubts, entrenchments, magazines, traverses, and trenches. Both science and experience are demanded in mounting and handling the heavy pieces, smooth

and rifled, and mortars and howitzers; and in the preparation and use of the different kinds of powder and missiles. The art of heavy gunnery is delicate and recondite, subject to complex conditions and varying circumstances, distance, elevation, windage, drift, quality and proportion of powder to projectiles, and nameless modifications from positions and weather. In these things even Yankee intelligence and ingenuity were taxed to their utmost. In our experiences at Fort Pulaski and in front of Charleston, General Gillmore was happily surprised by the great success of our guns.

During the bombardment of Charleston and the long rebel front, there were some hours of unusual thunder and of equal danger. At one time, when Maj. G. Metcalf was Acting Chief of Artillery, we had orders to open at given hours in the day — morning, noon, sunset, and midnight — every available piece in all our works — guns and mortars — all at the same instant. Zounds! What a roar, smoke, and shaking of the island. As we pitched the tune, the rebels followed it. Their sunset gun on Sumter was their signal. From the sea-margin of Sullivan's Island, along all their front, down to Secessionville, they instantaneously belched their thunders and hurled their shot and shell. About that time bomb-proofs and traverses were appreciated. Doubtless this order of firing sprang from General Schemmelfennig's love for experiments.

It was a strange experience, in the midst of the thunder and smoke of the incessant siege, to pause on a sand-knoll and listen to the song-birds that still remained on the island, twittering in the chaparral, or leaping to the top of a battered palmetto, and warbling their joyous carols, utterly unconcerned with the strifes and commotions of the human world around them. These poets of nature lived in a higher, serener air than we. Oblivious of the deadly flying missiles, they pursued the songful tenor of their hopeful lives. Amid encompassing dangers and the surgings of the war-billows, how instructive their pleasing melodies and their sublime faith in Providence. A sweet sermon, indeed, the gifted musicians discoursed to us.

Brig.-Gen. R. Saxton, as Military Governor of South Carolina, under date of Aug. 29, 1864, issued from his head-quarters at Beaufort, a general order and address to the freedmen in the Department of the South, stating that he had instituted, with all the necessary officers, "The South Carolina Freedmen's Savings Bank, located in the town of Beaufort." At once this new thing under the sun for ex-slaves — this Yankee notion on new, free soil — commanded the confidence of the colored troops and all the blacks, and rapidly rose by its deposits into an institution of great utility, but afterwards, through its second cashier, became seriously involved. One negro brought to the bank $800 in gold.

# CHAPTER L.

## BENEVOLENCES ON THE FRONT

AUGUST, 1864.

*True hearts beat 'neath the coats of mail.*

THE generosity and benevolences of sailors and soldiers have become proverbial. Perhaps this is in part due to the great and broad impulses that move these men to choose their perilous pursuits; their natures have a broad, unselfish range. But their many, common, severe toils and sufferings strongly and indissolubly unite them. Nowhere have we seen more brotherly kindnesses, more disinterested acts of charity, more volunteer benevolences than among our soldiers on the front. Their deep and tender sympathies were ever apparent wherever there existed need. And as our men were ever ready to bestow needed favors, they were ever thankful for such as they received.

It would be ungrateful in the army not to make most honorable mention of the various and timely favors received from the United States Sanitary Commission — one of the many happy forms in which the loyal people of the country expressed their interest in their brothers on the battle-front. Perhaps the services of the Sanitary Commission were nowhere more needed, as they were nowhere more generously expressed, than on Morris Island during the reduction of Forts Wagner and Gregg by assaults and saps, and the protracted bombardment of Fort Sumter and the strongholds protecting the city of Charleston. Amid the marshes and sand-hills of the island, without a supply of good water, under the scorching summer sun, delving in saps and throwing up earthworks and bomb-proofs, by day and by night, now in skirmish, now in assault, now dragging and now mounting — and constantly firing — heavy guns, and perpetually under the sharp, deadly aim of the enemy's forts; the sufferings and needs of our men were uncommon. Wounds, sun-strokes, and extreme exhaustions were always occurring.

Under these circumstances, for which the quartermaster and hospital departments could not make adequate provisions, the agents of the Sanitary Commission were veritable angels of mercy amongst us. They brought us pure water, lemonade, tea, coffee, sugar, extra articles of food and

clothing, often coming under the fire of the enemy's guns to the extreme front on their merciful errands. Into our hospitals, among our wounded and sick, they came regularly with ice-water, cordials, lint, bandages, and a nameless variety of comforts for the soothing of suffering and the cheering of the disconsolate. Many a precious life was saved by these benevolent ministrations. The Commission had a suitable depot of their valuables and comforts, and also an ice-house, on the south end of Morris Island, near the jetty on Light House Inlet. Never may we forget this Bethesda, or the considerate kindness of the people at home who opened it for our relief.

That our regiment appreciated the services of the Sanitary Commission, the following correspondence will testify: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS THIRD RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Aug. 27, 1864.

DR. M. M. MARSH, *Agent Sanitary Commission, Beaufort, S. C:* —

SIR: I forward herewith $1,000, a donation of the enlisted men of my regiment, to the United States Sanitary Commission. I need not mention the feelings which prompted this generous gift, but can assure you that so long as the bombardment of Sumter and the memorable siege of Wagner and Gregg shall remain in memory, so long will the invaluable aid of the Sanitary Commission on Morris Island — in camp, in hospital, and in trenches — be remembered by the Third Rhode Island Artillery. I beg you, therefore, in behalf of my brave men (many of whom are now leaving the regiment after more than three years' honorable service), to accept this sum for the Sanitary Commission, that all may enjoy the blessings, for which, in times of need and peril, we were thankful, and which, in the days of our plenty, we esteem it a privilege to assist in extending to others.

I am, Sir, respectfully your obedient servant,

C. R. BRAYTON,

*Colonel Third Rhode Island Artillery.*"

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"BEAUFORT, S. C., Oct. 4, 1864.

*To the Editor of the Providence Journal:* —

SIR: Being uncertain of the residence of Colonel Brayton, through whom I should acknowledge to the Third Rhode Island Artillery the reception of their generous gift, I beg leave to give this acknowledgment, and also Colonel Brayton's truly noble letter, an insertion in your paper. Besides, it is eminently due to the Third Rhode Island Artillery that their brothers of the State should know that these men are as generous as they are brave. They have honored even Rhode Island. In the camp and in the field she can furnish no superiors. In exhausting and continuous labors, in exact discipline, and in the perilous front, no troops can excel them. The Department of the South will gratefully remember their arduous labors and noble daring; and the members of the United States Sanitary Commission here must ever cherish a fraternal remembrance of the Third Rhode Island Artillery.

Most respectfully,

M. M. MARSH,

*Medical Inspector for the Commission.*"

The contribution alluded to above was from ten of our companies.

Another company, before leaving the front, gave to the Commission $25, which Dr. Marsh handsomely acknowledged.

While our officers and men tenderly remembered each other in their sufferings, they did not forget the families of their fallen comrades. We have before mentioned the gift of Company H to the widow of James Campbell of $100. The regards of the officers and men in Fort Pulaski, for the mother of James Grimes (Company K), took the form of a donation amounting to $650. When Peter Connelly fell, in the assault upon Fort Johnson, his comrades of Company F sent to his wife $93. When leaving the front, the members of Company E presented a purse of $100 to their comrade, Samuel Powley, who was wounded July 4th, in Fort Putnam. These facts but indicate the constant heart-throbs that warmed and shaped the lives of our brave cannoniers.

Will it ever be known, till the revelations of the last great day, how much of consolation and cheer were ministered to our men in their camps and hospitals by the kindly communications and offices of the excellent Christian Commission, that sent out Christian men and women to speak to us words of love, and distribute along the front Bibles, hymns, books, periodicals, and needed stationery. Regiments and posts without chaplains were in this way often supplied; reading-rooms were opened at general head-quarters and in large hospitals, and important assistance was rendered to all in their home correspondence. Not infrequently the agents of this Commission would assist in bearing the wounded from the fields of battle to the rear, into the hands of the surgeons, and to hospitals, and, when furloughed, to their homes. Everywhere and well did they fulfill their commissions as good Samaritans.

While some of us, stricken down by disease, lay in the large general hospital within the entrenchments on Hilton Head, we were greatly comforted and helped by the tender ministries of female nurses sent to us from the North; though some of these, we think, were volunteers in this invaluable service. Under whose auspices or directions these worthy nurses and hospital assistants acted, we never knew; but we cannot neglect to give them at least thankful historic record. Some of these were of the highest rank and culture in our northern cities. We recall certain ones who came from homes of wealth and affluence to give themselves to the succor of our sick and wounded soldiers. In the crowded wards of a hospital under the management of men, according to rigid military rules, it was no little solace to look upon the face and to hear the gentle voice of a motherly woman, and receive from her hand the carefully prepared medicines.

# CHAPTER LI.

## BATTLE OF GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA.

MAY — AUGUST, 1864.

*Earth's flowery lands are stained with blood.*

WHEN it was determined that Company C should accompany General Gillmore to Virginia, an order was issued to mount Company A as a light battery, to aid in our expeditions along the coast. The equipment and drilling was at Hilton Head. Men of experience, as these were, soon acquired the needed additional knowledge. All our men, being expert in the use of heavy guns, could as readily handle smaller ones, though they had but little experience with horses. In April, the company was ready for service and reported in Jacksonville, Fla.

Gainesville lies on the line of the Florida Railway, (or West India Transit Company), ninety-six miles from Fernandina, and fifty-five from Cedar Keys — nearly equidistant from the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico — a place now of much reputation for invalids.

Our force of 138 men of the Seventy-fifth Ohio, ninety of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, and a detachment of Company A, and some from Company B — temporarily detailed — of our regiment, under Captain Hamner, moved up the road from Trail Ridge, occupied Starke, captured cars loaded with rebel stores, and then advanced on Gainesville, seizing the town without difficulty, after a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry. While our men were baiting their horses, the enemy, numbering more than 600 strong under Major Dickinson at the head of his cavalry, supported by artillery and infantry, suddenly and hotly assailed us. Colonel Harris, at our head, met the unexpected attack with promptness and courage.

Aug. 17. The battle was exceedingly hot and earnest. The detachment of our regiment under Sergt. A. M. Fuller, had charge of a field howitzer and handled it with remarkable vigor and effect. They expended all their ammunition, and then stood by their gun to the last waiting for supplies and orders. When charged upon by the rebel cavalry they nobly repelled the charge with their revolvers. They did all that lay in the power of men to do; but the superior force overcame them when they

could no longer play their piece. We therefore lost the howitzer, caisson, horses and the following brave men : —

Killed, Mitchell Prew.

Captured, Sergt. Alonzo M. Fuller, (Company B) ; Corp. Frank W Horton, Francis A. Hopkins, (Company B) ; Patrick Connelly, Almon D. Ide, George H. Luther, Henry C. Reynolds, George Sweetland, Joseph H. Wheaton, Stephen H. Hammond, John Creighton. Corporal Horton was wounded. J. H. Wheaton was never again heard from.

Col. A. S. Harris (Seventy-fifth Ohio), commanding our forces, in his official report makes the following mention of the behavior of our men : —

"In honor to Sergeant Fuller, and the detachment which was under his command, allow me to say that their conduct was in the highest degree commendable during the whole time they were connected with me. They were true soldiers, and an honor to their profession."

These captured men from Company A, with the two from B, were thrown into the horrible prison-pen at Andersonville, Ga.

The Union loss at this battle was sixteen killed, thirty-two wounded, and 102 missing.

The many thousands of freedmen in the Department of the South manifested much aptness and thrift in providing for themselves and their families. Where they had any opportunity, on the abandoned plantations, they raised, and sold in the military camps, sweet potatoes, peanuts, corn, melons and vegetables. Those who had no access to lands, made rush and husk baskets for sale, or caught oysters, drum-fish, crabs, shrimp and turtle. From slabs and logs they erected for themselves comfortable, if not elegant cabins.

# CHAPTER LII.

## PRISON EXPERIENCES OF GEO H. LUTHER.

AUGUST, 1864 — MARCH, 1865.

*Through horrid prisons passed the brave.*

MOST justly should we include in our history, some mention of the experiences and sufferings of such of our faithful cannoniers as fell into the ruthless hands of our enemies. As we still held their names on our rolls, we held their memories in our hearts, and now we count their privations and pains as a part of the price that was paid for our country's emancipation. We here give the substance of the record furnished us by George H. Luther of our light battery, Company A: —

"I was captured at Gainesville, Fla., Aug. 17, 1864, by the force, called bushwhackers, under command of Colonel Dickerson. I was a lead driver of piece No. 3, then under Sergeant Fuller. Our whole force was under Colonel Harris, Seventy-fifth Ohio.

Just before this our whole battery had been out on a raiding expedition. On the 10th of August, my piece and caisson, with two companies of the Massachusetts Cavalry, and two companies of the Seventy-fifth Ohio, as mounted infantry — in all about three hundred men — branched off, and we were to meet at Lake City. After leaving the main force, we did some smart work in destroying salt mills and all the public property we found. Once, near midnight, we were attacked, but succeeded in defending ourselves. Of course, watermelon patches, peach orchards, and some cellars of apple-jack, and specimens of cherry rum suffered according to their merits. Marching day and night, halting only to feed our horses and take our rations, we had to catch our sleep in our saddles. All the streams were forded, as Florida could not boast of bridges. We afterwards learned that we were cautiously followed and fully counted by the rebels. At all times our situation was critical.

We reached Gainesville about 5 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 17th, thoroughly jaded and hungry, the shoulders of our horses galled and bleeding. Driving into a small grove, we fed our animals, and then took a walk through the little southern town. Some obtained corn-cakes, some a little rock candy, and some fell upon Confederate scrip. Soon after returning to our grove, and seating ourselves for a moment's enjoyment, boom went a gun and over us went a solid shot.

The rebel force — bushwhackers, for they were no better — consisting of nearly a thousand, men of sixty and boys of fifteen, armed with pistols, muskets, shot-guns, rifles, and whatever they could muster, now hotly attacked our little

band. We sprang to our posts and worked for dear life. As we had moved into an open field and they remained in the woods, they had the advantage of us. The work was short and hot. Very soon the enemy shot down five of the horses on the caisson, leaving us only one, and while holding that horse Mitchell Prew was killed, receiving two shots — one in each breast. Our men stood to our piece and fired heroically, till we had but one canister and one solid shot remaining.

Corporal Horton was wounded in the foot, and taken to the rear, but soon returned and helped us bravely. Sergeant Fuller was separated from us, at the opening of the action, and this left Corporal Horton in charge. Finding that the rebels were surrounding us, and closing in on all sides, we had orders from Colonel Harris to retreat. We were in doubt as to which way we should turn. As I was the lead driver on the piece, the choice of a road fell upon me. After entering the main road, I turned into a cart-path, hoping to pass around and find the highway by which we came. Hotly the rebels pursued us, firing upon us as rapidly as possible. A huge log lay across our path, over which I was obliged to drive. The leap over this tree threw off some of the men who were astride the gun.

Shortly after this, as the enemy was close upon us, a shot struck one of our wheel horses in the shoulder, which brought us to a stand. Colonel Harris, who was near us at the time, said: 'Boys, I am sorry for you; I have stayed by you till the last minute; good bye;' and away he went through the dust on his splendid horse. He could do no more.

We could do no less than surrender. And though we did this, about twenty of our men were killed afterwards. A mounted rebel came up to me and said: 'You d—— d Yankee son-of-a-gun, give me that revolver;' and then ordered me to load it for him, as it was empty. I had but a single cartridge remaining. Immediately I was ordered to assist in getting our gun in order and taking it back to town, about a mile distant. Taking out the dead horse and putting in my nigh horse, and hitching up without saddles — since the 'rebs' had cut all these from the animals — we reached town near night, and, by order, put the piece in position beside a rebel piece for the defense of the place.

The enemy had about a hundred and fifty of us as prisoners, and put us for the night in a school-house yard, giving us a part of what we had when captured. For supper, for the whole company, they allowed us a piece of bacon as large as your two hands with some hard-tack.

Aug. 18. As prisoners of war, under a cavalry guard, we started on foot for the Chattahoochie River, and walked about twenty miles. This was our average distance; and we had but one meal a day. Over a part of our route our guard was of infantry. Fording all the streams, and plodding on for three days, we finally reached the Chattahoochie, where we were put on a cotton boat — a Mississippi steamer, whose wheezing lungs could be heard for many miles.

Passing up the river and reaching the terminus of the Georgia Railroad, we took cars and traveled about two hundred miles, and reached our first place of permanent imprisonment, the horrid pen of Andersonville.

Never can we forget our first view of this infamous place. We could see it from the station over the hill-side. The ground was black with prisoners. We called it the bull-pen, for it was better suited to beasts than to men. Before reaching it we were halted and stripped naked, and everything of value was taken from us, money, tobacco, blankets, and all that might aid or comfort us. Fortunately, I had on a pair of doeskin pantaloons that I retained. We then received the number of our division, the number of our thousand, and the number of our mess, but were left to find our places as best we could.

As we passed in through the big gate the sight was disheartening. About a

hundred lay along on the ground, some dead, some dying, some purging at the mouth. In these we feared we read our own fate. Patrick Connelly and myself were placed together, and we strolled around in the hope of finding a place where we might lay down, and, finally, found a spot where the prisoners cut hair, and here we laid our weary bodies, under the cover of the stars. Our thoughts may not be told.

Little sleep had we that night. Rising in the morning, we found ourselves covered with body-lice, from which we were not rid while we remained in that abominable place. Hundreds around us were dying of scurvy. These were screaming and groaning all night. We passed around to see if any were in the pen that we knew, and found several, among them two who were captured a short time before ourselves. We refer to those captured from our regimeut while they were on a foraging tour upon Kiawa Island. They told us of the horrors into which we had come, and which can be understood only by those who have experienced them.

We were obliged to conform ourselves to our miserable lot. Strolling around the pen, we found about half the prisoners lying on their backs, screaming and groaning from scurvy and dysentery, which were the principal diseases. Once in twenty-four hours we received rations, sometimes cooked and sometimes raw; when raw, we had a small piece of bacon or fresh beef, half a spoonful of salt, a spoonful of molasses, half a piut of meal, and a gill of beans.

I sold my doeskin pants for a pair of duck ones with eight dollars in greenbacks to boot; a lucky trade for me, as I was now able to buy some rice-bags out of which Connelly and myself, with sticks and strings, sewed for ourselves a kind of tent, or rather a sort of awning for our heads. This kept off some of the sun but not the heavy rains that here abounded, and was no protection against the cold winter as it advanced, the coldest, the rebels said, that had been known in that region for ten years. Our feeble screen, however was better than nothing.

Our prison-pen was guarded by five regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery. The guards on the stockade were about fifteen feet apart, and all were intent on their duty. Every guard that shot a prisoner received a dollar and a furlough of sixty days. A second enclosure, within the stockade about ten feet from it, was called the dead-line; all daring to cross it were shot by the guard. I saw one prisoner when he asked the guard for a chew of tobacco. The guard said: 'Come and get it.' On his reaching his hand over the dead-line, the guard instantly shot him.

Some of the sick prisoners, on account of their extreme thirst, would crawl down in the night to the ditch that ran through the pen, to get water, though it was very vile, and would get stuck in the mud and die, where they would be found in the morniug. In that way a great number perished. The living prisoners would often have a strife over the dead bodies to determine who should carry them up to the gate, and for so doing have the opportunity of passing out with them and then obtaining a little fire-wood for cooking the raw rations.

We were confined in this awful pen at Andersonville about three months. The deaths averaged about one hundred per day. The wretchedness of the prisoners, and the barbarities suffered, can never be fully told. Better treatment should be bestowed on brutes.

Finally the movements of Gen. W. T. Sherman occasioned alarm among the rebels respecting the security of Andersonville. It was thought necessary to transfer the prisoners to some other locality. It was my fortune to be among the first to be removed. Two or three thousand of us were crowded on the cars — freight cars — seventy in a car, without room to lie or sit. We were sent towards Charleston, S. C., only stopping once a day to get out to prepare our rations."

Here, as our comrade is leaving Andersonville, we take the liberty of interpolating with his record, a summary view of the horrid place of which he has been speaking. Since so many thousands perished there, the facts in regard to the place should be preserved.

The Andersonville Prison-pen — the unutterable abomination planned by the Confederates — was located by Capt. W S. Winder of the rebel army, at the suggestion of Howell Cobb, in 1863, and occupied for its barbaric purpose in February, 1864. It was about sixty miles south of Macon, and nine miles north of Americus, near the railroad connecting those points; about one thousand six hundred feet east of the road. It originally embraced about twenty-two acres, in the form of an oblong, surrounded by a stockade of pine logs and guarded by earthworks and forts. Originally the ground was a forest and swamp, but every tree and shrub was felled and removed to transform it into a horror. Outside of the stockade was a line of palisades as a double protection. Infantry and artillery, with blood-hounds, acted as guards. The enclosure, running north and south, measured at first 1,010 by 779 feet, lengthened finally to 1,620 feet. Across it, near the middle, from west to east, ran a brook through a boggy swamp, impregnated with every vileness. The shade temperature of this hell sometimes rose to 105 degrees Fahrenheit, and the sun temperature sometimes reached above 120 degrees in the summer. In constructing this atrocious affair, Winder said, "I will make a pen here for the d —— d Yankees where they will rot faster than they can be sent."

Of Winder, and Henry Wirz, "Superintendent of the Confederate States Military Prison, at Andersonville," and their inhumanities, a volume might be written. Many volumes would not contain the record of starvation, disease, sufferings, and deaths of our brave Union soldiers who entered that fearful place to die.

We have space here to mention only a few further facts. The prison existed only thirteen months, when the Confederacy fell. During that time there were buried from the pen, 12,974 Union soldiers. In August, 1864, it contained 32,193 prisoners, of whom, on an average, 99 died daily On the 23d of August, 127 died; total deaths in August, 3,081.

We will now resume the record of our comrade, Mr. Luther: —

"On our reaching Charleston, S. C., we were put into the trotting-park, where we remained three weeks, while the Confederate authorities were fitting up, at Florence, another huge bull-pen to contain us, on which hundreds of negroes were at work. At Florence we fared about the same as at Andersonville, knowing only privations and sufferings, having just food enough to keep us alive. Once, we were seventy-two hours — three days and nights — without a mouthful of anything to eat. When food came, I was so weak that I could not get up to go after it; I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees to get it. Here at Florence it was sometimes very cold, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could keep warm during the nights. In the morning we could see quite a number lying around frozen to death. Such scenes were horrid in the extreme.

During the month of January, 1865, I think it was, Charles D. Stalker, of our company, who was taken prisoner before us, came to us and begged to be taken into our little hut. Poor fellow, he was utterly exhausted. We received him, and cared for him as best we could; but he soon became insane from the effects of cold, hunger, and disease. Despite all our efforts he shortly died. His death is recorded as having occurred Feb. 13, 1865.

We can give only a few sketches of the sufferings and cruelties endured in these inhuman prison-pens. One morning Connelly and myself, on going down to the brook, found a fellow prisoner lying asleep by a large stump, and so thickly covered with lice that we could scarcely discern the skin and flesh of the victim — lice packed on top of lice trying to get a bite. Waking the poor fellow, we washed him all over and cut off all his hair. His head was one complete scab. In a few hours the lice would have killed him.

Fortunately, I did not use tobacco; but my chum did, and often he sorely felt the need of it. Sometimes he would sally out with our meal and cry, like an auctioneer, 'A spoonful of meal for a chew of tobacco.' And it was hard to part with even a spoonful of meal.

On one occasion a rebel's dog came into the enclosure, and was instantly seized and hastily reduced to minced meat. We ate him as you would the best beef-steak. It is said that hunger is the best sauce ; but one may have too much of it.

After remaining in Florence two or three months, orders were received for two or three thousand of us to be removed. Here, again, I was with the fortunate number. The railroad station was about half a mile from the pen. I could hardly walk so far, on account of weakness. Packed into freight cars — seventy-five in a car — we were unable to lie down, or even sit down. In this way, we rode 700 miles, stopping once a day to get out and prepare rations. Our condition was too wretched and miserable to describe. Some of the men, in endeavoring to make their escape, were shot. We supposed we were being conveyed to some other horrible prison-pen, between which and death there could be but little choice.

Just before reaching Richmond, Va., we met another train of prisoners, and learned of our destination — that we were being taken north for exchange. Hope and joy now broke on our dark horizon. Reaching Richmond, we passed Libby, and were put into Pemberton Prison, where we remained two days and nights. Here, from a Federal official, who had come through the lines, we received some clothing, enough to answer for the time. On the third day, a small steamer took us down to the army lines, under a flag of truce. By dint of desperate effort, we walked across to Acott's Landing—five miles—consuming the whole day, as we were frequently stuck in the Virginia mud. At the Landing we found two boats, one for the sick and one for the sound — if any could be said to be sound, who were only half alive. Connelly and myself passed for sick men, and so obtained straw to lie on and plenty of room on the sick-boat. Furnished with an abundance of good, wholesome food, and every needed attention, it was difficult to refrain from excessive eating ; such coffee, biscuit, and cold tongue were unknown in paradise.

Arriving at Annapolis, Md., we were put into the hospital ; the well ones went into the barracks. What a contrast between this place and the southern prison-pens ! Now we were stripped, washed, shaved, clothed anew, and supplied with all needed comforts. Shortly we received furloughs of thirty days, and so visited our homes, taking with us two months' pay and our allowance for back rations. Who can tell the pleasures of home to men who had passed through such inhuman imprisonment ! At the expiration of our leave, we hastened back to the army, and reported to our regiment ; but the war was now nearly over."

To our comrade's narrative, we append a few corroborative facts.

Captain Read, who escaped from Charleston, having been a prisoner in different parts of the Confederacy for fifteen months, reported in respect to the rebel prisons and the treatment our men received in them. His report was also confirmed by Colonel Hoyt and others. They testified that there were about twenty-seven thousand Union soldiers confined at Andersonville, Ga., in a stockade or pen embracing near thirty acres, but destitute of tents or shelters of any kind, save for a few of the sick. A part of the enclosure, moreover, was a bog or marsh, from which was obtained the water for washing and drinking, into which from above was thrown the waste and filth of the guards and of some of the prisoners. So scanty and poor was the food of the prisoners, that great numbers died of starvation. Exposure and want produced many cases of insanity, leading to murder and suicide. Near a hundred deaths occurred daily.

Colonel Hoyt lost sixty pounds of flesh in forty days. When some of our officers by desperate efforts succeeded in breaking from their prison limits they were pursued and driven to climb the trees in the woods by blood-hounds kept for the purpose of hunting fugitives. The barbarities systematically practiced by the Confederates upon our captured officers and men make up the most atrocious page of modern history. And yet our suffering, starved, dying soldiers sent a communication to President Lincoln, in which, after stating their condition, they said, "If the question of their release hung upon the question of the exchange of colored troops, they were ready to die rather than have the Government give up the principle." Here again, was the principle and spirit of martyrs. Let history give to these heroes their due.

Lest the statements we have given should be regarded as exaggeration on the part of the sufferers, and the painted views of partisans, and also to answer whatever special pleading may hereafter be put in on the part of those who sympathized with the Confederacy, we may here add the summing up of the statements and conclusions of a large and able commission chosen to inquire into the privations and sufferings of our officers and men, while in the hands of the rebel authorities. They say: —

"It is the same story everywhere: Prisoners of war treated worse than convicts, shut up either in suffocating buildings, or in out-door enclosures, without even the shelter that is provided for the beasts of the field; unsupplied with sufficient food; supplied with food and water injurious and even poisonous; compelled to live in such personal uncleanliness as to generate vermin; compelled to sleep on floors often covered with human filth, or on ground saturated with it; compelled to breathe an air oppressed with an intolerable stench; hemmed in by a fatal dead-line, and in hourly danger of being shot by unrestrained and brutal guards; despondent even to madness, idiocy and suicide; sick of diseases, (so congruous in character as to appear and spread like the plague), caused by the torrid sun, by decaying food, by filth, by vermin, by malaria, and by cold; removed at the last moment, and by hundreds at a time, to hospitals corrupt as a sepulchre; there, with few remedies, little care, and no sympathy, to die in wretchedness and despair, not only among strangers, but among enemies too resentful to have pity or to show mercy."

# CHAPTER LIII.

## RETURN OF THE THREE YEAR'S MEN

AUGUST — SEPTEMBER, 1864.

*Untold the joy of duty done.*

THE term of service for which the regiment enlisted was now drawing to a close. Three burdened years had swiftly sped. Great and impressive changes had occurred. Our re-enlisted men were determined to see the end of the struggle, which was evidently not far off. Many of the command, however, conscious that they had done their duty, suffering from their long and severe service, felt more than justified in falling back from the front that others might win the same honors that had been bestowed upon them.

But we must here pause in service to notice another of our painful losses.

### LIEUT. FREDERIC METCALF.

He was the only son of Col. Edwin Metcalf, and was born in Providence, R. I., Sept. 20, 1847. He was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in our regiment Sept. 21, 1863, and promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant May 6, 1864. After an illness of about two weeks, at first not deemed threatening, his disease assumed the unmanageable character of typho-malarial fever, which terminated his life early on the morning of Aug. 28, 1864. He received all possible care while sick at Fort Welles, on Hilton Head, and then in the Officer's Hospital at Beaufort, under the special charge, at the time, of our superior Surgeon, George S. Burton. His funeral at Beaufort was numerously and tearfully attended, alike for his own and his father's sake. Colonel Brayton and the officers of the regiment rendered all the services in their power, and all that kin and friends could have requested. The body, enclosed in a superior metallic coffin, and suitably draped, in charge of an unusually large escort of artillery, was laid with full and impressive military honors in the army cemetery, in the suburbs of Beaufort, from whence it was afterwards taken and carried to Rhode Island to be laid with the Metcalf family.

His death was the more deeply mourned in that he was so young, tal-

ented, patriotic, generous and brave. He had not completed the nineteenth year of his age, and he stood zealously, manfully, and ably as an officer among his country's defenders. He was known only to be loved and respected. Though he had served scarcely a year in the army, he had shown unusual abilities, earned his promotion, and endeared himself to all with whom he was associated. His native city — Providence — and his native State, as well as his sorrowing kindred and friends, may justly cherish the pure record of his young, devoted, heroic and noble life.

Here we may gratefully remember the services of our diligent, quiet, faithful Assistant Surgeons. Dr. Job Kenyon served us from the origin of the command, to January, 1863; Dr. Joseph W Grosvenor, from July, 1862, to the expiration of our services, in 1865; Dr. Horace S. Lamson, from March, 1863, to August, 1864. These were stationed at Hilton Head, Fort Pulaski, and Morris Island.

Sept. 8. On hearing of the capture of Atlanta, our troops were jubilant, and we fired a shotted salute. Navy and army rejoiced together over the capture of Fort Morgan and Mobile Bay, that occurred Aug. 23d. To celebrate on the front, by special order, we passed over to the Charlestonians our solid metallic cards, intimating that some day we intended to make them a call.

For the interest of artillery students, we will here copy the report of firing from Fort Strong, for Sept. 10, 1864. This will, at least, give a general idea of our work. Other forts would furnish similar daily statements: —

| No. of gun. | Size of gun. | Object. | Distance. | Elevation. | Length of fuse. | Lbs. in shell. | Lbs. in cartridge. | No. time-fuse. | No. percussion. | Lbs. powder expended. | Good shots. | Falling short. | Going over. | Primers exp. | Tripped. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | 200-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 6.30 | | 5 | 16 | 10 | | 210 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 10 | 1 |
| 4 | 200-pounder... | Moultrie..... | 3700 | 9.10 | | 2-9 | 16 | 3 | | 74 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 | |
| 8 | 100-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 9.45 | 10 | 3½ | 10 | 12 | 20 | 295 | 10 | 7 | 5 | 32 | |
| 11 | 100-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 9.40 | 9 | 5 | 10 | 17 | 12 | 285 | 11 | 8 | 2 | 19 | |
| 12 | 100-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 9.55 | 8.55 | 5 | 10 | 17 | 12 | 285 | 9 | 9 | 1 | 19 | |
| 13 | 100-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 6.40 | 9.30 | 5 | 10 | 17 | 12 | 285 | 9 | 8 | 2 | 19 | |
| 14 | 100-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 6.40 | 9.30 | 2-3½ | 10 | 14 | 4 | 267 | 12 | 3 | 2 | 18 | 1 |
| 14 | 100-pounder... | Simkins..... | 2900 | 7.35 | 10 | 5 | 10 | 5 | | 75 | 5 | | | 5 | |
| 14 | 100-pounder... | Camp near Simkins... | 3800 | 11 | 14 | 5 | 10 | 4 | | 60 | 4 | | | 4 | |
| 15 | 100-pounder... | Sumter..... | 2800 | 6.30 | 9.30 | 3½ | 10 | 12 | 3 | 202½ | 14 | 1 | | 21 | |
| 15 | 100-pounder... | Simkins..... | 2900 | 6.30 | 9.30 | 3½ | 10 | 3 | | 40½ | 2 | 1 | | 3 | |

Whole number of shots, 135.

Between Forts Strong and Chatfield, on Morris Island, were now confined 557 rebel officers, in retaliation for exposing our captured officers, in Charleston. The prison-yard was 304 feet long, 228 feet wide, built of palisades — pine posts, eight inches in diameter, close together, four feet in the ground, and ten feet above ground. The dead-rope was twenty feet from the sides, leaving the interior space 264 feet long and 188 feet wide, giving ninety square feet to a prisoner. The quarters were common A tents,

each holding four men, and furnished with straw. The rations were "salt horse," hard-tack, and water — but enough of each. They were guarded by the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored). After placing these officers here, and giving due notice of all we had done, the rebels nearly suspended their cannonading of Cummings' Point, till a new rôle on both sides was instituted.

Sept. 13. The Chaplain, having learned that some of his fellow officers with whom he had served in Virginia — Capt. E. E. Chase, Lieut. J. M. Fales, and Lieut. C. G. A. Peterson, of the First Rhode Island Cavalry — were prisoners in Charleston, under the fire of our guns, and poorly supplied with subsistence, hastened to send them what comforts he could by the commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. His donation consisted of: One box hard bread; 3 woolen shirts; 3 pairs drawers; 3 pairs socks; 1 Bible; 1 Testament; castile soap; frying-pan; coffee-pot; tin kettle; 2 cups; 2 papers coffee; canteen; 2 tin plates; pepper; tobacco; collars; note paper; envelopes; religious papers; all worth say $20. The rebel commissioner at first refused to receive the luxuries in the invoice, but, on being told by the Chaplain that his refusal should be put in print for the study of the civilized world, reluctantly consented to forward them. A letter to Captain Chase accompanied the gifts.

Strongly marked was the contrast between the treatment of our soldiers by the Confederates, and the treatment of the Confederates at our hands. We always treated our prisoners kindly, furnishing them with the same food, clothing and shelter that we afforded to our own men. No instance of cruelty or indignity was known within our lines. But the rebels often, and even systematically, insulted, robbed and starved our men. Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Andersonville will be the deep, dark, eternal disgrace of the Confederates. If in a few things we seemed to be severe, what we did was made neccessary in retaliation for the inhumanities of our enemies, and to prevent future barbarities.

Two Confederate soldiers enlisted in our regiment. One of them, while a member of his Louisiana regiment, received a severe sabre wound in his face.

Sept. 16. While Company B, in Fort Welles, at Hilton Head, was engaged near noon in firing a grand salute of a hundred guns, a premature discharge of a piece from fire retained after sponging, under a scale in the chamber of the piece, resulted in killing Lawrence Farrel, and blowing off the left arm of Edwin Goslin. The old gun was one of the pieces captured with the fort.

Sept. 26. Such of the officers and men of seven companies as were about to be mustered out of the service, from the expiration of their term, took the steamer Fulton at Hilton Head, for New York; reached New York Sept. 29th, and took steamer Electra for Providence, R. I.; reached Providence on the morning of Sept. 30th, and were received with a salute

from the Marine Artillery, and were escorted by them to the Marine Artillery Armory, where we were welcomed by the Lieutenant-Governor, and furnished with a good breakfast. We were then marched to Exchange Place and dismissed till Oct. 4th, at which date we again assembled to take final discharges. The city and State that had cheered these men at their out-going, more than three years since, now, with full heart, pronounced plaudits upon them and the great work they had so nobly done.

On our home voyage, when coming up to the latitude of Wilmington, soon after daylight, Sept. 27th, we sighted a blockade-runner far away on our larboard bow. Captain Fulton instantly turned the prow of the steamer towards the illicit keel, that immediately began to run from us, up the coast. We put on steam. So did our game. Speed increased with both steamers. We gained on the guilty craft. She began to throw her cargo overboard. We quickened our speed. The Englishman burned tar and threw out more cargo. We gained on our game. Intense excitement was now the order of the day. We manned our bow gun, a thirty-pounder Parrott, and giving it extra elevation by blocks, threw a round shot over the English bow, and up went our cheers. But the terrified Englishman poured the tar into his furnaces, that poured out their black volume of smoke, and again disgorged his cargo, and sped like a porpoise, up the coast. We were making about fifteen and a half knots, but it was hardly sufficient. Bets were vainly made on our success. Anon we gained; anon we lost. The chase continued from early in the forenoon till four in the afternoon, when we found the Fulton, drawing more than twenty feet of water, was getting too near the coast. About this time, the United States gun-boat Gettysburg appeared on the horizon, over our bow, and, detecting the flying blockade-runner, gave chase, whereupon we gave over the pursuit, and, not without disappointment, turned on our homeward way. We had hoped for a little prize money, as well as to strike another blow against the Confederacy and its foreign sympathizers.

We cannot refrain from giving a brief statement relative to Colonel Brayton. At the opening of the Rebellion, he was a student at Brown University. Leaving the classic halls for the embattled field, he enlisted in our regiment, and received a commission as First Lieutenant Aug. 27, 1861. He rose to his captaincy Nov. 28, 1862. He was next commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel Oct. 22, 1863. With this rank, he was also Assistant Chief of Artillery, on Morris Island, and finally became the Chief. He was promoted to be Colonel of the regiment March 22, 1864, and was soon after Chief of Artillery of the Deparment of the South. All these positions he filled with ability, efficiency, and honor. The rapidity of his promotions was the indication of his talents. After his term of service, the Government appointed him postmaster at Hilton Head.

# CHAPTER LIV.

## VETERAN GUNNING

SEPTEMBER — NOVEMBER, 1864.

*Intrepid spirits eye the goal.*

THOUGH many officers and men, who had worthily served the time for which they volunteered, had now returned to their homes, bearing the honored scars and thrilling memories of their three years of battles, the regiment was still proudly and bravely represented on the front by officers and men who were worthy to be styled veterans.

In October, Company A (Captain Hamner), was at Beaufort; Company B (Captain Colwell), on Morris Island; Company C (Captain James), in Virginia; Company L (Captain Lanahan), and Company M (Captain Barker), on Morris Island. All veterans of our regiment were consolidated with these companies.

The following official paper has its tender memories:—

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Sept. 26, 1864.

*General Orders, No.* 139:—

In honor of some of the brave officers who have served in this Department, the most of whom having lost their lives in the present Rebellion, the new works lately erected will hereafter be known by the following names:—

The work within the intrenchments, at Hilton Head, will be known as "Fort Sherman," after Brig.-Gen. Thos. W. Sherman, United States Volunteers, formerly commanding this Department.

The work at Mitchelville will be known as "Fort Howell," after Brig.-Gen. Joshua B. Howell, formerly Colonel of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, killed at Petersburg, Va., Sept. 14, 1864.

The work at Beaufort, S. C., will be known as "Fort Stevens," after Brig.-Gen. I. I. Stevens, United States Volunteers, killed at the battle of Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1, 1862.

The work at Spanish Wells will be known as "Battery Holbrook," after First Lieutenant Henry Holbrook, Third Rhode Island Volunteer Artillery, killed on Morris Island, S. C., Aug. 21, 1863.

By command of MAJ.-GEN. J. G. FOSTER.

W. L. M. BURGER,
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

OFFICIAL:

Col. William Ames succeeded to the command of the regiment and to the position of Chief of Artillery in the Department, Sept. 27th, and was an officer of marked ability, as his military record will testify. Though very young when the war opened, he left his home of culture and affluence for the tented field, accepting a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Second Rhode Island Volunteers, June 6, 1861; but rose to be First Lieutenant, Oct. 25, 1861, and to be Captain, July 24, 1862. From the Second Rhode Island he was promoted to be Major in our command, Jan. 28, 1863. Amongst us he became Lieutenant-Colonel, March 22, 1864, and finally Colonel, Oct. 10, 1864. Meanwhile, he was for a time Post Commander of Fort Pulaski, and First Assistant Chief, and then Chief of Artillery on Morris Island and in the department.

Sept. 29. For this day we give a record of our firing on Charleston with our 200-pounder Parrott in Fort Putnam; using at each discharge thirteen pounds of powder in the cartridge, and five pounds in the shell; firing ninety-one rounds we used 1,911 pounds of powder, making eighty-seven good shots, losing three by premature discharge, and one by tripping. This, for one gun, we called a good day's work; we never heard exactly how the Charlestonians looked upon it. Doubtless they were satisfied with the weight and fervency of our peculiar sentiments.

Sept. 30. Dennis Malone and John McCool (Company B), were killed at Fort Putnam, Morris Island, by premature discharge of gun.

Not a little interest in the conduct of affairs in the Department of the South attached to the signal stations and lines of telegraph. From the signal station within the intrenchments at Hilton Head, we sent our messages eight and one-half miles to Jenkins' plantation, on St. Helena, thence six and a half miles to another station on St. Helena; thence eight and a half miles to Otter Island; thence five miles to Bay Point Island; thence nine and a half miles to Botany Bay; thence fourteen miles to south end of Folly Island; thence three and a half miles to head-quarters on Folly Island. From head-quarters to the front on Morris Island ran telegraph wires. Wires and cable ran from Hilton Head to Fort Pulaski. So for seventy miles we flashed orders and reports through air and water. We also remember the lofty timber and pole-formed lookout on the north end of Folly Island. We judge it was about a hundred and twenty feet high, and it commanded a fine view of coast and islands.

Imagine our life on Morris Island; perpetually under fire or liable to be so; no quarters in the forts and batteries, as they were worked by reliefs; the reliefs passed to and fro under the direct fire of the rebels; our camps about two miles back among the sand-hummocks, and exposed to the shot and shell of Sullivan's and James Islands, and made unpleasant by the drifting sand — like fine snow — and infested by the insects abounding in the marshes. To endure this, month after month, required the rare virtue of stoicism born of lofty principle and unblenching bravery But few

instances are found in the annals of sieges, in the world's history, where troops were called to meet equal toil, exposure and discomforts. And never, we venture to assert, were hardships and perils endured with equal cheerfulness and zeal. Indeed our men seemed sustained and animated by an unconscious inspiration.

We naturally thought much of the peculiar privations and dangers of our brother patriots of the navy, who, day and night, through the long months of the siege, co-operated with us; "cribbed and confined" in their monitors and iron-clads, lying low as the surface of the sea — often lower — rolled by the billows and the tides; beaten by the storms and the gales; by day pounding the sea fronts of the foe with their huge guns and receiving prodigious blows in return; by night out in their boats picketing the harbor and the adjacent bayous; constantly exposed to sunken or floating torpedoes. Did ever a fleet endure so much, and for so long a time? Did ever truer, braver men tread the decks of war-ships, and handle their guns more heroically? And their ardor and buoyancy of spirits equalled that of their brothers in the batteries and trenches.

Nov. 10. John McKenna (Company M,) died at Andersonville, Ga.

We may here give an official paper: —

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Nov. 11, 1861.

*Lieut.-Col.* WILLIAM AMES, *Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Chief of Artillery, Department of the South, Morris Island, S. C.:* —

COLONEL: The Major-General Commanding directs me to convey to you his thanks for the very full and complete report received from you through Brig.-Gen. E. E. Potter, of the firing from the forts and batteries on Morris Island.

Copies of your report will be sent to the Chief Engineer and to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington, and also to Mr. Parrott, of the West Point Foundry.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W L. M. BURGER,
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Nov. 14. Chaplain Hudson (New York Engineers), and friends from Beaufort, visited the front, and asked the privilege of pulling the lanyard of one of the guns firing on Charleston. Of course such favors were granted. Naturally enough some of the ladies dodged a little as they let loose the thunder. When all had fired, Captain Barker said to Lieutenant Burroughs, "I've never fired myself; I think I'll try it, that I may say as much as our visitors." Said the Lieutenant, "I'm afraid you will burst the gun." "We'll risk that," answered the Captain. The gun was loaded. The Captain pulled, and, strangely enough, the gun flew in pieces, and also tore into splinters the gun-carriage, but fortunately inflicted no injury upon him or the bystanders.

We must give another incident of expert gunning. General Foster came into Fort Putnam on an inspecting tour, and, while there, said to

Sergt. George E. Hazen (Company M): "How near can you put a shot to St. Michael's church? I should like to see you make a trial." The sergeant said he thought he could come somewhere near it, and loaded, trained, and fired his piece. Happily enough the shot went direct to its target, and struck the face of the town clock, cutting out the figure six. We therefore voted six for our gunner. We ought to add that this might not be done every time, and that all our gunners were superior in their work.

Nov. 15. Still fell the heavy strokes in front of Charleston. Generals Foster, Potter, and others, with visiting ladies, in two large ambulances, rode up to Strong and Putnam. As they neared the latter fort, the rebels, with ten-inch columbiads, opened from Moultrie, and one shot passed under one of the ambulances. The tour of inspection was thus hastened and shortened. General Foster, in an irate mood, halted at Fort Strong and ordered Captain Barker to open all his heavy guns bearing on Moultrie, and send the ungallant rebels his warm compliments. The order was obeyed to the General's satisfaction, for the gunners made splendid shots, cutting away the Confederate flag, and killing and wounding, as we afterwards learned, a number of the enemy; yet we burst two guns in the firing. Said the General: "That is the best firing I ever saw in my life."

# CHAPTER LV.

## BATTLES OF HONEY HILL AND DEVEAUX NECK.

NOVEMBER — DECEMBER, 1864.

*True courage braves the crimson front.*

NEAR the middle of November, Major-General Foster received instructions from General Halleck to concentrate all his available force and make a demonstration toward Pocotaligo, breaking, if possible, the railroad connection between Charleston and Savannah, to favor the grand march of Gen. W T. Sherman through Georgia to the sea. It was thought General Sherman would reach Savannah near the first of December. Our effective force for the required movement was small — only about five thousand men — as we had previously, in obedience to General Grant's orders, sent to the armies in front of Richmond, all the troops we could spare, and portions of our force must be continued in our forts and posts, acting on the defensive.

The following paper will explain the strength of the expedition : —

HEAD-QUARTERS, COAST DIVISION, ON TRANSPORTS,
PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C., NOV. 28, 1864.

*General Orders, No.* 1: —

I. The undersigned announces to the troops, that he has been assigned by the Major-General Commanding the Department, to the command of this division, after it shall have landed. The command will be Brigaded as follows: —

1st. ARTILLERY BRIGADE, Lieut.-Col. William Ames, Third Rhode Island Artillery, Commanding, will consist of: —

Mersereau's Battery, Third New York Artillery.
Hamner's Battery, Third Rhode Island Artillery.
Titus' (Day's) Battery, Third New York Artillery.

2d. NAVAL BRIGADE, Commander George H. Preble, United States Navy, Commanding, will consist of the Marine Artillery, and Battalion of United States Marines.

3d. FIRST BRIGADE, Brig.-Gen. E. E. Potter Commanding, will consist of Fifty-sixth New York Volunteers, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers, Twenty-fifth Ohio Volunteers, Thirty-second United States Colored Troops, Thirty-fourth United States Colored Troops, and Thirty-fifth United States Colored Troops.

4th. SECOND BRIGADE, Col. Alfred S. Hartwell, Fify-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, Commanding, will consist of Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, Twenty-sixth United States Colored Troops, and One Hundred and Second United States Colored Troops.

5th. CAVALRY, Capt. Geo. P Hurlburt, Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, Commanding, to consist of Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry.

II. The following Officers are announced on the Staff of the Brigadier-General Commanding:—

Lieut.-Col. W T. Bennett, One Hundred and Second United States Colored Troops, Chief of Staff; First Lieut. L. B. Perry, Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Capt. W W. Sampson, Thirty-third United States Colored Troops, Assistant Adjutant Inspector-General; Lieut.-Col, H. C. Ransom, United States Army, Chief Quartermaster; Surg. Geo. S. Burton. Third Rhode Island Artillery, Chief Medical Officer; Capt. R. H. L. Jewett, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, Ordnance Officer; Second Lieut. C. B. Fernow, Third United States Colored Troops, Topographical Engineer; Lieut.-Col. J. F. Hall, First New York Engineers, Provost Marshal and Aid-De-Camp; Capt. T. L. Appleton, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, Assistant Provost Marshal and Aid-De-Camp; First Lieut. T. C. Vidal, Chief Signal Officer; First Lieut. Edgar B. VanWinkle, One Hundred and Third New York Volunteers, Aid-De-Camp; First Lieut. D. Geo. MacMartin, Twenty-first United States Colored Troops, Aid-De-Camp.

III. All Officers of the Expedition are enjoined to prevent straggling and marauding; discipline will be enforced, and plundering prevented, if necessary, by the infliction of the extreme penalty, "Death."

The Provost Marshal and Assistants, are charged with the execution of this clause of the order.

JNO. P. HATCH, *Brigadier-General.*

OFFICAL:

D. GEORGE MACMARTIN, *Lieutenant and Aid-De-Camp.*

Lieut. F A. Wilcoxson, of our Veteran Battalion, was assigned to duty as Quartermaster of the Brigade under Licutenant-Colonel Ames.

The expedition left Hilton Head, in gun-boats and transports, passing up Broad River, on the night of Nov. 29th.

Nov. 30. We landed on Boyd's Neck, on the west bank of Broad River, opposite the lower end of Hall Island, thinking to reach and cut the railroad near Grahamville — quite a distance south of Coosahatchie and Pocotaligo. Mistaking the roads, our column failed to reach the point aimed at, on this day, and were compelled to bivouac and wait for morning. This gave the enemy time to prepare for defense. In the mean time, during the day, especially in the afternoon, the advance brigade, consisting of the Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York, Twenty-fifth Ohio, Thirty-fifth United States, and Company A of our regiment, under General Potter, met the enemy's skirmishers, supported by artillery, near a small church at a cross-roads, and with bullets and shell pushed them back.

Dec. 1. We found the rebels, in strong force, intrenched in a good position at Honey Hill, in front of Grahamville. Promptly we advanced to battle, not knowing at first the strength of the enemy's position. Our

artillery was brought to the front, and handled with great energy and precision. The engagement was obstinate, and continued till near the close of the day, when, having suffered great loss without the prospect of success, we fell back to Boyd's Neck, on Broad River. We had sixty-six killed, and 645 wounded.

The next morning, we (Company A), advanced again to hold the enemy in check, and near the church, where Surgeon Burton had his hospital, met the rebels, advancing upon us under cover of the dense fog, who opened a short artillery dispute, and then retired.

The Federal loss in the battle of Honey Hill, and of this, the following day, in killed, wounded, and missing was 756.

Dec. 2. Our troops threw up breastworks for the permanent occupancy of Boyd's Neck.

Says A. C. Keach: "In the battle of Honey Hill, we had some poor ammunition, and the Chief of Artillery had it condemned. But the next morning the rebels came down in the fog and opened on us. We promptly met them and soon silenced their fire, using of necessity the condemned ammunition. The Chief of Artillery came up, and coolly said: 'Well, Captain Hamner, you are trying to get rid of your poor ammunition.' To this, the Captain, who was one of the coolest, dryest, bravest men that ever was, promptly answered, with a tone and look altogether inimitable, but full of significance: 'Yes, we are trying to get rid of the ammunition, and trying to get rid of the rebels, too.'" Afterwards, "to get rid of the rebels," was a current phrase with us.

Following the battle of Honey Hill, while Company A was making a reconnoissance to feel of the rebel front, they had a strange and happy surprise. The story in brief is this: Private ——— ———, of Company —, who had enlisted in the ——— United States Artillery in 186–, and went with that battery into Virginia, under General Gillmore, had been captured, and confined in the abominable Andersonville prison-pen, where, to escape death by starvation and exposure to horrible sufferings, he consented to enlist in the Confederate army, in the hope of finally making his way into our lines. He was now on the rebel front, near Honey Hill, and, as we pushed the enemy back, he hid in a cluster of bushes till our force came up, when, leaping out in the presence of our men, he joyously exclaimed: "How are you, Third Rhode Island Artillery?" With an equal joy we again welcomed him to our ranks.

After refitting our force, we crossed Broad River Dec. 6th, landing a little further up, at Deveaux's Neck, between the Coosahatchie and Tulitinny Rivers.

Dec. 6. Of this day's work, says General Foster: "At Deveaux's Neck, near the Coosahatchie turnpike, the advance, in number much inferior to the opposing force, met the rebels in an open field, and drove them from the ground, captured one flag, forced them to seek safety in

flight, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands, and thus occupied a position from which the railroad was under the easy fire of our guns."

Official reports stated the Union loss as thirty-nine killed, 390 wounded, and 200 missing; the Confederate loss as 400 killed, wounded, and missing. We think these reports embrace the actions that continued till Dec. 9th. On the 6th the rebel general L. H. Gartrell was wounded.

The guns of Company A were brought to the front, and we opened the ball — our first shots being the signal for the battle. On our left front the rebels had a well-handled battery that sharply scarred us. Our boys named it "Battery Damnation." To this we opposed a superior set of guns styled "Battery Hell." Hot work was done on this field. Our guns were kept warm through the day.

Says General Foster, "On Dec. 9th, the skirmish line forced its way to within a few yards of the railroad and the forts which guarded it, remaining there under a most galling fire until an opening had been cut through the woods between our batteries and the road, and thus perfected the work so gallantly begun upon the 6th."

Dec. 1. John Dunn (Company A), died at Beaufort.

While our batteries and infantry were engaged, our engineers, by desperate work, effected the slashing in the forest in front of us that gave us clear range on the railroad, to which we now turned our guns. Shell were soon put into the road and into the trains, and all travel was stopped.

During the action we lost George Rico, instantly killed, his head taken off by the enemy's shell. The same day we killed the enemy's best gunner with one of our shots, and so impaired the efficiency of the assailing battery.

Entrenching, we held our position and fully commanded the railroad. Finally a daring train attempted to pass. We put a shell through the engine and so firmly blocked the track; and then shelled the parties attempting to reopen the road.

We held our position till General Sherman reached the sea and captured Savannah. Hardee, in evacuating Savannah, was unable to pass troops or munitions of war on this vital thoroughfare, and on his leaving the city we gave the rebels in our front a shotted salute.

Shortly a portion of Sherman's force came, by the way of Beaufort, to our support, when we advanced to Pocotaligo, a point Sherman now selected as one of the starting points for his new operations. And when, in February following, he opened his sweeping campaign in South Carolina, a portion of Company A was included in General Hatch's division, that moved, virtually, as Sherman's right wing, from Pocotaligo directly towards Charleston. This force, after unimportant alarms and some sharp skirmishes on its flanks, crossing swollen rivers, and detestable marshes, and dense rice swamps, reached Edisto river just as Charleston was evacuated.

Of the march of Captain Hamner's company (A) from Coosahatchie to Charleston, Andrew O. Keach gives the following notes:—

"We were frequently held in check by the enemy. At Salkehatchie River we were checked two or three days. The rebels had destroyed the bridge, and thrown up an earthwork to prevent us from crossing. We planted our pieces on the road behind an extemporized embankment. Here the bullets flew so lively that we had but little comfort handling our guns. If a man showed his head he would be saluted by a minie ball. Sergt. C. D. Holmes finally held a newspaper over the breastworks, and it was answered by the enemy, at which firing ceased, when Holmes and Corp. Charles Donahue mounted the parapet. Two rebels did the same on their works. At this Holmes and Donahue walked up to the lines where the two rebels promptly met them and held a friendly chat; they belonged to Cobb's Georgia Legion. The officers on both sides agreed to cease firing, and both sides kept the pledge. The rebels were quite gentlemanly, but that night their force fell back and left us to push forward.

"On our march to Charleston it rained about every day, and between the rain and the mud we had anything but an agreeable time. All the clothes in my knapsack had to be thrown away on account of mould; and others had to do the same; so when we arrived in Charleston we were anything but well off for dress. On our march we crossed nine rivers, the Coosahatchie, Tulitinny, Pocataligo, Salkehatchie, Combahee, Ashepo, Edisto, Stono, and Ashley. After one day of rest we were off for Santee River.

"In the vicinity of Combahee River, the negroes were wild with delight, clapping their hands and dancing all sorts of antics. One old woman wanted very much to see General Sherman, and, when one of our boys attempted to personate the General, and so please the old slave, she quickly replied, pointing to his beardless face: 'You ain't de General; your face is too smooth' Combahee is the great rice district of South Carolina."

# CHAPTER LVI.

## BREAKING THE REBEL FRONT.

DECEMBER, 1864 — FEBRUARY, 1865.

*Defeat awaits defiant wrong.*

UNDER the heavy and continuous blows of the Federal Army and Navy, in the interior and on the coast, the giant Rebellion was writhing in agony and despair. The Confederates had exhausted their resources, and were fighting only under the vain stimulus of desperation. Foreign powers had almost ceased to sympathize with them, and utterly refused to send them support. Their resistance was all on the surface, for their heart was rapidly failing. It required but a few more blows upon the shell of their defenses to expose the utter hollowness and weakness of their Confederacy.

Dec. 4. Under a flag of truce occurred the exchange of an unusually large number of prisoners of war in Charleston harbor. On account of the number and condition of the Federals — many of them being very sick, all very weak, and some dead even on the cartel — the ceremonies extended into the next day. The scenes here witnessed were very touching and painful. What an emaciated, filthy, ragged, diseased, dying company. All were washed, clothed and fed, on reaching our cartel-ship. But many died on the rebel boat coming down the harbor, others on the hospital steamer before leaving the harbor. All these were brought ashore, and tenderly and tearfully buried in the soldiers' cemetery on Morris Island.

Gen. R. Saxton, who was for a short time in command of the Northern District, directed in the due formalities of the exchange of prisoners, among whom was his own brother. When the exchange had closed, and the flag of truce had been withdrawn, he ordered our officers to fire a salute from Forts Putnam and Chatfield, of 100 shotted guns — giving the shots to Charleston. This was closing the affair with spirit. When, however, the General attempted to magnify his office by trying to revive old-time artillery manœuvres and tactics, he discovered that he had brought his coals to Newcastle. Our boys instructed him in curves and forces that he never knew.

Civilized war recognizes rules of honor, and must observe them. The rebels could not afford to ignore this code. The truce that had been granted for the exchange of prisoners, in Charleston harbor, was extended

beyond the time originally contemplated, and a rebel officer, ignorant of the extension of the time, opened fire on our men in Fort Putnam. To repair this breach of honor, he sent the following letter: —

FORT SUMTER, S. C., Dec. 5, 1864.

*To the Officer Commanding United States Forces, on Morris Island:* —

SIR: Having just been informed by the proper authorities of the continuance of the truce which commenced yesterday, I beg leave to offer an apology for having fired upon the batteries at the northern end of Morris Island, this morning, with sharp-shooters.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant
T. A. HUGUENIN,
*Captain Commanding.*

As this was received by Lieut. C. H. Williams, he preserved a copy of it.

While Lieutenant Williams was in command of Fort Putnam, he one morning received from Captain Colwell, then Acting Chief of Artillery, a written order not to open fire without direction from him, but, by inadvertance, the order had no signature. By daylight next morning, the Lieutenant heard an ominous noise up the harbor, and, on mounting the bomb-proof and peering through the lifting fog, detected the smoke-stack of a rebel steamer. He instantly ordered his men to train their pieces, and open on the craft. His shot quickly went to their target, and heavenward poured the black column of smoke from the frightened and wounded steamer, and she made her final halt in the harbor. Just as she succumbed, Captain Barker, from Fort Strong, opened his guns on her, firing over the heads of our men in Putnam.

It would be wrong to write of the capture of Morris Island, with its immense earthworks, and the demolition of Fort Sumter, without making most honorable mention of the valorous and constant co-operation of the navy with the army.

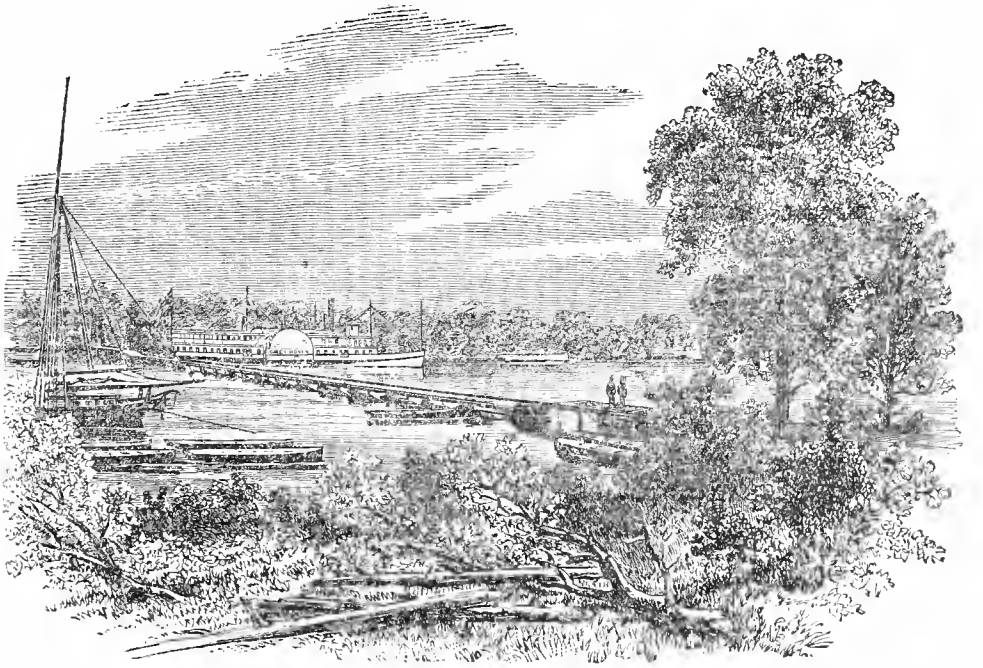
The Boys in Blue on sea and land,
Were one in heart and one in hand,

in dealing the suited strokes of outraged justice upon the birth-place of the mad Rebellion. Gillmore and Dahlgren were brothers in the battle. The Ironsides and monitors on the waves, and the thundering batteries in the parallels and marshes on the island, were one in aim, and one in voice, and one in honor. Eagles and stars, anchors and bars, glowed together in the long loyal fight. Indeed, the scars of both navy and army are their record and insignia of valiant service. Nor should we forget to mention that while daily the war-ships came up the harbor under the rebel forts and joined us in the fiery work of bombardment, they once landed rifled guns and seamen, under Captain Parker, and fitted and worked their battery by our side in smiting Sumter, and once from their brave decks sent at night an assaulting party against the fort. Often the fleet and army supplied

each other with necessary ammunition. Thus the fifteen-inch shells from the navy and 300-pound shots from the army, sang their harmonious chorus in the siege.

And many are the pleasant recollections of exchanged hospitalities between the officers of the two great arms of the service; they visited our exposed tents on the island; we visited their gallant decks inside the billow-beaten bar. All were alike ambitious to serve our country.

But the Federal Navy on the ocean had some victories all their own that evoked the cheers of the nation. Capt. John A. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, off the port of Cherbourg, France, on the 19th of June, sent



PONTOON BRIDGE AT JONES' FERRY.

the English-built rebel ranger Alabama, to Davy Jones' locker, while Captain Semmes escaped amongst his English friends. Commodore Craven, of the Niagara, off Portugal, on the 15th of August captured the Confederate pirate Georgia. Commodore Collins, of the Wachusett, in the harbor of Brazil, on the 7th of October seized the infamous Florida. In August, Admiral Farragut, lashed in the main-top of his flag-ship, the Hartford, led his fleet past Forts Gaines and Morgan into Mobile harbor, and captured the ram Tennessee, while General Granger successfully assaulted the forts.

About the middle of November, General Sherman, with 60,000 infantry and 5,500 cavalry, cut loose from his base, and started from Atlanta, through the heart of Georgia, on his famous march to the sea. He mowed a magnificent swath. Vainly did Beauregard entreat the Georgians to rise and meet him. The Union host swept triumphantly on, and 10,000

negroes joined the army of freedom. Fort McAllister was carried by assault on the 13th of Deeember, and communieation was opened with the Federal fleet on the coast. Then the army and the navy sent up a grand shout that terrified Savannah and Hardee, who, after destroying all the Confederate property and the rebel rams, fled towards Charleston, leaving Sherman and his army to enter Savannah unresisted, as they did Dec. 21st.

When Fort MeAllister and Savannah fell, the guns of Fort Pulaski sent up our salutations to General Sherman and his invincible army from the West. Between the patriot forces on the coast and the patriot army from the mountains, the rebels now found themselves between the upper and nether millstones of war; and the grinding made them loudly groan. The boasted lines of the Confederaey were irreeoverably broken. Our captive soldiers in Andersonville, Millen, Richland, Columbia, Salisbury, Florence, and Charleston shouted in their prisons. The nation gratefully chanted its *Te Deum*. Meanwhile, Grant was tightening his death-grasp upon Riehmond, and our swelling forces were preparing to strike, with conclusive blows, the strong points of the Carolinas.

Dec. 15. General Foster sent General Sherman 600,000 rations, ten days' forage for 40,000 animals, six twenty-pounder and six thirty-pounder Parrotts, and 3,600 rounds of ammunition.

Fort Fisher, the stronghold at the mouth of Cape Fear River, guarding the entrance to Wilmington, attacked by General Terry and Admiral Porter, was carried by assault Jan. 13th. The next day Fort Caswell, and other defenses of the river, were abandoned and blown up by the rebels. Thus the last harbor and hope of blockade-runners was cut off. Meanwhile, General Sherman, after resting his forces in Savannah, and refitting, commenced, Feb. 1st, his broad and devastating march through South Carolina, on his way to Goldsboro, N. C. Terror now took hold on the mother of Rebellion, and she trembled from head to foot. And, while Sherman was advaneing, sweeping a path forty miles in width, Generals Terry and Scholfield captured Wilmington Feb. 22d.

Jan. 15. General Sherman's Seventeenth Corps (General Blair) coming to our aid, as previously noticed, via Beaufort and Port Royal Ferry and the regular road, we reached Pocotaligo. Sherman then made it a base for a short time, and a starting point in his devastating mareh through South Carolina. Of course General Foster, as also Admiral Dahlgren, now co-operated with General Sherman. Savannah was turned over by General Sherman to General Foster. The command of General Hatch was moved to a point between Coosahatchie and Salkehatchie (Saltcatcher), using Pocotaligo as a base, and, as Sherman advaneed, moved out across the country to strike Charleston in the rear.

When General Foster took possession of Savannah to relieve Sherman's forces and hold the rebel elements in a eomposed state (outwardly

at least), he ordered some of his own troops to garrison the city. Among the chosen guardians were finally included a section of Company A, under Lieut. E. W. Waterhouse, to use, if necessary, the arguments with which they were familiar. So the feet of Rhode Island trod the streets of Savannah, and paced the ramparts of the rebel forts, ready to cheer the ears of the Georgians with round salutes in honor of Federal victories. In due time, from this city, with two thirty-pounder Parrotts, this detachment pushed on to the city of Augusta.

We give another incident of gunnery. Says Lieut. M. J. Higgins, "General Foster with a party visited us at Fort Strong (Wagner), and asked for a specimen of our workmanship on Fort Moultrie. At the third shot from our 200-pounder Parrott, we cut off ten feet of the top of the rebel flag-staff, leaving the flag hanging to the splinters below. Instantly six or seven rebels were busy trying to extricate and adjust their banner. We fired another shot that struck exactly among the group and stayed further proceedings; and the flag remained as our shot left it for thirty-six hours. When we afterwards captured the island I inquired of a person living there at the time respecting the affair, and learned that our shot killed three persons and wounded others — one being a woman that was crossing the parade of Moultrie at the moment."

He adds another incident. "One day the rebels were firing mortar shells at us from Moultrie. Private Killburn was in his tent, sitting on the edge of his bunk. A mortar shell, coming over, struck the ridge pole of the tent, passed down within a foot of Killburn's side into the ground and exploded, tearing the tent into shreds, but strangely failing to kill our soldier or to very seriously injure him."

In January, Company A was at Deveaux's Neck, holding the break in the Charleston and Savannah Railroad; Company C was with the Army of the James in Virginia; and Companies B, L, and M were steadily bombarding Charleston.

Feb. 9. Major-General Gillmore having returned from Virginia, began at once to co-operate with General Sherman in his movements in South Carolina. This co-operation consisted in advancing a column under Brig.-Gen. J. P. Hatch, towards the city of Charleston, along the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad; and also of a mixed military and naval force moving towards Charleston by way of Bull's Bay and what was known as the Christ Church line of works, in the rear of the Sullivan's Island defenses. This last movement under Brig.-Gen. E. E. Potter was delayed by unfavorable weather till the rebels were alarmed and ready to fly for safety.

# CHAPTER LVII.

## SURRENDER OF CHARLESTON

FEBRUARY, 1865.

*The bright stars breaking through the clouds.*

Feb. 7 AGAIN the winds and waves violently assailed the coast. Unfortunately for us a large part of Morris Island was submerged, and Colonel Ames' quarters, with all the records and papers belonging to our command were carried out to sea, and recovered only in part — a severe loss at least to the historian of the regiment. This will explain why, in our narrative, we have presented no more official papers, orders and reports, and why the preparation of our history has been so laborious, and so long in being completed with the accuracy which we determined should characterize it.

The hour of destiny for Charleston was at hand. Her joy of secession had ended, and her day of mourning was hastening. Aware that Sherman was now grandly cutting his martial swath through the heart of South Carolina, and that General Hatch and his division were advancing upon the flank and rear of Charleston, the enemy were in trouble; and we were on joyful tip-toe. By order, we kept three days' rations cooked and ready for our expected advance.

A rebel order (afterwards captured) dated "Charleston, 8th Feb., 1865," sent "to Lieut. I. G. K. Gourdin, Ordnance Officer, Sullivan's Island," directed him to immediately pack ammunition, primers, and equipments easily moved, and hold all "in a condition to be withdrawn at the earliest notice." Thus they began to look for the moment of retreat.

Feb. 9. On account of a wound long borne, defying medical treatment and demanding a surgical operation, General Foster was relieved of the command of the department that he might seek surgical help at the North, and General Gillmore again came to the head of our affairs. He came just in time to enjoy the realization of all his previous plans, toils, and desires. Among his staff officers he gladly retained Lieutenant-Colonel Ames as Chief of Artillery in the Department. The esteem in which our command was held by General Gillmore, from the siege of Fort Pulaski to the downfall of the forts in front of Charleston, was well known throughout the Department of

the South, and was not undeserved. It is no secret that important parts of his famous published reports of his operations on Morris Island were furnished by the officers of our regiment acting on his staff.

Feb. 17. General Sherman entered Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and found it on fire by rebel hands; the whole city would have been destroyed but for the intervention of the Federal troops.

This stroke, with the advance of Hatch's Division, gave to the defenders of Charleston the choice of dying in the "last ditch" or of evacuating the cradle of their principles. Hardee —now hard pressed by Yankee tactics —chose the latter policy, and on the evening of the 17th made his arrangements, directing the immediate withdrawal of troops and the destruction of magazines, arsenals, forts, gun-boats, rams, bridges, stores of rice, and thousands of bales of cotton.

Through the telegraph operator on Morris Island, and the signal-officer stationed in Fort Strong, we were kept informed of events, as they passed, for our signal-officer, by the way, was an adept in reading the rebel signals.

Feb. 17. In the afternoon our signal-officer read the rebel dispatch from Charleston to Sullivan's Island, saying: "Burn all papers before you leave." We now knew that Sherman had smitten them in their rear. Immediately all our guns and mortars were put in best condition. Orders came from General Schemmelfennig to Captain Barker, in Fort Strong, to open all available pieces on the bridge leading from Sullivan's Island to Mount Pleasant — the path of the rebels' retreat. We commenced firing at 6 P. M., giving the bridge a shot a minute. Says Lieutenant Higgins: "I had charge of the firing from Fort Strong, and opened the ball with two 100-pounders, when the other forts came in harmoniously and grandly on the main strain. We had it all our own way until about 9 o'clock, P. M., when a dispatch was sent from Charleston to Sullivan's Island, saying: 'Open every bloody sixty-nine on the d —— d Yankee sons of b —— s.' What the 'sixty-nines' meant we never knew. They fired a few spiteful shots at Strong, and did their best at plowing the front of Putnam. No wonder; it was their last chance; their 'bloody sixty-nines' were soon to be ours. Shortly the chivalrous firing ceased. On our side we kept up to its full pitch the heavy music, bursting our shells over the bridge and the chopfallen ranks of the retreating foe."

The expression of our ideas, during this night, from Fort Strong alone, may be summarized: employing one 200-pounder and four 100-pounder Parrotts, at an elevation of about twelve degrees, with fuzes of fourteen seconds, using in the largest gun sixteen pounds of powder in cartridge and five in the shell, and in the 100-pounders ten pounds in cartridge and five in the shell, firing 356 rounds, we exploded 5,844 pounds of powder, and an amount of metal that we left for the rebels to weigh; though, on account of their haste in getting out of the "last ditch," we think they never weighed our kindnesses correctly.

Feb. 18. About 1 o'clock, A. M., we discovered flames on the bridge across the Ashley, and in sections of the city. We saw at least eight large fires. The enemy, in their madness and despair, were firing their own works. Between 2 and 3 o'clock, A. M., they fired the old store-ship, lying in the mouth of the Cooper River. Then we witnessed a most brilliant and exciting scene. The ship lay about five miles from us, plainly in our view, up the harbor. As the flames mounted the rigging, and leaped through the darkness aloft to the sky, they threw open to our vision the whole of the broad harbor of Charleston, with all its grand surroundings, and the proud, doomed city, in the background. Each spar and rope on the blazing vessel stood out in wild grandeur, as the flames climbed higher and higher into the darkness. For more than an hour we gazed on this flaming spectacle.

Between 3 and 4 A. M., the rebels began to blow up their huge and boasted iron-clads. From that time to daylight, it was

Fire in front of us,
Fire to the right of us,
Fire to the left of us.

About 6 A. M., the magazine of Battery Bee was blown up, at which it seemed as if the whole upper part of Sullivan's Island was lifted into the air. The force of the explosion sensibly shook Fort Strong and the whole of Morris Island. Of course we now ceased our firing.

Peculiar were now the thoughts of our men, who had been eighteen months in the siege, witnessing the fire of Charleston, set by the hands that had been pledged to defend it, and even to capture the Nation's capital. The smoke went up like a vast cloud. Soon we began to hear heavy explosions in the vicinity of the chief arsenal and depots of the city. These were followed by the blowing up of the huge rebel rams, that for nearly two years had bellowed their wrath along the banks of the Ashley and Cooper, in our front. Here was a magnificent spectacle. From one of these rams rose a prodigious column of smoke, that finally opened at the top into a vast ring that expanded into an immense circular cloud-wave, and slowly floated down over Morris Island, and vanished seaward. Would that these war-pictures could have been caught and preserved.

Lieut. John Hackett, in Fort Strong (old Wagner), watching the hurried movements of the enemy, and discovering what he deemed evidence that the garrison of Fort Moultrie were evacuating, asked permission of Captain Barker to take a detachment of his men in a boat and dash across the harbor and plant the Star-spangled Banner again on the walls of that fort. Captain Barker sought permission of the Commander of Morris Island, Colonel Bennett, and gave his God-speed to the plucky lieutenant. The navy officers in the fleet lying outside of the bar, were watching their time to call to quarters and send a boat to take possession of the fort: but to them the way seemed not yet clear.

Lieutenant Hackett picked his men, Corp. H. A. Kerr, T. W Tibbetts,

S. Buttom, H. R. Farrar, T. A. Scott, J. Glaney, P. Callahan, all of Company M, manned his boat, and soon shot out from the creek by Cummings' Point into the harbor. Then there was some smart rowing done, and some straight steering. The arms of the Rhode Island boys bent the ash and left a wake behind them. Instantly, on seeing this dash of the lieutenant and his men, the naval officers lowered boats filled with ablest seamen, and ordered their men to do their best to take the wind out of the army boat and plant their flag in Moultrie. That was an honorable and heated race worthy of an artist's pencil. But the lieutenant had the windward in distance and held it in speed, while the army on the island and the men in the fleet held their caps ready to cheer the winner.

Reaching the sand of Sullivan's Island, the lieutenant leaped from his boat, and dashing over the front of Moultrie, finding the rebels had just fled, with his excited but strong hands pulled down as his trophy the ensign of Rebellion and quickly run "Old Glory" up to the breeze. Was there any cheering then? Guess! Loudly did the army applaud. Yes, and the brave men of the navy gave their applause to the lieutenant and his good men. And all together they gave three times three for the flag. Moultrie was again in the Union. This was the first flag raised on any of the rebel works.

But the rebels had intended to blow up the fort when they abandoned it. For this end they had laid powder and fuses leading to the magazine, and had fired the extremity of the train. The train was burning when Lieutenant Hackett entered the works and lifted the flag, and would have done its destructive work but for the timely discovery of the burning fuse and its extinguishment by one of the naval officers who reached the fort immediately after the lieutenant. This bold dash was just in season to save Moultrie and its armament to the United States Government.

A like plan had been adopted that resulted in the blowing up of Battery Bee; but the Confederate soldier, who remained to fire the train and see that it wrought its ruin, blundered in his work, cutting the fuse too short, and became the victim of the imperfect train; for when we entered the fort we found him nearly dead, crushed by one of the logs of the work that had been thrown upon him by the premature explosion.

General Schemmelfennig, commanding the Northern District of the Department, ordered forward his ready and waiting troops from James Island to occupy the abandoned and burning city Obeying the order with gladness and alacrity, his van, by boats, reached the wharves of the city before the rear-guard of the rebel army had left the upper portion of the town. At once our troops were marching up into the city under the Stars and Stripes to the measure of Yankee Doodle and the most animating national airs. The Mayor of Charleston, Mr. Macbeth, soon made his appearance and reluctantly surrendered the city to the Twenty-first United States Colored Troops, under Lieut.-Col. A. G. Bennett. O Muse of

History! consider the significant fact that the mace of Charleston was laid at the feet of black soldiers bearing the arms of the United States.

The second force to reach the city was from the Third Rhode Island, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ames, from our warm and jubilant guns on Morris Island.

Never was there a more demoralized city than was Charleston at this time. Here was social and moral chaos come again. The Confederate power was defunct. The Federal authority required a few days at least to put affairs in order. Old Massa had fled. Organization was impossible for the negroes. Hence for the moment anarchy and communism showed their wild fronts and ways.

Immediately after Lieutenant Hackett had lifted the Stars and Stripes on Moultrie, Maj. I. A. Hennessey, (Fifty-second Pennsylvania), commanding the boat-pickets on our front, reached the walls of Sumter and there exultantly lifted again the banner of the nation. In the afternoon another flag was raised on the walls by order of General Gillmore.

Now our big guns rested calmly on their worn trunnions, and our heavy forts stood silent, while we trod the grass-grown and shot-plowed streets of subdued and burning Charleston. We looked on the smoking hulks of rebel rams. We entered deserted rebel batteries. We gazed on masses of burning rebel property. The whites in the city, too poor to fly, were speechless in their humiliation. The negroes were full of hilarious joy that the long-looked for day of Jubilee had come. On the wharf in front of the city we gazed on the fragments of the huge 600-pounder gun, exploded that morning, which Charleston had mounted to blow to the moon the forces of the Union.

Of our entrance into the city, thus writes our comrade, Alfred B. Brown (Company D): "As soon as boats could be got ready, we were on our way to Charleston. Nearly half-way across, we passed a lighter that had taken over a load of infantry, and had on board, as a trophy, a rebel flag. Arriving at the wharf, we found scarcely a person present. Entering the streets, we were greeted on all sides with words of welcome from the negroes, whose joy seemed to know no bounds. Standing in doorways, on sidewalks, and street corners, some were shouting: 'Glory! Glory! Bres de Lord!' some were running, dancing, clapping and waving their hands; some stood amazed, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, as if in earnest prayer, or thanksgiving. One coolly said: 'De Yanks habn't got horns, like de debbil.' Another exclaimed: 'Come at last. You's been a long time comin' Come at last, massa.'

"Soon after reaching the citadel, hundreds — mostly blacks — gathered on the green in front of the building, and all endeavoring to give expression to their joy, cheering, shouting, laughing, doing whatever they could to express their pleasure at seeing the Yanks. One young colored woman rushed up, caught me by the arm, and whirled me about as she

excitedly danced, and then, letting go, said: 'Dare! I'se said I'd dance wid de fus Yankee I got hold ob; an' I hab done it. Now, let a body tell me do any work, to-day, an' I hit 'em in de face.' The fine buildings showed the strokes of our guns.

"When we entered the city, a fire was raging, set by the rebels before they left. A detachment of our regiment had orders to compel the citizens to work the engines for putting out the fire, and the flames were subdued about noon. We remained in the city for some time, and were kindly treated. When the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) marched in, they sang 'John Brown' with a zest to be remembered."

Some idea may be formed of the heavy armed works confronting us in our siege of Charleston, by the following summary of batteries and guns that fell into our hands when the enemy evacuated the city: —

I. SULLIVAN'S ISLAND. Nine positions. 1. Cove Battery, 4 guns. 2. Battery Bee, 11 guns. 3. Battery Marion, 8 guns. 4. Mortar Battery, 5 pieces. 5. Fort Moultrie, 9 guns. 6. Mortar Battery, 2 pieces. 7. Battery Rutledge, 6 guns; also a redoubt, 6 field-pieces. 8. Fort Beauregard, 13 guns. 9. Detached Batteries, 8 guns. 10. Fort Marshall, 14 guns.

II. CHRIST CHURCH PARISH. Six positions. 1. Beach Batteries, 2 guns. 2. Battery Gary, 2 guns. 3. Hog Island Battery, magazines and bomb-proofs only. 4. Hobcaw Point Battery, for 2 guns. 5. Castle Pinckney, 4 guns. 6. Fort Ripley, for 2 guns.

III. CITY BATTERIES. Six positions. 1. Calhoun Street Battery, 1 gun. 2. Laurens Street Battery, 1 gun. 3. Custom House Battery, 1 gun. 4. Vanderhorst Wharf Battery, 2 guns. 5. Battery Ramsay, 6 guns. 6. Battery Waring, 2 guns.

IV JAMES ISLAND. Five positions. 1. Battery Means, for siege guns. 2. Battery Glover, 3 guns. 3. Battery Wampler, 2 guns. 4. Fort Johnson, 20 guns. 5. Simkins Batteries, 6 guns.

V FORT SUMTER. When captured, 4 guns and 5 howitzers.

Remember that these twenty-seven positions and 147 guns, with ditches, curtains, merlons, traverses, bomb-proofs, and magazines, were for the defense of Charleston, on the side of the sea, and against which we held Morris Island and waged the memorable siege.

There were also defensive works to repel attacks from land-forces approaching the city by its rear and flanks; and these numbered more than thirty forts, redans, and batteries, and mounted above 100 guns. Thus Charleston was shielded by about 250 guns from more than fifty positions. Was ever a city more strongly fortified with forts, batteries, redans, redoubts, and rifle-pits? Moreover, the inner harbor was rendered inaccessible to a fleet by torpedoes and a variety of log, rope, and chain obstructions. Immense, indeed, was the labor, skill, and cost of defending this chief commercial city of the would-be Southern Confederacy.

All these heavy protections of Charleston fell into the keeping of the gunners of Rhode Island. We stood, at last, triumphantly upon the boasted birth-place and stronghold of the Rebellion.

On entering Charleston, we found, by actual measurement, that our

Parrotts had had a range of 9,760 yards, and some had reached about seven miles. If any artillerists have exceeded that range, in actual siege, we hope the fact will be mentioned.

Could we definitely make the statement of the number and weight of guns, tons of powder, shot and shell, used in forts, batteries, gun-boats, rams, and torpedoes, by the rebels on their side, around Charleston, during the war, and then the weight of guns, powder, and metal employed on our side, by the navy, and in our parallels, trenches, batteries, and forts, in our attacks and the protracted siege, truly ponderous and startling would be the footing. It was estimated that we handsomely handed into Charleston not less than 13,000 shell. So much for one point and the work of two or three guns. This was only one item in the long work. Surely, when opening fire upon Sumter on the 12th of April, 1861, the seceding Charlestonians knew not how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

Three days after the surrender of Charleston, Lieut. M. J. Higgins, with forty men, was ordered to take command of Sullivan's Island, and have charge of all the military works and their armaments. Some families had remained on the island during the siege, and were now well-nigh in a starving condition. During his stay there, the lieutenant issued to these poor people about one thousand five hundred rations. Says the lieutenant, "One woman told me that her husband, a short time before the surrender, having secured a bag of coffee, sold it in Charleston for $3,000, and then paid the $3,000 for a bushel of meal." This meal kept the family alive till the surrender.

Grant's grip on Richmond may be somewhat comprehended from the following extracts from a "Rebel War Clerk's Diary at the Confederate States Capital;" an intensely interesting work in two volumes:—

"Jan. 27, (1865.) Gold at $47 for one. Feb. 2. Flour $800 to $1000 per barrel; red, or cow beans, $80 per bushel; potatoes, $50 per bushel. Feb. 11. Slaves, about $5,000, Confederate States notes, or $100 in specie; a great depreciation; before the war they commanded ten times that price. Feb. 17. Black beans, $65 per bushel. Feb. 18. One hundred for one is asked for gold. Feb. 24. Beef and pork $7 to $9 per pound; butter, from $15 to $20. March 3. $1.600 in paper — less than $300 in specie. March 5. The government gives $1 in gold for sixty of its own paper. March 6. A quarter of a cord of oak wood, $55. March 8. Cotton cloth, $12 to $15 per yard; meal, $2 per pound; bacon, $13 per pound. March 18. Bacon, $20 per pound; meal, $140 per bushel. March 20. Flour, $1,500 per barrel. March 23. Beef, $12 to $15 per pound; bacon, $20; butter, $20.

In a previous chapter we mentioned the fact that General Hatch's force, with which Company A was associated, was near the Edisto when Charleston surrendered. This force immediately moved up to the city. But Company A had little rest, for as yet affairs were quite mixed, and there was a demand for light guns in clearing up sections of South Carolina.

Lieut. F A. Wilcoxson remained with General Hatch as Assistant Quartermaster till May, and his efficiency was complimented by the General.

After a single day's halt in the city, a section of the company — near forty men with their two pieces — under Lieutenant Elliott, had orders to move with General Potter's force up to the Santee River, about fifty miles. Our first halt and bivouac was at Goose Creek, a beautiful and somewhat romantic locality, boasting of old homesteads and hoary live-oaks. On our march we also bivouacked at Monk's Corner, famous in the records of the Revolution. Reaching the vicinity of Santee River, and finding none of the chivalry ready to dispute with us, we remained a few days in making martial observations, and glancing at the fertile country, and disposing of deserted property, and then turned back to Charleston playing quite vigorously the rôle of bummers. We met the rebels in this expedition only as videttes and skirmishers. Hardee had more faith in his heels than in his guns. Returning to Charleston after an absence of about three weeks, we encamped near the city in the Trotting Park, where our captured men had been imprisoned. Here we had an opportunity to study the scars of Charleston, and learn of the extreme range of our guns wielded on Morris Island. The city wore sackcloth and ashes.

# CHAPTER LVIII.

## THE FALLING CONFEDERACY

MARCH — APRIL, 1865.

*The will-o'-wisp dies in the moor.*

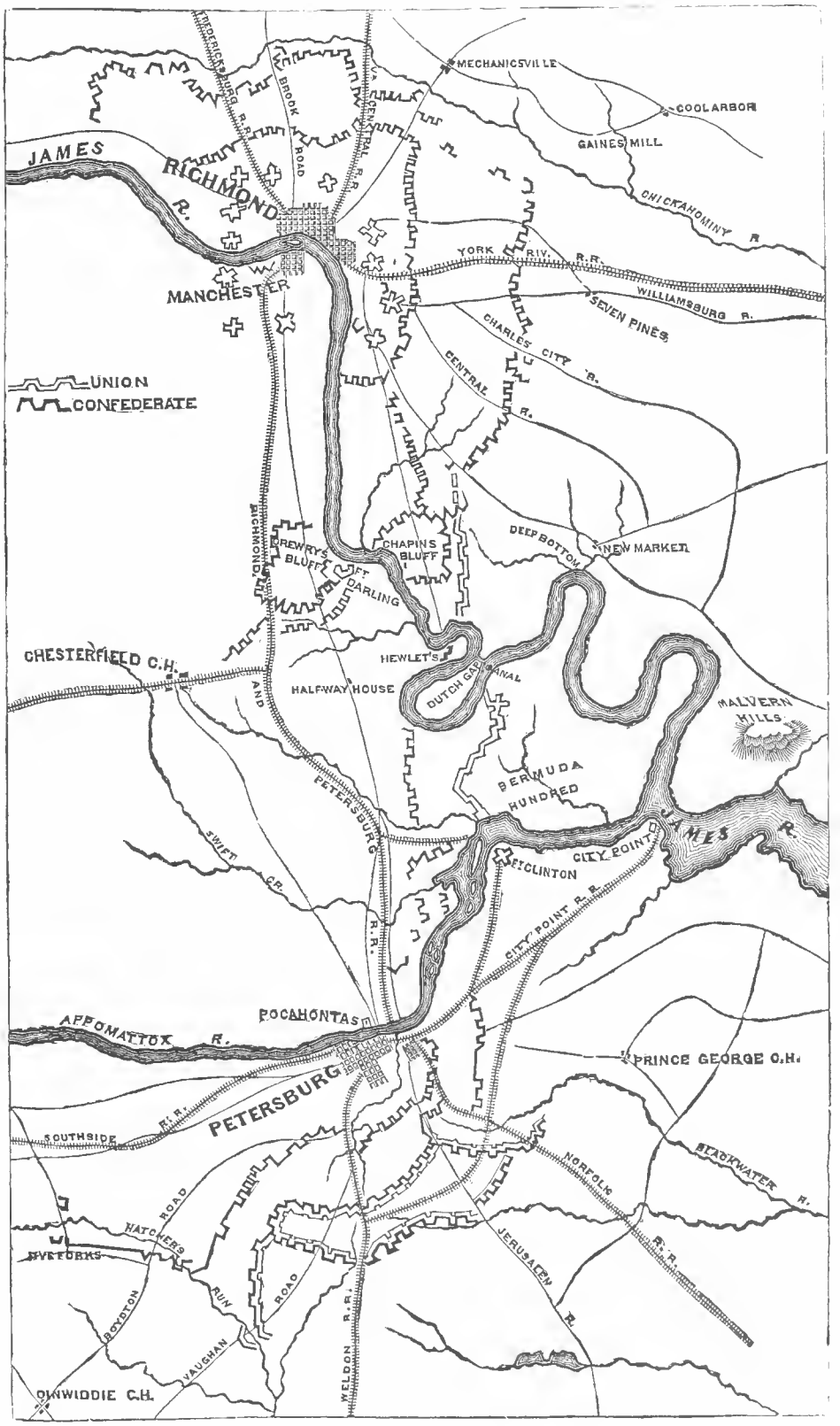
VICTORIES for the Federal arms were daily multiplying, and the brave old flag of the nation was being lifted on the mountains and along all the shores of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

In March, Company A had returned to Beaufort; Company C was still in Virginia, aiding General Grant in his triumphs; Company B was in possession of Sullivan's Island; Company D was holding the forts on Morris and Folly Islands, with head-quarters in Fort Strong.

March 17. The old members of companies L and M had now completed their term of three years. With them, since the summer of the previous year, had been serving some of the veterans that had belonged to other companies. Now these veterans and others were consolidated and made up what was known as new Company D, while the squads of men whose term of service had expired, returned to Rhode Island. Of the veteran officers and men now remaining on the front, it is not too much to say, in view of their long services and large experiences with their guns, that the world never knew more skillful practical artillerists.

April 19. We received the unspeakably afflictive "General Order, No. 66," dated "Washington, D. C., April 16, 1865," announcing the assassination of President Lincoln, and his death on the morning of the 15th; and ordering, for the next day, thirteen guns at sunrise, and a single gun at intervals of thirty minutes through the day from sunrise to sunset, and at the close of the day thirty-six guns. Our head-quarters, with every post, were draped in mourning. The flags of the forts and posts, and those in Charleston, were hoisted at half-mast.

April 20. Per order, the mournful guns were opened. The troops were paraded at 10 o'clock, A. M., and listened to the order announcing the Nation's bereavement. Captain Barker fired the thirteen guns at sunrise from Strong and Putnam. Lieutenant Burroughs did the same from Moultrie and Bee. Then followed the solemn half-hour guns through all




DEFENCES OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

the sad day, ending with the deep-toned thirty-six at sunset. What a billow of sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death rolled over our Nation, and, indeed, over the civilized world, for no human death was ever so widely and sincerely mourned. As we fired our heavy guns, our eyes filled with tears, and we choked with deepest emotion. Even now those requiem guns sound in our ears, and our draped flag hangs in the halls of memory. Insane secession commenced its career with theft and closed it with assassination.

The murder of President Lincoln — the last barbaric throe of the spirit of Rebellion — in keeping with the spirit that had ruled at Andersonville — was more unfortunate for the South than for the North; for the great fatherly heart of Mr. Lincoln would have been generous — possibly too much so — to submissive adversaries, and more tender than was the nature of Andrew Johnson. By the atrocious murder of the head of the Nation, the loyal people throughout the country were both deeply grieved and greatly exasperated. The deed can never be forgotten.

> For four dark years had Freedom's members bled;
> Now with the members lies the bleeding head.

May 2. The general order of the War Department, dated "Washington, D. C., April 9, ——, 10 o'clock, P. M.," required us, on the day following its receipt, to "fire a salute of 200 guns, in commemoration of the surrender of Gen. R. E. Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia to Lieutenant-General Grant and the army under his command." This, then, was emphatically our jubilant day. Were there ever gladder gunners? We bent to our mammoth pieces with a *vim* and vigor corresponding to our beating hearts and bounding souls. Captain Barker ordered the firing at Strong and Putnam; Lieutenant Burroughs fired from Moultrie and Bee; Lieutenant Hackett fired from Fort Johnson. Here, unfortunately, a gun burst and instantly killed Thomas Riley and Thomas Ryan (Company D).

While human calculations were greatly disappointed in the events and duration of the war, it became plain to us all, before its termination, that Divine Providence had ordered events with reference to great and permanent issues; the complete exhaustion of the slave-holders, in their strength, means, and reputation, and hence the utter overthrow of their moral and political philosophy. This is the divine economy in respect to great social and national evils that assume organic and chartered forms. Armistices, conventions, compromises, and alliances with wrongs, only encourage and augment them. When an unrighteous system has fully developed itself and made its native hideousness apparent to the world, the Divine Ruler points men to the lesson, and at the same time sweeps the evil from its proud and defiant eminence.

Our last mention of Company A left them outside the defenses of Charleston, after their return from Santee River. Here they remained but

a short time, studying the ruins of the city, and then were ordered to embark for the city of Beaufort, on Port Royal Island.

May 4. The same section that went up the Santee River, under Lieut. E. W Waterhouse and Lieut. R. E. Elliott, was ordered to Savannah, Ga., to report to General Grover, where, shortly, Lieutenant Waterhouse, with his pieces, was ordered to join General Washburn's brigade of the Nineteenth Corps, on their march to Augusta, Ga., with the view of cutting off the flight of Jeff Davis. But our Federal cavalry overtook the hooded and mantled traitor, and taking him in charge, spared our men the necessity of dashing on beyond Augusta.

From the experiences of our officers and men with Sherman's army, in Georgia and South Carolina — marching like a gale, and "bumming" like a tornado — we have some claim to sing, as we did, the stirring ballad, so widely known, and so exhilarating to the blood of all Federal troops.

### Marching Through Georgia.

*Words and Music by Henry C. Work.*

(Inscribed to Gen. W. T. Sherman.)

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound;
How the turkies gobbled which our commissary found;
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we, etc.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we, etc.

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast;
So the saucy rebels said; and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we, etc.

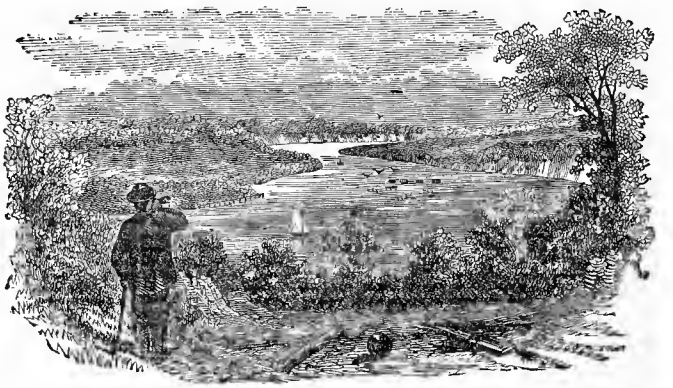
So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude — three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we, etc.

Our march along the rich and frequently beautiful banks of the Savannah, measured about one hundred and thirty-five miles, and would have been highly enjoyed but for our necessary haste.

Sergt. C. D. Holmes' journal has the following entries: "Monday, May 15th, (1865). Here we are at Augusta, Ga., after a march of 135 miles, which occupied eight days. We received orders on the 5th to prepare the Parrott section to go to Savannah (from Beaufort, S. C.); started on the morning of the 6th by steamer Oneota; reached Savannah in afternoon; left Savannah on morning of the 7th with four regiments of the Nineteenth Corps under General Washburn; made Sisters' Ferry in three

days and drew ten days' rations; advanced to Augusta without any remarkable occurrence." "May 22d. We are quartered in the Arsenal, used by the United States before the war, enclosed by a wall fifteen feet in height, and inside the square are large shade trees, most of them mulberries now in fruit." "Augusta is the best looking city that I have seen in the South, but there is not much Union feeling here."

While in Augusta, Ga., rebel officers and soldiers surveyed us very inquisitively and sometimes ventured upon direct questions. One, stepping up consequentially, asked, "What Battery is this?" Instantly, with full voice, a good gunner replied, "The One Hundred and Third Rhode Island Battery." The inquirer said, "I have fought in every part of the country during the war, and everywhere we have met the Rhode Island Artillery.



CHAPIN'S BLUFF.

Did Rhode Island send nothing but artillery into the field?" We did not care to disabuse the rebel's estimate of Rhody's ability to strike heavy blows.

After spending three weeks in Augusta, contemplating the ruins of the Confederacy and the sullen submission of the Southern chivalry, our section, near the first of June, returned with their guns to Savannah — the beautiful but humiliated city of old slave-holders — and there, at ease, on guard duty, honored by the freedmen, and abundantly supplied with plantation fruits, spent the remaining period of their service. The camp of Company A, on Port Royal Island, was on the Cammell plantation, near where a number of our comrades had been buried, who died from the disaster on the George Washington. Here Company A buried Sergt. John Carpenter.

# CHAPTER LIX.

## RE-RAISING THE FLAG OF SUMTER.

APRIL, 1865.

*Let Sumter's flag its story tell.*

FOREVER historic in our land will be Fort Sumter, by reason of the great scenes acted in and around its walls during the slave-holders' Rebellion. Here secession first lifted the brand of war. Here armed loyalty first withstood the flames of madness. Here the emblem of our nation suffered its first deep humiliation. How fitting, then, that in the hour of its triumph it should be returned, with strength and joy, to the battlements from which it had been withdrawn.

By "General Orders, No. 50," from the "War Department, Washington, D. C., March 27, 1865," it was

"ORDERED. *First* — That at the hour of noon, on the fourteenth day of April, 1865, Brevet Maj.-Gen. Anderson will raise and plant upon the ruins of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, the same United States flag which floated over the battlements of that fort during the rebel assault, and which was lowered and saluted by him and the small force of his command when the works were evacuated, on the fourteenth day of April, 1861.

*Second* — That the flag, when raised, be saluted by 100 guns from Fort Sumter, and by a national salute from every fort and rebel battery that fired upon Fort Sumter.

By order of the President of the United States,

EDWIN M. STANTON,
*Secretary of War.*"

Maj.-Gen. Q. A. Gillmore's order read: —

"The ceremonies for the occasion will commence, with prayer, at thirty minutes past 11 o'clock, A. M.

At noon, precisely, the flag will be raised, and saluted with 100 guns from Fort Sumter, and with a national salute from Fort Moultrie and Battery Bee, on Sullivan's Island; Fort Putnam, on Morris Island; and Fort Johnson, on James Island.

After the salutes, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher will deliver an address.

The services will close with prayer and a benediction."

What a proud satisfaction it was to us of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery that the execution of this joyous, national, historic salute

should be committed to our officers, and men, and guns — veterans of the long and never to be forgotten siege.

April 14. At the hour named the army, the navy, the national authorities of Washington, dignitaries of every civil and professional rank, and eminent strangers — a multitude of notables — by war-ships, transports and boats, landed on the war-swept walls. Full 3,000 persons, men and women, crowded on the ruin. And now commenced the services : —

I. Prayer by Rev. Matthias Harris, Chaplain United States Army, who offered the prayer at the raising of the flag when Major Anderson removed his command from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, Dec. 27, 1860.

II. Reading the Scriptures by Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D. D., and the audience alternately, from sheets prepared at *The New South* office, and distributed for use. The selected portions were Ps. cxxvi, xlvii, xcviii, and part of xx; closing with a doxology. A profound impression was made by this reading, following the Chaplain's prayer, that recalled the past.

III. Reading of Major Anderson's dispatch to the Government, dated Steamship Baltic, off Sandy Hook, April 18, 1861, announcing the fall of Fort Sumter. The reading was by Brevet Brig.-Gen. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General, United States Army.

IV At the full hour of noon — all things in readiness — the battlements thronged with excited beholders — Major Anderson again lifted to its lawful place on the walls and to the breath of heaven, the same dear flag that floated during the assault of 1861. Who can describe the scene? Who can utter the deep feelings that choked the bravest men and wet the eyes of all the thousands present.

V And now came the eloquence of artillery. Rhode Island opened the ponderous lips and spoke the thundering notes. Lieut. J. E. Burroughs and his men (Company B), pronounced the "one hundred" with the guns of Sumter. Capt. J. M. Barker and his command, Company D, answered with the national salute from Morris Island. Lieut. C. H. Williams and his men, Company B, responded from Sullivan's Island. And the air-rending chorus came in from the guns of Fort Johnson. Meanwhile, what cheers and tears, what joys and shouts, what waving of flags, hats, and handkerchiefs. Memorable hour! Exultantly did our veterans emphasize it, and count it an honor to handle the captured heavy guns in avenging the flag of the free and the brave.

We need not ask how this music sounded to the Charlestonians. Where now was historic disgrace and shame?

VI. The band — the joyous band — struck and played as never before, while the host of army, navy, and citizens present, joined in singing

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light"—

Like a billow of inspiring sound rolled the chorus : —

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Such a rapturous hour was worth fighting for. How the hearts of all soldiers, and of the loyal millions in our land, beat with a thankful, unutterable joy that our flag's humiliation was now canceled.

Aloft, behold their banner rise!
Fit ensign for the land we prize;
A flag the breezes fond, caress,
The flag that freemen ever bless,
And stars of heaven delight to kiss;
Henceforth in spotless fame to wave,
The pledge of freedom to the slave,
The standard of the free and brave.

A history, Dear Flag, is thine,
Sung on the mountain and the sea;
Thy folds, like heaven's pure stars, shall shine
Till earth is lit with Liberty.

VII. Now followed the eloquent, patriotic, inimitable address by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; the vast multitude hanging on his lips, and well-nigh the fort itself, rocking to the greatness of his thoughts and the grandeur of the occasion.

VIII. The whole host, led by the band, in the grand tune of Old Hundred, then lifted up to heaven the doxology: —

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

IX. The closing prayer of thanksgiving and the benediction were by Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr., D. D.

Poets have been moved to sing of sieges. We wonder if, in the bright years to come, a poet will not arise to celebrate in melodious phrase, the scenes of Sumter and the siege of Charleston.

But we must now turn our eyes northward and look upon our comrades engaged in the siege of Petersburg and Richmond.

# CHAPTER LX.

## OUR FIELD-GUNS IN VIRGINIA

JUNE, 1864 — 1865.

*The Greeks are at the gates of Troy.*

THE sweep of our guns—heavy and light—extended from Baldwin, Fla., to Richmond, Va. The amount of loyal powder, shot, shell, grape and canister, vigorously handed over to the Southern Confederacy, as our voluntary contribution to the advancement of ideas, would make a grand footing, and we greatly wish we could give it; we should like to see it in a wagon-train, with all the guns we wielded mounted on wheels, behind. In brief we think we finely dotted and punctuated the history of slavery's secession.

In a previous chapter we left Company C engaged with the Army of the James in the siege of Petersburg. In this work of beleaguerment they had hard and almost unremitting service. Lieutenant Sabin and Sergt. J. R. Burgess, 2d, have furnished us notes.

Soon after what was known as the battle of the South Side Railroad, we were ordered back, July 8th, to Bermuda Hundreds. From this time nothing of importance save steady siege-work and occasional duels happened to us until the famous "mine explosion" on the morning of July 30th, when we held ourselves ready for an advance in case of success. The explosion of the mine was a success, but for some reason the order to advance was a failure. Every inch of ground was stubbornly disputed by the foe.

Soon after the mine explosion we placed our guns in position in Fort Steadman opposite the exploded works to prevent their reconstruction. Action along our front and on the peninsula occurred daily.

Aug. 25. Hitherto we had acted with the Tenth Corps. Now we became a part of the Eighteenth Corps, under Gen. W Smith. Slowly and tightly our grip was fastening upon its object.

Aug. 28. Relieved by the Fifth United States, we left camp for Petersburg, and moved into Fort Wilcox, near the extreme left of the line, in front of the city.

Sept. 5. Brought four of our guns into position in front of Petersburg.

Space does not allow us to speak of the storms, mud, heats, and dust of Virginia; but these were common to all.

Sept. 14. All the batteries in our brigade opened fire, and the rebels of Petersburg felt the notes of our loyal music.

Sept. 21. Fired a shotted salute in honor of General Sheridan, for his success in the Shenandoah Valley.

Sept. 27. Had orders to move to Deep Bottom. On this day occurred the battle of Kinsland Mills.

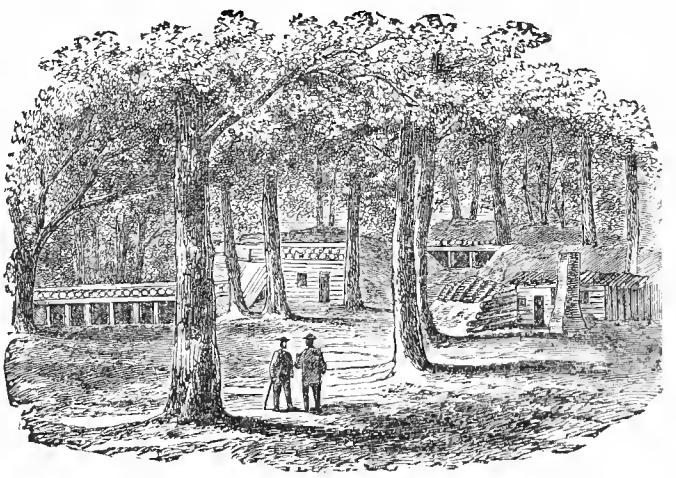
Sept. 28. Ordered back to the pontoon bridge; crossed the Appomattox and moved to Jones Landing.

Sept. 29. Crossed the James and moved within seven miles of Richmond.

Sept. 30. At 10 P. M., ordered to the front.

Oct. 1. Our left section out on picket, on the Newmarket road.

Oct. 7 At daylight the enemy attacked Kautz's cavalry, and at 9 A. M., they came on our right flank but were repulsed; our centre section was engaged. This has been known as the battle of Laurel Hill, and was an unusually "lively job." The heavier loss fell upon the rebels, but on our side we lost Elder's Battery. Of our men, James M. Manchester was wounded, and two detached men from the Sixteenth New York Heavy Artillery serving with us, also received wounds — James J. Wales, who afterwards died, and John T. Hitchcock.



INTERIOR OF FORT STEADMAN.

While our battery was hotly engaged, a shot from one of the enemy's guns chanced to strike J M. Manchester, plowing a neat little furrow in the flesh of his posteriors, as he stood sideways to the front. As quick as thought, the cool gunner, having his mind on a possible furlough, straightened up and, slapping his hand on the wound, exultingly exclaimed: "Good for thirty days!" Brave men learn to take the perils of war coolly

Another incident is furnished by Lieut. William S. Bailey (Company C): "At the battle of Laurel Hill, Oct. 7, while Battery C was under the enemy's fire, a shell came over and burst just above our heads. Jack Mulligan — the same that captured the rebel on James Island (June, 1862) — was tending vent on No. 3 gun. A piece of one of the rebel shells came down and cut three of the buttons from the breast of his

jacket, tearing the cloth in such a manner as to expose the inside pocket and lining of his jacket, and then buried itself in the ground, between his feet, without injuring him. Jack, without taking his thumb from the vent, deliberately, with the unemployed hand, began feeling inside his pocket, and soon withdrew his hand, and, holding up to our view one of the most villanous-looking, short-stemmed, black, clay pipes, while his little black eyes sparkled with glee, exclaimed: 'Be jabers, boys, it didn't hurt me pipe a bit.'"

Oct. 8. From a light battery on our right, the enemy opened fire on us, near Chapin's farm, while we were preparing to move our camp farther to the rear, and for a short time we had quite a sensation. Captain Hamilton's Battery (E, Third United States Artillery), having just moved camp, brought their guns into action across the main road, and occupied the attention of our assailants. We had literally to pass through the fire, just in rear of this battery, yet we lost only four horses cut down in harness. Our pieces were ordered to the left of Hamilton's battery, when the rebels changed their position into a piece of woods and under the protection of their infantry, after which a general engagement ensued, lasting nearly through the day. We were engaged, in fact, from 8 o'clock in the morning, till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy retired.

After this vigorous but vain attempt of the rebels to break our lines, with which we were slowly but surely destroying the hopes of the city we were ordered to what was known as Signal Hill, on the right flank of the line of intrenchments. Our quarters, Camp Holly, were fixed on the hill, and our six pieces were in position at Fort Signal Hill, supported by a battalion of colored infantry.

While here we were visited by our excellent and honored commander, Col. C. R. Brayton, who, after his return to Rhode Island, accepted the appointment of the State to visit the Rhode Island troops in Virginia, and distribute among them blank ballots for their votes in the impending presidential election, and to receive their sealed votes and return them to the State, to be opened and counted by the appointed authorities. This right of voting was unrestricted in respect to party preferences; ballots for the nominees of both parties were given to each soldier, and Colonel Brayton urged each man to vote in obedience to his own sense of duty. As Colonel Brayton was once the loved and popular commander of this company, his reception amongst them on the front in Virginia was warm and enthusiastic.

Near Camp Holly stood a plantation-house, owned by a man named Libby; this house shortly vanished away, the stock being appropriated for tent-floors, bunks, and the like loyal uses. Another house, where the occupants played the role of "Unionists" to our expense, was reduced to the ground. It was too much for our equanimity that proud Virginians, intensely hating all Yankees, should hypocritically assume the character of loyal men at the expense of our lives.

Oct. 16. Our guns were moved into the redoubt.

Oct. 20. Fired a salute in honor of a victory in the valley.

Oct. 24. Relieved from the redoubt.

Oct. 31. Moved down to the Signal Hill fort.

Nov 25. Had something of a Thanksgiving dinner.

Dec. 4. Went to Fort Burnham (rebel Fort Harrison).

Dec. 13. Visited by General Meade.

Dec. 10. The rebels shelled us with mortars, and we were obliged to lie close to our shelters.

About this time General Grant, in cavalry coat and hat, visited us and talked freely with officers and men, at the time unknown to us. Afterwards he visited us in our bomb-proof.

Dec. 18. Relieved from Fort Burnham and went into our caisson camp.

Jan. 15. Within two and a half miles of Petersburg, we reached the intrenched position of the rebels, extending from the Appomattox across the heights, near the city. The troops were formed in line of battle, under cover of a forest fronting the enemy's works, and between which wood and the enemy was an open field. The infantry were ordered to lie down and await orders.

Our company (C) brought our guns into position and opened fire; and we poured the metal on the enemy's front during most of the afternoon, preventing all their operations and movements from their works. Finally, under cover of our fire, our troops made a charge and captured the works.

Jan. 23. Our men and guns were enjoying apparent security. But during the night, six rebel rams slipped their halters, up the river, and ran past us in the darkness, and passing Fort Brady, at last grounded in the bend of Dutch Gap, under our batteries, having intended a raid down the river. As, in the morning (24th), our batteries opened on the lost sheep, blowing up one and urging the retreat of the others, the rebel batteries near Fort Burnham (formerly rebel Fort Harrison), opened their best possible fire on us, beginning near noon, and holding on till near 4 o'clock, P. M.; exploding at least a hundred shell over and in the fort, one shell cutting through the top of our magazine. A mortar battery and Fort Gilmer annoyed us not a little. Our guns were too small to reply with effect; so we endured the storm as best we could.

Jan. 25. We returned to Fort Burnham, relieving Battery D of the Regular Army.

Our experiences lay around Petersburg, and along the Appomattox River. When in Fort Burnham, we were with the Twenty-fifth Corps (colored troops). On our corps front, we had ninety-two pieces of artillery of various calibres.

Feb. 7 Robert Egan (Company C), died of heart disease.

# CHAPTER LXI.

## EVACUATION OF RICHMOND

APRIL — MAY, 1865.

*Avenging justice hides her hour.*

STROKE upon stroke of determined right told at last upon the hopes and the heart of the Confederacy. General Grant's persistency was but the embodiment of the national will. No sacrifices, however great, could daunt the determination of the loyal in our country to overthrow the armies of rebellion. Petersburg and Richmond have scars and wounds to make them forever historic. Men of our command acted their part in this memorable work.

Sheridan, having completed his famous raid, joined the forces in front of Petersburg, March 27th. Grant had already issued (March 24th) his orders to his generals to be ready to move March 29th, "for the double purpose of turning the enemy out of his position around Petersburg, and to ensure the success of the cavalry in its efforts to reach and destroy the South Side and Danville railroads."

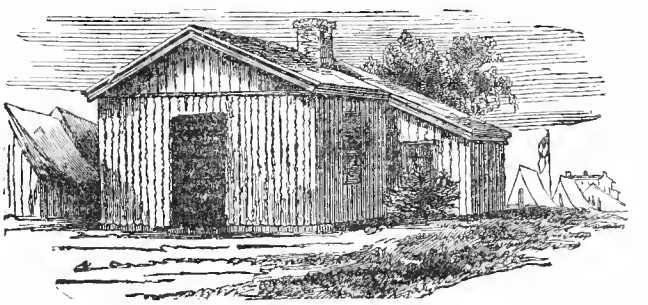
April 2. A bombardment, commenced in the night, was kept up till 4 o'clock in the morning, when an assault was ordered on the enemy's lines. A portion of General Gibbon's corps, by a most gallant charge, captured two strong enclosed works, the most salient and commanding south of Petersburg, thus materially shortening the line of investment for taking the city. Now all the "dogs of war" were up, with open mouths, intent upon the foe.

Perceiving the death-grasp that was now swiftly closing upon them, the rebels made haste by order of Lee, to evacuate both Petersburg and Richmond on the night of April 2d, and started toward Danville. Jeff Davis and his junto had already taken flight. Desperate, in their humiliating retreat, the rebels set fire to Richmond as they left it; but our troops, quickly pressing into it, saved it from ashes.

April 3. A day of wonderful excitement. Rebels flying; Grant's host pursuing. The Stars and Stripes waving in Petersburg and Richmond, and advancing as on the wings of the wind upon the flying Army of Northern Virginia.

We remained in Fort Burnham, in front of Richmond, on the north side of the James, till the night of April 2d, when the whole front was in commotion, and we had orders to be ready to move out. Soon after 1 o'clock, A. M., April 3d, we started for Richmond on the corduroy road, and finally, by roads and fields, after a march of three or four miles, reached the city which we entered near nine o'clock, finding it burning, and all the inhabitants in utmost confusion and anxiety. We halted at Rockets, and watched the turmoil and the conflagrations. We finally took station in Camp Lee, in the upper part of the city, and remained about two weeks.

The fall of Richmond, like that of Savannah and Charleston, was brought about by superior strategy and force. The Confederates fought bravely and desperately while any hope of success in battle, or of favorable negotiations with the Federal Government, remained to them, and at last succumbed to the heavier battalions, under the stress of complete exhaustion. History must award to the rebels courage and determination, albeit these qualities were devoted to a wrong and vain course. And their political insanity continued with them to the end. On evacuating Petersburg and Richmond, they repeated the madness of destroying, as far as possible, all public property. Stores of cotton, tobacco, arms, ordnance, and supplies, with arsenals, rams, and gun-boats were set on fire. Of Richmond, especially, it might be said "the smoke of her torment ascended up to heaven." The destruction of the city was stayed only by General Wietzel and his troops, after entering the city on the morning of April 3d. Conflagration was the last weapon of Rebellion, and even this was overcome by our brave soldiers.



GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

April 9. The battle that had been raging for eleven days and nights, with unwonted energy on both sides, from the defenses of Petersburg and Richmond along the railways and wagon-roads to Appomattox Station, now sublimely culminated in the surrender of Lee and his army at the village dignified by the name of Appomattox Court House. The news speedily flew through all our armies, and along all our lines. While the fire of our guns instantly ceased, the fire of our hearts as instantly broke forth in uncontrollable manifestations, shouts, hurras, music, cheers, waving of caps, beating of drums, saluting of flags, and firing salutes.

When the official order had been duly promulgated and all things were in readiness to fire the salute of two hundred guns in commemoration of the surrender of Lee's army, it may be imagined that our men were at their

guns with a will. Their salvos seemed to shake the rejoicing earth and the smiling heavens. They almost believed that the thunder of their guns was heard by their glad comrades in South Carolina, and their happy kindred in New England.

General Sherman reached Raleigh, N. C., April 13th, and the next day received proposals from General Johnston relative to the surrender of his part of the Confederate forces, and on the 26th received the surrender of that army, thus closing the war in all the east. There was, therefore, no further call for active operations save in collecting scattered forces, gathering up the trophies of war and returning arms and ordnance to the government depots. We could now turn and pertinently inquire of the secessionists :—

"Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will,
With your deft official fingers, and your politicians' skill?"

After seeing the terms of Lee's surrender complied with, and attending to the protection of public property in Richmond, we passed, with other artillery forces, through Manchester, experiencing a terrific rain storm, and marched to Petersburg. Passing through the city we took position, with other batteries in the rear of the town. Naturally enough we visited and examined the fallen rebel works and studied the ruins around us.

Finally we were ordered with the colored infantry to Light House Point, on the James River, about four miles from City Point. While here, as Captain Langdon was absent on furlough, our commander, Capt. M. S. James was Acting Chief of Artillery, a position that he held till we had orders to prepare for our muster out.

Again we were ordered to Petersburg and camped outside the city about two weeks ; then marched to Manchester, opposite Richmond, where we were duly mustered out of the service, to draw our pay on reaching Rhode Island.

After crossing to Richmond, we marched on foot to Rockets and took transporation to Baltimore, not reluctantly watching the north star. Reaching Baltimore on Sunday morning, recollecting the march of the Massachusetts troops in 1861, we moved proudly through the streets, singing

"When Johnny comes marching home."

Remaining in Baltimore till evening, we secured transportation to Philadelphia, where, on arriving a little past midnight, we were generously fed and cheered at the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon — ever worthy of grateful mention. From Philadelphia, via Amboy, we reached New York, and, by a very hurried march across the city, caught the Shore Line train, that took us to Providence.

The reception of Company C in Providence was as warm as that extended to those who had reached home before them, and as that which awaited their regimental comrades soon to follow.

# CHAPTER LXII.

## THE FINAL SHOTS OF THE WAR

APRIL — JUNE, 1865.

*Through God the Truth is clothed with might.*

THOUGH the bloody work of war was nearly ended, no little labor remained on the field, regathering scattered forces and making provision for guarding the results of the conflict. Some time was required to make us certain of the professed sincerity of the rebels in accepting the terms of surrender. Nor was it proper to at once leave the States that had thrown themselves into the vortex of secession, without some national authority to assist them in regaining their lost places in the Nation. The transition from martial to civil rule could not be accomplished in a day.

April 16. Port Royal harbor, and all the region round about, enjoyed a new and peculiar sensation. The steamer William P Clyde, from Savannah, on her way north, anchored for a few hours in the harbor at Hilton Head. She had on board the notable prisoners of war — representatives of the fallen Confederacy — Jeff Davis and family, Alexander H. Stephens, rebel Vice-President; John H. Reagan, rebel Postmaster-General; Clement C. Clay, General Wheeler, and other arch traitors. Our Rhode Island men, General Brayton (then stationed at Hilton Head), and Lieut. C. H. Williams, there on army duty, had the satisfaction of looking upon these chiefs of the rebellion, now in the humble attitude of captives. We had no further occasion to sing

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree."

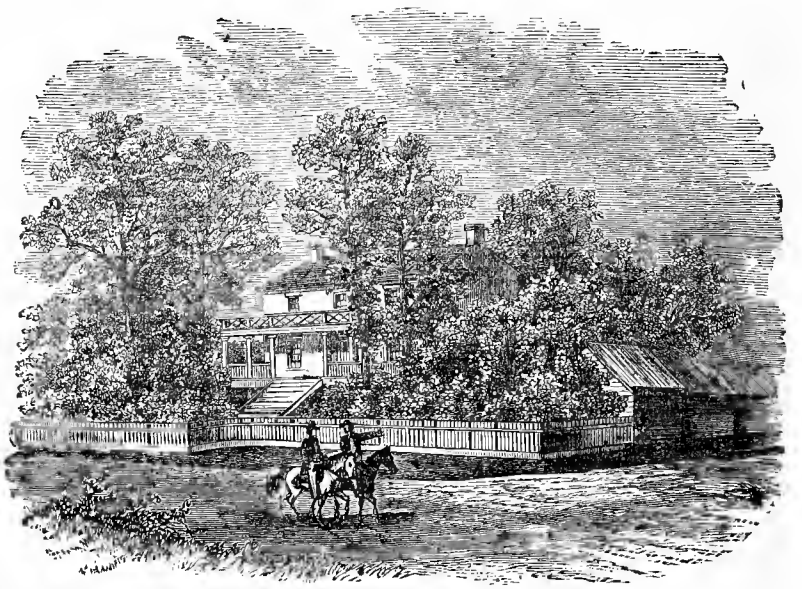
We felt rather like joining the freedmen in singing

"O neber you fear if neber you hear
De driver blow his horn."

General Sherman and his army entered Raleigh, N C., on the thirteenth of April, and, after some discussion of measures of mercy, received, April 26th, the surrender of Johnston and his 31,000 men. No further rebel army remained in the east. On the eighth of May General Taylor surrendered with his army to General Canby, and this left no Confederate force east of the Mississippi. Jeff Davis in his flight was captured May 10th, near Irwin-

ville, Ga., and conveyed to Fortress Monroe. Gen. E. Kirby Smith and his army in Texas, the last of the rebel forces, laid down their arms on the twenty-sixth of May. Only a few guerillas and certain rebel keels on the sea now remained to represent the Confederacy that had boasted of changing the destiny of our country; and these outlaws soon perished.

However others may, we certainly never shall forget how, through English sympathy and English capital, the slave-holders' Rebellion was encouraged and strengthened and prolonged. English munitions of war were exchanged for Confederate cotton and bonds. English hands built rebel corsairs, and deftly constructed swift keels for illicit traffic with our enemy. We were obliged to contend with English sentiments and English guns. After due consideration, we have credited the toil, treasure, and blood of



McLEAN'S HOUSE, PLACE OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

the last two years of the war to England — a heavy account certainly, by no means fully met by the millions of gold awarded to us by the Geneva Arbitration. As John Bull selfishly, if not madly, gored us in the hour of our calamity and affliction, we shall claim the right of remembering our wound in the years of our prosperity. Thank God, we triumphed over all our foes.

May 24. Emery Fiske (Company D), who was wounded by a premature discharge of a gun, while firing a salute May 2d, died, in the General Hospital in Charleston, and was buried in Magnolia Cemetery, about two miles from the city — a place of sacred beauty, being to Charleston what Mount Auburn is to Boston.

At the fall of the Confederacy, the Federal Government had over a million of men in the Army, and above fifty thousand in the Navy. It required some time and great labor of routine for these forces to turn over

their posts and property, move to convenient centres, and be mustered out of the service. Meanwhile, certain grave questions of national duty and policy relative to the late insurgent States and the four millions of freed slaves, required the retention of a portion of our volunteer army, until some line of procedure should be adopted. The atrocious assassination of President Lincoln made it clear that the spirit of Rebellion was not extinguished by the surrender of the rebel armies. Portions of the Veteran Volunteers therefore remained for a time in the service, to aid the Regular Army in the preservation of order. The aggregate of our command at this time was 463.

With all our opposition to the rebels and to slavery, that inspired the rebellion, and with all our joy at the downfall of the Confederacy, we yet felt a kind of sympathy, strongly verging upon compassion, for the people of the South who had madly, foolishly brought upon themselves such great losses and such painful destitution. A host of their best men had perished in battle. All their money, and most of their personal property, had been swept away. They had incurred immense confederate debts that they could never satisfy. At home and abroad their reputation was ruined. The old institution upon which they stood — the foundation of their domestic and political economy — was utterly demolished. Poor, powerless, bruised, disgraced, yet keenly sensitive through pride and the recollections of former affluence and rank, they received a measure of our pity as well as the honest sentiment of blame.

Having finished our work, we were anxious to reach our homes. We had seen the end of our desire — the prostrate and dead Confederacy, and the flag of a free Union triumphant over all portions of the land. Willingly we had waited till all necessary adjustments of affairs had been completed. But great was our joy when orders began to be issued for our muster out. We had made our record with the strokes of our cannon from Petersburg, Va., to the unredeemed forests beyond Pilatka, Fla.; and our victor feet had trod the streets of Savannah, Charleston, Augusta, Petersburg and Richmond.

June 12. Company C, under Capt. Martin S. James, numbering four officers and ninety-two enlisted men, arrived in Providence, R. I. They were received with a warm salute fired by a detachment of the Marine Artillery, and were escorted by the Burnside Zouaves to Washington Hall, where they were welcomed by Adjt.-Gen. E. C. Mauran, and shared a collation prepared by L. H. Humphreys, under the direction of Assistant Commissary Gen. Henrie Crandall. They had nobly served with the Twenty-fourth Army Corps in the reduction of Petersburg and Richmond, and had shared the joy and exultation — altogether inexpressible — on the surrender of Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia. As victors from these ever memorable fields, they were honored by all our citizens and received with tears of joy in their homes.

LIEUTENANT KEENE.

Lieut. Edwin W Keene, by reason of failing health — quick consumption — having served more than his three years, and yet anxious to serve to the last, was reluctantly compelled to accept a discharge, on Sullivan's Island, near the end of June, and, returning to Rhode Island, died in Providence July 2, 1865. He was the son of Seth H., and Isabella Keene, and was born in Fairhaven, Mass., in 1835. He was buried, with fitting honors, at Taunton. The generous friend, good soldier, true officer, and staunch patriot lived only seventeen days after his discharge from the service. The members of Company B deeply mourned for him. He entered the service as a Sergeant in Company E, and won his commission by merit. His good character, fidelity, bravery, and magnanimity gave him a large place in all our hearts. We enroll him among our martyrs.

PLACE OF JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

It will be remembered with what joy the nation, having emerged from her fiery baptism, celebrated her great national holiday. In the rejoicings the army had a right to largely share. Major-General Gillmore issued his orders for the celebration: "The firing of a national salute at sunrise, and a salute of a 100 guns at noon; immediately after which the troops will be paraded and the Declaration of Independence and the President's Emancipation Proclamation will be read to them. Wherever it is deemed practicable an oration will be delivered." "The inhabitants of the country and citizens temporarily residing within the Department are cordially invited to participate in these national festivities."

As inaugurating the new civil life in South Carolina, we here add a programme of popular exercises, in which our regiment was represented: —

# Celebration of the Fourth of July,

## 1865

## PORT ROYAL, S. C.

All loyal Citizens in this District (White and Colored) are invited to participate in the approaching celebration of our

# NATIONAL BIRTHDAY,

THE

# Fourth of July,

On the

## DRAYTON PLANTATION,

NEAR MITCHELLVILLE, S. C., commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

## Order of Exercises.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1st. | PRAYER - - - - | By REV MR. COREY. |
| 2d. | HAIL COLUMBIA - - - | By THE POST BAND. |
| 3d. | Reading of the Declaration of Independence | MAJOR SALISBURY, U. S. A. |
| 4th. | STAR SPANGLED BANNER - - - | By THE POST BAND. |
| 5th. | Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation - - | By DR. E. T. WRIGHT. |
| 6th. | OLD JOHN BROWN and BABYLON - | By THE POST BAND. |
| 7th. | ORATION - - | By BREVET BRIG.-GEN. M. S. LITTLEFIELD. |
| 8th. | RED, WHITE AND BLUE - | By THE POST BAND. |
| 9th. | PRAYER AND BENEDICTION - - | By REV MR. WIRT. |
| 10th. | A COLLATION will be furnished, free, to all Colored People at the "Freedmen's Home." | |

### COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

CAPTAIN JOHN HAYES, A. Q. M., CHAIRMAN.
BREVET BRIG.-GEN C. L. KILBURN, C. C. S., D. S.
COLONEL B. W. THOMPSON, PRO. MAR. GEN.
COLONEL WM. AMES, CHIEF ART'Y., D. S.
COLONEL C. R. BRAYTON, POSTMASTER.
MAJOR E. V. ELLIOTT, CHIEF PAYMASTER, D. S.
MAJOR C. W. THOMAS, CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, D. S.
MAJOR T. J. SANDERS, PAYMASTER, U. S. A.
MAJOR A. G. SALISBURY, PAYMASTER, U. S. A.
CAPTAIN J. MERRILL, CHIEF SIGNAL CORPS, D. S.
CAPTAIN W. T. SEWARD, COM'Y SUB. VOLS.
CAPTAIN M. S. HODGES, M. S. K., U. S. A.
CAPTAIN E. FITZGERALD, A. Q. M.
DR. J. F. HUBER, SURGEON, U. S. A.
DR. P. C. DAVIS, ASS'T. SUR., U. S. A.
DR. E. T. WRIGHT.
T. C. SEVERANCE, COLLECTOR OF THE PORT.

J. H. SEARS, ESQ.
J. FRANZ, ESQ.
J. BUCKLEY ESQ.
D. McGREGOR, ESQ.
H. J. MURDOCK, ESQ.
C. W. DENNIS, ESQ.
L. D. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.
JOHN LINDSEY, ESQ.
O. G. DENNIS, ESQ.
G. W ATWOOD, ESQ.

The unbroken United States of America spoke again to the Charlestonians, reviving, doubtless, strange and mixed memories. Loyal cannon again opened their lips to celebrate the national anniversary. Captain Barker fired the national salute from Strong (old Waguer), and Putnam (old Gregg). Lieutenant Burroughs swelled the same refrain from his guns in Sumter, Moultrie, and Battery Bee. Who can express the pride and exultation with which, on this day, our men stood to their guns, beneath the starry flag, and spoke in thunder tones to the South Carolinians.

Aug. 1. Company A, having received orders at Beaufort, S. C., under the order that included Company C, whose place they filled in the Department of the South, after that company was detached to serve the Army of the James, by transports, and the usual experiences of the sea-voyage, reached Providence, R. I., in the steamer Oceanus, and were furnished with a fitting collation in Washington Hall. Their roll counted five officers and eighty-three men. Here they were honorably mustered out. After a service of four years, with enough of the strange and tragic of a great war to fill a volume, and with the proud consciousness of having faithfully acted the heroic part, these honored veteran gunners were welcomed to their joyful homes.

Aug. 5. Francis McQuillan (Company A), died, at Hilton Head, having been left there in his sickness.

Aug. 23. Maj. Augustus W Colwell was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, but at so late an hour in the service he could not be mustered in his new rank. He entered the regiment as First Lieutenant Aug. 27, 1861; was commissioned as Captain Nov. 28, 1862; and was advanced to be Major April 21, 1865. Probably no officer during the war commanded more weight of guns, and ordered the throwing of more shot and shell than he; if, indeed, the man ever lived that handled an equal amount. And all his work was done bravely, promptly, exactly, and effectually.

Deserved promotions were bestowed upon other veteran and faithful officers of our command. Captains J. M. Barker and W H. Hamner, for gallant conduct, received advancement to the rank of Major. First Lieutenants John E. Burroughs and James Bible, for brave deeds, were promoted to the rank of captain. Second Lieutenants C. H. Williams and C. E. Andrews, for worthy services, were commissioned as first lieutenants.

And here we are pleased to record the fact that Col. C. R. Brayton, Col. W Ames, and Maj. H. Rogers, Jr. (also Colonel of the Eleventh and Second Regiments of Rhode Island), received from the War Department, for heroic services, the honorary brevet rank of brigadier-general.

Richly were all the above honorable military compliments merited. All the offices and insignia worn by our leaders and comrades were earned by hazards and faithful toils.

All the dark war-clouds having now vanished, the light of our glad northern stars again shone brightly on our hearts, as revealed by the following correspondence: —

"HEAD-QUARTERS, THIRD RHODE ISLAND HEAVY ARTILLERY,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., Aug. 9, 1865.

*Major W. L. M. Berger, Asst. Adjutant-General, Department of South Carolina:* —

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of orders for the muster-out of the remainder of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.

I can have all ready for muster-out in about one week from date.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. AMES,

*Lieutenant-Colonel Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, Commanding.*

Sept. 11. Companies B and D — all of the regiment not previously discharged — under Col. William Ames, arrived in Providence, R. I., on the 27th of August. They counted nine officers and 170 enlisted men. Landing from the steamer Galatea, they were received by the Sprague ville Light Infantry, under Colonel Bennett, escorted to Washington Hall, and furnished with a collation. They were warmly welcomed as they marched through the streets. In a few days they received their final discharge.

The Third Regiment was cheered and honored at its outgoing to the embattled field. Much more did the benedictions of all loyal hearts rest upon the last of the command when it returned, after four years, bearing its scars of service, its roll of martyred braves, and its list of memorable battles glowing on its standard.

Words may not express the feelings of a volunteer soldier, on returning to his home, at the close of his full term of perilous service, having "jeoparded his life" "in the high places of the field," in the overthrow of rebellion and anarchy, and the maintenance of the integrity and glory of his country, holding high its free and beneficent banner as an inspiration in the eyes of all the world. The consciousness of such self-sacrificing service for others, and for all coming time, is in itself an unutterable reward. The highest style of manhood is developed in living for the weal of mankind. History, we know, will tenderly and sacredly guard the names of all who bravely battled for the overthrow of the slave-holder's Rebellion.

Brief as is the record we have given of our services as one of the commands in the great struggle for the preservation of the Nation, and the overthrow of slavery, and the political heresy of State sovereignty, we may believe that our story will be cherished as a part of the instructive annals of the great civil war.

Some of our men were long under fire before Petersburg. In the siege of Charleston, we were giving and taking shot continually for 588 days. In fact we were under fire as was no other command during the war.

For convenience of reference, and in proof of our service, we may add to our narrative the following table: —

LIST OF ENCOUNTERS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Port Royal, S. C. | Nov. 7, 1861 |
| 2. | Broad River, S. C. | Dec. 18, 1861 |
| 3. | Port Royal Ferry, S. C. | Dec. 29, 1861 |
| 4. | Bird and Jones Islands, Ga. | Feb. 15, 1862 |
| 5. | Fort Pulaski, Ga. | April 9–10, 1862 |
| 6. | Wilmington Island, Ga. | April —, 1862 |
| 7. | James Island, S. C. | June 10, 1862 |
| 8. | Secessionville, James Island, S. C. | June 16, 1862 |
| 9. | Main Land, (White House), S. C. | June —, 1862 |
| 10. | Near Bluffton, S. C. | Aug. 29, 1862 |
| 11. | Rice Works, (Savannah River), Ga. | Oct. 1, 1862 |
| 12. | Bluffton, S. C. | Oct. 12, 1862 |
| 13. | May River, S. C. | Oct. 18, 1862 |
| 14. | Pocotaligo, S. C. | Oct. 21, 1862 |
| 15. | Coosaw River, S. C. | April 9, 1863 |
| 16. | Combahee Ferry, S. C. | June 2, 1863 |
| 17. | Darien, Ga. | June 11, 1863 |
| 18. | James Island, S. C. | July 9–10, 1863 |
| 19. | Light-House Inlet, S. C. | July 10, 1863 |
| 20. | Morris Island, (Wagner), S. C. | July 18, 1863 |
| 21. | Wagner and Gregg, (Siege), S. C. | July 18—Sept. 7, 1863 |
| 22. | Sumter, (Siege), S. C. | July 1863—Feb. 18, 1865 |
| 23. | Charleston and Front, (Siege), S. C. | Aug., 1863—Feb., 18, 1865 |
| 24. | Olustee, Fla. | Feb. 20, 1864 |
| 25. | Cedar Creek, Fla. | May 25, 1864 |
| 26. | Ashapoo River, S. C. | May 25, 1864 |
| 27. | Drury Bluff, Va. | May 16, 1864 |
| 28. | Appomattox River, Va. | May 28–31, 1864 |
| 29. | Appomattox River, Va. | June 1–2, 1864 |
| 30. | Appomattox River, Va., Battery No. 3 | June 5, 1864 |
| 31. | James Island, S. C. | July 2, 1864 |
| 32. | Fort Johnson, S. C. | July 3, 1864 |
| 33. | Black Creek, Fla. | July 24, 1864 |
| 34. | Gainesville, Fla. | Aug. 17, 1864 |
| 35. | Laurel Hill, Va. | Oct. 7, 1864 |
| 36. | Honey Hill, S. C. | Dec. 1, 1864 |
| 37. | Deveaux's Neck, S. C. | Dec. 6, 1864 |
| 38. | Fort Burnham, Va. | Dec. 10, 1864 |
| 39. | Fort Burnham, Va. | Jan. 24, 1865 |
| 40. | Before Petersburg, Va. | Jan. 15–17, 1865 |

# CHAPTER LXIII.

## DISMOUNTING THE GUNS.

SEPTEMBER, 1865.

*Triumphant law returns the sword.*

A FEW facts and general statements bearing upon the history of our command yet remain to be mentioned. Of necessity, our record has been condensed. Our comrades, as they read, will call up innumerable incidents, personal and general, serious and sportive, that might have adorned and enlivened our narrative. It was a great tragedy in which we acted — the greatest of our age. Out of it have sprung relationships and issues that the most accomplished pen may not fully portray.

As our regiment, in whole or in part, had now been associated, more or less, with the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of the South, and Sherman's army of the West, and had often battled, in field and siege, side by side, with gallant regiments from nearly all the loyal States, we tenderly felt the great bond of our patriotic brotherhood, now deepened, broadened, and intensified by common sacrifices, sufferings, and losses. Ah, how unutterable and irrefragible this fraternal tie. Now we are one people and one nation as never before. Our hearts have been fused together in the heats of battles and the holy flames of a great devotion. The crimson in our Nation's flag now speaks of common blood that has been shed for our freedom and brotherhood, and the inextinguishable stars form an inseparable galaxy. Slavery and secession are dead, and now we have a United States living in the hearts of a free, united people.

The statistics of our command, as given in the report of the Adjutant-General of Rhode Island for 1865, show that ours was the largest regiment furnished by the State for the war, reading thus: Officers, 219; enlisted men, 2,155; Total, 2 374. Our Roll of Honor on the State Monument counts: Commissioned officers, 7; non-commissioned, 10; privates, 110; total, 127. The roll of our wounded was much larger. In strictness, however, the Adjutant-General's report should be modified by the statement that some names, owing to re-enlistment and transference, are counted more than once. Our roll on the State Monument should be

larger than it is. For a correct one we refer the reader to a subsequent chapter.

It will be noticed that the services of our regiment were multiform, onerous, responsible, and far-spread. We acted as infantry, engineers, light and heavy artillery on shore, and both light and heavy artillery on gun-boats; and often the companies were widely separated. Yet the command was as favorably as it was widely known in the Department of the South; and no regiment was known to have performed greater service. The blows we struck are our eulogy. We were regarded by Generals Sherman, Mitchell, Benham, Hunter, Gillmore, and Foster as among the most able and reliable of their troops. Their reports of our general service may be found in the archives of the War Department. The minutiæ of our history we have in part collected in this volume.

The successful construction of rifled artillery, with corresponding ammunition, an art marvelously developed by American genius during the civil struggle, has now essentially and permanently modified the plans and operations of warfare throughout the world. Mortars and smooth-bore guns are retiring from the front. Old distances for battle-strokes are being forgotten before the astonishing reach of our modern engines. And the old style of fortifications of stone and brick walls, once deemed impregnable, is being abandoned for defensive purposes. Huge earthworks and banks of sand alone can check the progress of our later missiles, solid and explosive, hurled from our monster rifled guns. In bringing about this revolution in gunnery and siege operations, the captures of Fort Pulaski and Fort Sumter and the shelling of Charleston contributed more than any events of our times.

ARMY HUTS.

Of the results of the war, Pollard, the southern historian, remarks: "It closed on a spectacle of ruin the greatest of modern times. There were eleven great States lying prostrate; their capital all absorbed; their fields desolate; their towns and cities ruined; their public works torn to pieces by armies; their system of labor overturned; the fruits of the toil of generations all swept into a chaos of destruction."

By the census of 1860, the property of South Carolina, including her slaves, was put down at $400,000,000. At least three fourths of this

property was swept away by the war — all the slaves and much of the material wealth. Even the lands remaining had fallen immensely in value. And, what was more humiliating — touching the Southern chivalry to the quick — the government of the State was in the hands of the negroes.

One of the wealthiest men of Charleston before the war, having inherited aristocratic blood and rank, and having filled conspicuous positions in the city and the State, was asked, after the war had terminated, how it had fared with him and his estate. He replied: "The most I can say for myself is that I am alive. As for my property, it is gone. The last I heard of my valuables was, that the negroes — some of them once my slaves — were working in the woods, and cooking ham on my silver salver." Verily, to South Carolina, the tables were turned by the Rebellion. Was there ever a more instructive chapter of human history? Well may the world deeply ponder the facts and the philosophy of our civil war.

One might write the history of South Carolina, in respect to the Rebellion, under the divisions of discourse employed by an English divine, in treating of Paul's experience, as embodied in the words: "I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." The points made were: 1. The life he lived. 2. The death he died. 3. What it was that killed him. We submit this analysis to the Confederate historians. Or they might take the key-note as given by a Confederate soldier, who, when asked what the South was fighting for, answered: "We're fighting to get the nigger into Kansas." Will they now soberly tell us how far they got him in? In short, Slavery committed suicide with the blunderbuss of secession, and, like all great systems of wickedness, died hard.

A talented Confederate officer has lately thus written: "The history of the Confederacy, when it shall be fully and fairly written, will appear the story of a dream to those who shall read it, and there are parts of it at least which already seem a nightmare to those of us who helped make it. Founded upon a constitution which jealously withheld from it nearly all the powers of government, without even the poor privilege of existing beyond the moment when some of the States composing it should see fit to put it to death, the Richmond government, nevertheless, grew speedily into a despotism, and for four years wielded absolute power over an obedient and uncomplaining people. It tolerated no questioning, brooked no resistance, listened to no remonstrance." The truth is, it was born of passion, nursed by passion, led by passion, and died only as passion dies — from sheer exhaustion.

The State of South Carolina entered the war in 1860 with 291,800 white people, and in 1870 had 289,667 when, if peace had continued, she would have had over three hundred and twenty thousand. The seceding states began the war with a property worth over $5,000,000,000, and came out of

it with less than $2,000,000,000; when, had peace continued, they should have had over $7,000,000,000.

A devoted Quaker of the pure Rhode Island school has very kindly said to us in reference to the volume we are writing, "Can't thee put into it a plea for peace?" We answered: "The weightiest pleas for peace are the facts of war." And how strange it is that men, despite the lessons of history, will resort to the arbitrament of the sword. Manifestly mankind are suffering from moral insanity.

In our passion-swayed world, thus far, war has been now and then a painful necessity. The facts and the philosophy of this deplorable matter, in a nut shell, are as follows: —

1. Men are so lawless and incapable of right conduct as to make it necessary to have human laws and governments.

2. Laws are powerless without penalties.

3. Penalties are often impossible without the exercise of force.

4. Force, in extreme cases, which will arise, necessitates the use of arms.

As a historical fact, God has sanctioned human governments, and therefore sometimes sanctioned an appeal to arms. War has not always been an unmixed wrong, although it has always been a calamity. Bushnell says: "Peace will do for angels, but war is God's ordinance for sinners, and they want the schooling of it often."

It will not be inappropriate, in this record of our doings, to state the philosophy of the war as we understood it. The seceding States fought for the dismemberment of the Union, and the permanent, legal establishment of slavery. The loyal States fought for the unity of the Nation, and the brotherhood of all men within its boundaries. We of the North and West fought not for a man, not for a party, not for a name, not for spoils; but for great political and moral principles. We battled for the great rights of the Union, and the freedom and equality of men. Was there ever a less selfish and less mercenary struggle? We contend that a lofty moral grandeur attached to our cause, and hence, in the prosecution of it, we felt a burning and inextinguishable inspiration; in fact we were lifted above the ordinary plane of human nature.

It is due to the secessionists to state what, from personal acquaintance with leading spirits among them, we know to be true, and as abundantly shown by their writings and fightings, that on two great points of the war they seemed sincere and sanguine; indeed, they were, in their way, perfectly conscientious and confident; their convictions, or conclusions, appeared to be beyond doubt: 1. That the power of secession was their lawful right; it was a liberty and prerogative of State Sovereignty, as expounded by Calhoun and A. H. Stephens. 2. That they should certainly succeed in their secession movement — the Southern Confederacy was a predestined success; being intrinsically right, it was ordained to triumph. On these points they asked for no assurance. The logic of events has

shown their delusion on the second article of their faith. Will they ever confess their mistake on the first?

The number of deaths in the service, in all our armies, from the commencement to the close of the Rebellion, as given by Surg.-Gen. Joseph K. Barnes, United States Army, is as follows: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Regular Army, Commissioned Officers | 267 |
| Regular Army, Enlisted Men | 4,592 |
| Volunteer Commissioned Officers | 8,533 |
| Volunteer Enlisted Men | 256,427 |
| Colored Troops, Commissioned Officers | 285 |
| Colored Troops, Enlisted Men | 33,380 |
| Total Deaths | 303,504 |

Such were the official returns. Numbers besides these perished. And many died immediately after being mustered out of the service, on account of injuries and diseases incurred in the army.

We regret that we are unable to give the official returns of the Confederates, as many of their papers perished with their cause.

It has been estimated, from reliable authorities, that in the armies on both sides of the conflict, not less than three millions of men were engaged; and that not less than six hundred thousand were killed, wounded, and swept off by disease. Probably four hundred thousand more were variously crippled and disabled for life.

A statement has recently been compiled from the records of the War Department, at Washington, showing the nativity of the men who fought for the Union in the Army and Navy. The entire number of men in the Union service on land and sea, during the whole war, was 2,762,401, of whom 104,943 were in the Navy, 178,895 were colored, and 370,000 were re-enlistments. The actual number of white men who served was 2,110,000. Of this number, the nativity of 2,018,200 is shown by the records, as follows: —

| | |
|---|---|
| Born in the United States | 1,523,267 |
| Born in Germany | 176,817 |
| Born in Ireland | 144,221 |
| Born in Canada | 53,532 |
| Born in England | 45,508 |
| Born in all other countries | 74,855 |
| | 2,018,200 |

It will be noticed that more than three-quarters of the soldiers were native Americans.

During the last year of the war, its cost to the Union was about three and a half millions of dollars a day. On its termination, the Government was in debt about three thousand millions of dollars. Unquestionably the entire cost of the Rebellion to both sides amounted to six thousand mil-

lions of dollars. To this we are to add the value of the time spent, and the lives lost. Slavery has been expensive.

A review of the war suggests the following observations :—

1. When hostilities commenced, the South underestimated the principles and resources of the North ; and, on the other hand, the North underestimated the spirit and determination of the South. None of our statesmen or generals comprehended the magnitude and scope of the strife. The contest of ideas involved the transformation of the Nation.

2. Superior bravery in battle may not be claimed by either party in the contest. Both armies revealed remarkable courage and submitted cheerfully to astonishing sacrifices. Both learned to respect each other as they never before had done.

3. Freedom proved to the world its superiority over slavery. Slavery manifested to the world its fanaticism, blindness and passion.

4. Truth is the mightiest force on earth, and will conquer in the end. Principles ultimately control treasure and life. The highest policy is to do right. Right dominates the world.

The war was indeed great and costly ; but great and priceless were its results. We name some of them :—

*a*. The utter overthrow of slavery in our country, and the assurance of its extermination from North America, and finally from the continent.

*b*. A full, decisive demonstration that the United States is not a confederacy — a league of independent States — but a national government, and the most vital, self-reliant form of government ever known in the world's history.

*c*. An assurance that Christianity, through her daughter Freedom, is destined to unite in indissoluble brotherhood, the different nations and races of the earth.

*d*. The inauguration of the priceless principle of international arbitration for the settlement of national disputes.

And all these great results are matters of immeasureable moment to our posterity, and to all mankind. . The war was a great step forward in the world's emancipation.

*e*. Another momentous result of the war — one altogether unforeseen, and even unimagined — is found in our national finances. Prior to the Rebellion, we had no national monetary system ; the nation simply coined the precious metals for individuals and companies. Money was held, circulated, and managed by local banks, under State laws ; a very crude, undigested, fluctuating, unsatisfactory method, favoring some communities, and bearing unfavorably upon others. Though the method was kept from utter ruin by certain monopolizing banks of redemption, (as they were styled), acting as supervisors and regulators, yet it was seen that a change and perhaps an entire subversion of that order was inevitable. Our bank bills had various values in different parts of our country, and were worth-

less abroad. In short, in monetary matters, our Nation was in the hands of private bankers.

The war threw us upon a national policy of finance, and swept away the old, local banks. Doubtless the system adopted in the midst of our struggle was the best possible under the circumstances. It rested wholly upon credit, because we had no sufficient basis of precious metals. In some of its features, probably, the system may be and must be improved. Moreover — what is of prime necessity — when completed, it must be adapted to our international relations and needs. It should be impartial, national, stable, and international in its adaptations. Here now is the great problem before our statesmen; and it is a great one, which we must solve. In this matter, Divine Providence — ever evolving good from evil — brought far more out of the Nation's struggle, for its integrity, and the preservation of its liberties, than its wisest citizens could have anticipated. A broad, solid, permanent, impartial, national, and international system of finance is one of the greatest needs and blessings of a people who have a great mission to fulfill in the earth. Such a mission, we believe, belongs to our Nation. And in solving our problem of finance, we shall be called to lead the world.

Now, with more appropriateness than ever, we may repeat the words of Drake: —

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

# CHAPTER LXIV.

## ARMY HYMNS

1863.

*Jehovah is our shield and strength.*

As our regimental worship was a part of our history, by request of comrades, we insert in our record a few of the hymns composed and printed by Chaplain Denison, in January, 1863, and pasted into our Testaments and Bibles. We only give specimens. The original manual was a 32mo. tract of sixteen pages, besides the Odes and Order of Services, on the cover.

TUNE — *St. Thomas.*

Lo, on Genesaret
The winds are hushed to rest;
The waves, in battling fury set,
Are calmed upon its breast.

Thou blessed Prince of Peace,
Who stilled the stormy sea;
From every foe and fear release
The land that trusts in Thee.

Jehovah Jesus, speak
Amid the strifes of men;
Rebellion's maddened tempest break,
And give us peace again.

Yea, grant us evermore
Thy grace, to children given;
Be Thou our help till storms be o'er,
And give us rest in Heaven.

---

TUNE — *Woodland.*

O Thou enthroned above the skies,
To whom all rule belongs;
To Thee shall suited worship rise
From trusting mortal tongues.

When desolating wars assail,
When wrong defies the right,
We raise to Thee our just appeal
And ask for conquering might.

The bow and spear were powerless
Against Thy Hosts of old;
To-day our loyal armies bless,
And make Thy servants bold.

Ordain success to crown our arms
And hasten righteous peace;
Preserve our land from future harms,
And spread abroad Thy grace.

---

TUNE — *Duke Street.*

Almighty Sovereign, just and wise,
Meanwhile Thy throne is in the skies
On earth an empire Thou hast laid,
That sin and error may be stayed.

Though peoples rise and join in arms,
Though trumpets sound their dread alarms;
Thy mighty voice shall still the rage,
And usher in a peaceful age.

Oppression's rod shall yet be broke
By Freedom's heaven-invested stroke;
And though the land be dyed in blood,
The issue shall exalt our God.

Lord turn us from each guilty way,
And soon confirm the peaceful sway
Of love and law and righteousness,
That all may join Thy name to bless.

---

TUNE — *Greenville.*

Clouds may gather thick above us,
Still the sun his circuit keeps;
Present ills may never move us,
Since Jehovah never sleeps;
Heaven's decreeing,
All foreseeing,
Light can call from chaos' deeps.

Troubled people, nobly striving,
Sacrificing for the true,
Shall behold the glad arriving —
Cheering every patriot view —
Of the peaceful
And the blissful
Day of right, the nations through.

Righteousness shall have dominion
Where oppressions once held sway;
God's high law shall rule opinion;
Truth shall hold the final day,
And the nations,
With oblations,
Shall the will of Heaven obey.

---

TUNE — *Wilmot.*

On the Rock Eternal standing,
Favored mortals strike their songs;
Waiting for the Lord's commanding,
Bidding back our sins and wrongs.

All the earth shall yet surrender
To the mighty Prince of Peace;
Be Thou, Lord, our high defender,
Save us from each dark distress.

Since for sins thy hand doth chasten,
Give to all repenting grace;
Then the day of freedom hasten —
Boon to us and all our race.

Songs from shore and mountain swelling,
Far abroad shall spread thy name
Jesus' gospel joyful telling,
Crowning him with endless fame.

---

TUNE — *Old Hundred.*

Eternal God, Thy holy hand
Dost hold illimitable sway,
And mortals hear Thy high command,
And joyful hasten to obey.

Thy banner waves above all strife;
Thy grace can glorious conquests win;
In Thee our souls may trust for life,
And seek redemption from our sin.

Thy Son, Thy Spirit and Thy word
Will safely guide us through earth's gloom;
Yea, angel guards thou dost afford,
To lead poor wanderers to their home.

Through Him who died, the lost to save,
We joyful venture near Thy throne;
In love divine our spirits lave,
And thus enroll us as Thine own.

---

TUNE — *Lenox.*

To-day, with songs, we come
And worship at His feet
Who triumphed o'er the tomb,
And made His work complete;
And loud we sing
The conquering King,
Whose arm will never know defeat.

This holy Sabbath hour,
To humble worship given,
Invests the soul with power,
And lifts it up to heaven;
With joyful lay,
We keep the day,
Ordained the best of all the seven.

O Spirit from above
Descend to sanctify;
Reveal the Saviour's love —
Indissoluble tie —
Insuring rest
Among the blest,
Where holy hymns shall never die.

---

EMANCIPATION SONG.

TUNE — "*Scot's Wha' Ha'.*"

Hear, O hear the grand decree,
Speaking millions men and free;
Seize, O seize your liberty,
Sons of Afric's clime!
Light now pours upon your face;
Freedom waits to bless your race;
Sing, O sing the day of grace;
Shout the joyous time!

Law has broke oppression's rod;
Men are ransomed now by blood;
Hear, O hear the voice of God
Sounding from the skies!
Chains are cut by Freedom's swords;
Mercy now her hand affords;
Heaven bends down with great awards;
Rise, ye ransomed, rise!

# CHAPTER LXV.

## ROLL OF HONOR

### COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Col. NATHANIEL W. BROWN,
Quartermaster WALTER B. MANTON,
First Lieut. GEORGE CARPENTER,
First Lieut. HENRY HOLBROOK,
First Lieut. EDWIN W KEENE,
First Lieut. FREDERIC METCALF,
First Lieut. A. RICHMOND RAWSON,
Second Lt. ERASMUS S. BARTHOLOMEW.

### SERGEANTS.

JOHN J. CARPENTER, Jr., PATRICK GILLIGAN, GEORGE J. HILL.
JOSEPH H. FISH, MARTIN HEENEY,

### CORPORALS.

HENRY S. ANGELL, FOSTER S. PECK, CHARLES W. WEEDEN.
J. NELSON BOGMAN, CHARLES D. STALKER,

### MUSICIAN.

JOHN CAVANAGH.

### PRIVATES.

Arnold, Daniel L.
Barber, James D.
Blair, William
Brayton, Benjamin F.
Briggs, Daniel B.
Brophy, William
Brown, George
Brown, William L.
Bullock, John S.
Burdick, Franklin E.
Burns, Michael
Burroughs, William
Burke, Patrick
Campbell, Thomas
Carroll, Frank
Carroll, Henry
Case, Nathaniel N.
Chace, Benjamin
Chaffee, Willard
Conboy, Henry
Connoly, Peter
Crosby, Daniel
Crosby, Elisha H.
Crowley, James
Davis, William
Diggle, Daniel
Doherty, Thomas
Dunbar, Edward
Dunn, John
Eddy, Warren
Egan, Robert
Elby, Charles
Elwell, Noel
Fallon, John
Farrar, William
Farrell, Lawrence
Fiske, Emery
Gannon, Patrick
Gibbins, Michael J.
Golden, Daniel
Gorton, John A.
Goodwin, George F.
Greenalgh, William J.
Grimes, John
Gunter, Daniel
Hackett, Edward
Harrington, David T.
Havens, James D.
Hicks, George W.
Horton, Edwin R. M.
Howe, Martin S.
Hughes, Joseph
Hyde, John
Ide, Almon D.
Jaqueth, George W.
Jefferson, James
Jefferson, George
Joslin, Edwin
Kallaher, Patrick
Kelley, James

Ketchum, Alfred S.
Lambe, John
Leonard, Abiel L.
Luther, Joseph T.
Mace, George W
Malone, Dennis
McCool, John
McGahan, James
McKenna, John
McQuade, Felix
McQuillin, Francis
Migan, Michael
Monroe, Charles H.
Moon, Horatio N.
Morgan, Charles
Mowry, Manton B.
Murray, Bernard
Nailan, Peter
Nickerson, John
O'Donald, James
O'Sullivan, James
Potter, Israel A.
Prew, Mitchell
Rico, George
Rounds, Charles H.
Ryan, James
Ryan, Thomas
Saunders, Asa B.
Sayles, Benjamin L.
Smith, Lyman R.
Smith, George W
Smith, David
Stewart, John E.
Stewart, Silas H.
Stowe, Walter
Sweet, Samuel S.
Taft, Francis H.
Tanner, Thomas B.
Thornton, Martin G.
Tillinghast, William C.
Turnbull, Thomas W.
Vallely, Edward J.
Warfield, Henry H.
Warner, John B.
Wells, Stephen B.
Welch, Henry
Worden, William H.
Wright, Reuben P.

Corporal William Cody, and Privates Michael Feeny and James Callahan, missing in action, are supposed to have been killed. George R. Dexter and Alexander R. McKenzie died of disease after receiving discharges for disability.

With the brave and heroic of ages gone by
Blend the names of the heroes who round us now lie;
While the world has a heart, and the right needs a shield,
O sing of our martyrs who sleep on the field.
In Liberty's temple they worshipped with love,
Preserving her code with the law from above;
At Liberty's altar — the purchase of blood —
They recorded their vows for the right and for God;
'Neath Liberty's standard they rallied with pride;
In defending that standard, as heroes they died;
On Liberty's ægis their names are now found,
And their graves shall with wreaths amaranthine be crowned.

# CHAPTER LXVI.

## ROLL OF THE REGIMENT

1861 — 1865.

Since the roll of the regiment, as published by the State, has a number of inaccuracies in it — what could scarcely have been avoided under the circumstances of its hasty publication — and because a history of the command would be incomplete without it, our comrades and others will thank us for here giving as correct a roll as we have been able to secure. The long and patient labor given to its preparation — appreciated only by those who have performed similar work — was contributed by our loved and brotherly Adjutant, George O. Gorton.

### EXPLANATIONS.

RANK. That in which mustered out, or attained at decease.

NAME. The Roll being compiled from the muster-rolls, the names are spelled as there found.

COMPANY. That in which mustered out, or with which connected at decease. The Company letters **B** and **D** are new organizations after muster-out of original B and D.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED. By reason of expiration of term of service, or in compliance with War Department Orders.

REMARKS. Dates and localities, in connection with casualties, being given in the body of this work, are here omitted.

# FIELD.

## COLONELS.

NATHANIEL W. BROWN. Died of disease.

EDWIN METCALF. Resigned. In original organization mustered as Major. Resigned to accept appointment of Colonel, Eleventh Rhode Island Volunteers.

CHARLES R. BRAYTON. Honorably discharged.

## LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

STEPHEN R. BUCKLIN. Resigned.

JOHN FRIEZE. Resigned.

WILLIAM AMES. Honorably discharged. Appointed Colonel. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.

## MAJORS.

CHRISTOPHER BLANDING. Resigned. In original organization appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. Resigned. Not mustered.

HENRY T. SISSON. Resigned.

HORATIO ROGERS, JR. Resigned to accept appointment of Colonel, Eleventh Rhode Island Volunteers.

CHARLES W. H. DAY. Resigned.

JAMES E. BAILEY. Honorably discharged.

GEORGE METCALF. Honorably discharged.

# STAFF.

## ADJUTANTS.

JAMES L. RICHARDSON. Resigned. First Lieut., Co. K.

GEORGE O. GORTON. Honorably discharged. First Lieut., Co. B. Appointed Captain; declined muster.

WILLIAM H. BEAN. Honorably discharged. First Lieut., Co. B.

## QUARTERMASTERS.

WILLIAM P. MARTIN. Resigned to accept appointment of Commissary of Subsistence.

HENRY S. OLNEY. Resigned. First Lieut., Co. G.

WALTER B. MANTON. Died of disease. Second Lieut., Co. L.

FREDERIC A. WILCOXSON. Honorably discharged. First Lieut., Co. D.

## SURGEONS.

FENNER H. PECKHAM. Resigned.

HORATIO G. STICKNEY. Resigned.

GEORGE S. BURTON. Honorably discharged.

## ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

JOB KENYON. Resigned.

HORACE S. LAMSON. Resigned.

JOSEPH W. GROSVENOR. Honorably discharged.

## CHAPLAINS.

JAMES GUBBY. Resigned.

FREDERIC DENISON. Honorably discharged.

## CAPTAINS.

K. Annon Alexander. Resigned.
D. Barker, John M. Honorably discharged. Appointed Major. not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
A. Briggs, Thomas B. Resigned.
F. Churchill, David B. Honorably discharged.
B. Colwell, Augustus W. Honorably discharged. Appointed Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
M. Comstock, Joseph J., Jr. Resigned to accept appointment of Major, Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. Adjutant of original organization.
L. Eldridge, John D. Resigned.
G. Gould, John H. Resigned.
B. Greene, Albert E. Honorably discharged.
A. Hamner, William H. Honorably discharged. Appointed Major. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
I. Hamill, Hugh. Resigned.
C. James, Martin S. Honorably discharged.
E. Knorring, Gustaf W Resigned.
L. Lanahan, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
F. Mason, Pardon. Resigned.
K. Perry, Horatio N. Honorably discharged.
D. Shaw, Richard G. Resigned to accept appointment of Major, Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.
D. Smith, George L. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
I. Strahan, Charles G. Honorably discharged.
G. Thompson, Osceola A. Honorably discharged
B. Tourtellott, Lebbeus C. Resigned.
E. Turner, Peter J. Honorably discharged.

## FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

D. Babcock, Latham T. Honorably discharged.
H. Barney, William C. Resigned.
D. Bible, James. Honorably discharged.
B. Burroughs, John E. Honorably discharged. Appointed Captain. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment. Accidentally wounded.
G. Blanding, Jabez B. Resigned. Wounded in action.
C. Carpenter, Edward E. Honorably discharged.
D. Carpenter, George. Died of disease.
L. Curtis, Edward F. Honorably discharged.
A. Dodge, Rowland L. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
B. Eddy, George O. Resigned. Wounded in action.
C. Ellis, Asa A. Resigned.
A. Fry, Thomas W. Resigned.
H. Gardiner, Clarence T. Resigned.
A. Gleason, Uzzil. Resigned.
K. Goodwin, Levi F. Honorably discharged.
B. Greene, George W. Honorably discharged. Appointed Captain. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
D. Hanscom, William H. Honorably discharged.
M. Higgins, Michael J. Honorably discharged.
M. Holbrook, Henry. Died of wounds received in action.
F. Irwin, David R. Honorably discharged.
B. Keene, Edwin W. Honorably discharged.
C. Metcalf, Henry H. Honorably discharged.
B. Metcalf, Frederic. Died of disease.
C. Morrow, John, Jr. Discharged.
F Potter, Isaac M. Resigned to accept appointment of Captain, Fifth R. I. Heavy Artillery. Wounded in action.
D. Rawson, A. Richmond. Resigned to accept appointment of Captain Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. Appointed Captain. Not mustered.
A. Robinson, Josiah W., Jr. Honorably discharged.
L. Rosander, Charles A. Resigned.
C. Sabin, William A. Honorably discharged.
E. Spink, Charles H. Resigned.
E. Tisdale, Ferdinand. Resigned.

A. Waterhouse, Eben W. Honorably discharged.
A. Waterhouse, Edward A. Honorably discharged.
K. Wheeler, Walter, Jr. Resigned.
L. Wightman, A. Augustus. Resigned.
C. Wyman, John F. Honorably discharged.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

K. Andrews, William R. Honorably discharged.
D. Andrews, Charles E. Honorably discharged. Appointed First Lieutenant. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
F. Aigan, John. Resigned to accept appointment of First Lieut., Fifth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.
B. Aldrich, Charles H. Resigned.
C. Babcock, A. Allen. Honorably discharged.
C. Bailey, William S. Honorably discharged.
E. Bartholemew, Erasmus S. Died of wounds received in action.
B. Batcheller, James B. Resigned.
H. Brown, Frederick L. Resigned.
H. Carrique, Thomas H. Transferred to U. S. Signal Corps.
D. Clarke, Albert B. Honorably discharged.
D. Clarke, James H. Resigned.
L. Dockray, Frederick L. Resigned.
L. Dolan, John. Resigned.
A. Dingavan, William. Honorably discharged.
A. Elliott, T. Robert. Honorably discharged.
L. Evans, Albert G. Resigned.
G. Fidler, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
L. Fullerton, William. Honorably discharged.
D. Hackett, John. Honorably discharged. Appointed First Lieutenant. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
M. Irons, Welcome C. Honorably discharged.
M. Jackson, Andrew S. Resigned.
F. Love, Horace W Resigned.
C. Manton, Benjamin F. Discharged.
K. McEntee, James. Honorably discharged.
I. McGenty, James. Honorably discharged.
L. Nevins, Robert. Resigned.
C. Oakes, Charles B. Resigned.
B. Remington, George T. Honorably discharged.
B. Read, George S. Honorably discharged.
C. Seaver, George F. Resigned.
D. Seaver, James A. Honorably discharged.
L. Slattery, Robert. Honorably discharged.
B. Williams, Charles H. Honorably discharged. Appointed First Lieutenant. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.

## NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

Roger W Love. Honorably discharged.
William A. Keenan. Honorably discharged. Appointed Second Lt. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

John B. Miner. Discharged for disability.

COMMISSARY SERGEANT.

Samuel A. Fiske. Honorably discharged.

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

Edwin S. Thurber. Discharged for disability.
Frank H. Gould. Honorably discharged.
F. C. W Hiepe. Honorably discharged.

# NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

## FIRST SERGEANTS.

A. George H. Hull. Honorably discharged.
" Alonzo Williams. Honorably discharged. Appointed Second Lieutenant. Not mustered by reason of reduced number regiment.
B. Henry S. Jennison. Honorably discharged.
B. James M. Jaques. Honorably discharged.
C. William A. Burr. Honorably discharged.
" James Monroe. Honorably discharged.
D. Benjamin F. Davis. Honorably discharged.
D. Charles Campbell. Honorably discharged.
F. William Bradley. Honorably discharged.
G. Robert Jardine. Honorably discharged.
I. John McFadden. Honorably discharged.
L. George W Johnson. Discharged for disability.
M. Thomas Cryan. Honorably discharged.

## SERGEANTS.

A. John E. Ogden. Honorably discharged.
" Phillip Kaufman. Honorably discharged.
" George A. Bates. Honorably discharged.
" George M. Turner. Honorably discharged.
" Charles D. Holmes. Honorably discharged.
" John J. Carpenter, Jr. Died of disease.
" Isaac Bishop. Honorably discharged.
" William H. Cooper. Honorably discharged.
" Samuel Hyndman. Honorably discharged.
" Richard F. Sisson. Honorably discharged.
" John Moriarty. Honorably discharged.
B. Ira B. Sherman. Honorably discharged.
" Edgar E. Stearns. Honorably discharged.
" James Greenup. Honorably discharged.
" Newell T. Esty. Honorably discharged.
" John H. Hodges. Honorably discharged.
" George J. Hill. Accidentally killed.
B. Xavier D. Fisher. Honorably discharged.
B. John F. ewcomb. Honorably discharged.
" Richard Irwin. Honorably discharged.
" George W S. Davis. Honorably discharged.
" Edgar A. Whitaker. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Samuel L. Holloway. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas C. Hibbert. Honorably discharged.
" William A. Manchester. Honorably discharged.
" Isaac Nickerson. Honorably discharged.
C. Louis Englehardt. Honorably discharged.
" William H. Northup. Honorably discharged.
" Cornelius Barber. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" James M. Harrington. Honorably discharged. Appointed Second Lieutenant. Not mustered by reason of reduced number of regiment.
" Jonathan S. Granger. Honorably discharged.
" Daniel O. Congdon. Honorably discharged.
" Joseph R. Burgess. Honorably discharged.
" John D. Wingate. Discharged to accept appointment in United States Navy.
D. Joseph W. Horcroft. Honorably discharged.
" Royal J. Packard. Honorably discharged.
" Edward W. Hamilton. Honorably discharged.
" Joseph Slaiger. Honorably discharged.
" James Clark. Honorably discharged.
D. Daniel Deasy. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas W. Burdick. Honorably discharged.
" Charles M. Sweet. Honorably discharged.
" John Barr. Honorably discharged.
" James L. Keating. Honorably discharged.
" Alonzo M. Fuller. Honorably discharged. Previously discharged as Sergeant in "B," for disability. Rejoined. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
E. George F. Sweet. Honorably discharged.
" William D. Powley. Honorably discharged.
" Samuel B. Johnson. Honorably discharged.
" William H. H. Cowden. Deserted.

E. Robert Fitz Simmons. Discharged to accept appointment of Second Lieut., Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.
F. John Cameron. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" John O'Brien. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Cornelius T. O'Sullivan. Honorably discharged.
" Ivy McIlraith. Honorably discharged.
" Edmund Kelly. Honorably discharged.
" Patrick Gilligan. Killed in action.
G. Abram H. Vaughan. Honorably discharged.
" David P. Sherman. Honorably discharged.
" Philetus H. Bennett. Honorably discharged.
" Philetus Angell. Honorably discharged.
" Alpheus S. Perry. Discharged for disability.
" Warren N. De Volve. Discharged for disability.
" James B. Hudson. Honorably discharged.
" Frank M. Gould. Discharged to accept appointment of Second Lieutenant, South Carolina Volunteers, (colored).
H. David S. Clarke. Honorably discharged.
" William A. Spooner. Honorably discharged.
" William H. Phillips. Discharged for disability.
" James H. Elliott. Discharged for disability.
" Andrew J. Herbert. Deserted.
I. Joseph Flannery. Honorably discharged.
" John D. Masterson. Honorably discharged.
" Edward Campbell. Honorably discharged.
" James McElroy. Discharged for disability.
" Patrick J. Ryan. Discharged for disability.
" Martin Heeney. Killed in action.
K. Jeremiah Sullivan. Honorably discharged.
" George L. Goff. Honorably discharged.
" Charles Eldredge. Honorably discharged.
" Owen Goodwin. Honorably discharged.
" Michael Logue. Honorably discharged.
" Michael McCarty. Discharged to accept appointment of Second Lieutenant, Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.
" James Lynch. Deserted.
L. Arnold A. Wilkinson. Honorably discharged.
" Francis Bowen. Honorably discharged.
" Charles E. Miner. Honorably discharged.
L. James W. Slocum. Honorably discharged.
" Samuel S. Brown. Honorably discharged.
" Angus McDonald. Honorably discharged.
" Sylvester Marvel. Discharged for disability.
" John J. Field. Discharged for disability.
" Charles F. Sinclair. Discharged by order Secretary of War.
M. Erastus Hoxie. Honorably discharged.
" Myron J. Newton. Honorably discharged.
" William M. Sherman. Honorably discharged.
" George E. Hazen. Honorably discharged.
" Job R. Eddy. Honorably discharged.
" Charles R. Davie. Honorably discharged.
" James R. Moriarty. Deserted.
" Orlando Fales. Discharged for disability.
" Joseph H. Fish. Died of wounds received in action.

## CORPORALS.

A. Thomas Fleming. Honorably discharged.
" Samuel J. Dyer. Honorably discharged.
" Alvin F. Randall. Honorably discharged.
" Willard Smith, Jr. Honorably discharged.
" Theodore Molten. Discharged for disability.
" Henry B. Bacon. Discharged for disability.
" David A. Holmes. Discharged to accept appointment of First Lieutenant, Second Rhode Island Volunteers.
" Lewis Warner. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" John Fitz Simmons. Honorably discharged.
" Albert A. Smith. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Charles D. Stalker. Died of disease while a prisoner of war.
" James O'Donohoe. Honorably discharged.
" George B. Caswell. Honorably discharged.
" Irwin F. Mann. Honorably discharged.
" Edwin Soule. Honorably discharged.
" George H. Adams. Honorably discharged. Appointed Second Lieutenant. Not mustered.
" Andrew J. Perry. Discharged for disability.
" Charles H. Rouse. At muster-out on detached service.
B. William L. Cates. Honorably discharged.
" George M. Twichell. Honorably discharged.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS — CONTINUED.

B. Charles R. Richardson. Honorably discharged.
" Albert A. Arnold. Honorably discharged.
" Lewis C. Sanborn. Honorably discharged.
" Uriah Sally. Honorably discharged.
" Joseph J. Hayward. Honorably discharged.
" Peter B. Balcom. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" George H. Hall. Deserted.
B. John Ennis. Honorably discharged.
" James E. Grinnell. Honorably discharged.
" George H. Follensbee. Honorably discharged.
" George H. Cook. Honorably discharged.
" Michael Dalton. Honorably discharged.
" Charles H. Manchester. Honorably discharged.
" James Drury. Honorably discharged.
" James H. Booker. Honorably discharged.
" Horace Bowen. Honorably discharged.
" Eugene McCarthy. Honorably discharged.
" Charles H. Main. Honorably discharged.
" R. B. S. Hart. Honorably discharged.
" Caleb A. Potter. Honorably discharged.
" John Falvey. Honorably discharged.
C. Franklin Burdick. Honorably discharged.
" James Capper. Honorably discharged.
" Samuel Carson. Honorably discharged.
" Patrick Egan. Honorably discharged.
" Warren Moon. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" John Meade. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas W. Ryan. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas S. Hussey. Honorably discharged.
" George G. Wood. Honorably discharged.
" Mortimer M. Stowe. Honorably discharged.
" John H. Peckham. Honorably discharged.
" James P. Mullihan. Honorably discharged.
" Sandford Mullihan. Honorably discharged.
" James A. Abbott. Honorably discharged.
" Gideon M. Barber. Honorably discharged.
" George W. Peckham. Honorably discharged.
C. Martin Conley. Honorably discharged.
" John F. King. Honorably discharged.
" William P. Smith. Discharged for disability.
D. James N. Earle. Honorably discharged.
" George O. Ballou. Honorably discharged.
" Frederic J. McCarty. Discharged for disability.
D. George G. Pervear. Honorably discharged.
" John Powers. Honorably discharged.
" Daniel Yeaw. Honorably discharged.
" Edward Dillon. Honorably discharged.
" James Burke. Honorably discharged.
" Stephen Ryder. Honorably discharged.
" Charles Beal. Honorably discharged.
" Josiah W. Thompson. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Charles H. Smith. Honorably discharged.
" Charles F. Sisson. Honorably discharged.
" Alfred B. Brown. Honorably discharged.
E. Edward R. Rich. Honorably discharged.
" Henry Powley. Honorably discharged.
" Theodore Pratt. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas Beach. Honorably discharged.
" Gideon C. Bennett. Honorably discharged.
" Charles W. Weeden. Died of disease.
" John D. Waite. Discharged to accept appointment of Second Lieut., Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.
F. James Smith. Honorably discharged.
" Timothy Brennon. Honorably discharged.
G. Peter Dougherty. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas E. Wardell. Honorably discharged.
" John H. Tanner. Honorably discharged.
" Martin V. B. Lake. Honorably discharged.
" William H. Baker. Honorably discharged.
H. Foster S. Peck. Died of disease.
" Martin Donnelly. Honorably discharged.
" Gilbert R. Curtis Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.

H. George Dawley. Honorably discharged.
I. John Carroll. At muster-out had not returned from furlough.
" Michael Murray. Honorably discharged.
" James Cunningham. Honorably discharged.
" John D. Sullivan. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas Kelly. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas O'Neil. Honorably discharged.
" Patrick Lynch. Honorably discharged.
" Patrick Mullally. Discharged for disability.
K. William Cody. Missing in action.
" Michael Cunningham. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas McCabe. Honorably discharged.
" John J. Dougherty. Honorably discharged.
" Patrick Sullivan. Honorably discharged.
" Michael Nelligan. Discharged. (Minor.)
L. David J. Salisbury. Honorably discharged.
" James A. Porter. Honorably discharged.
" William H. Wade. Honorably discharged.
" William Salisbury. Honorably discharged.
" Albert Oswell. Honorably discharged.
L. Albert S. Weaver. Transferred to U. S. Signal Corps.
" Henry S. Angell. Died of disease.
" Dennis H. Arnold. Discharged for disability.
" William A. Jay. Discharged for disability.
" Andrew J. Chace. Discharged for disability.
" George W. Bradford. Discharged for disability
" Samuel N. Knapp. Discharged for disability.
" George G. Brown. No record as to final disposition.
M. William E. Cunliff. Honorably discharged.
" Michael Crayan. Honorably discharged.
" Henry A. Kerr. Honorably discharged.
" John M. Carroll. Honorably discharged.
" Clarke M. Cory. Honorably discharged.
" Isaac H. Perkins. Honorably discharged.
" James S. Howard. Discharged for disability.
" Abel Knowlton. Transferred to Third U. S. Artillery.
" William Greene. Discharged for disability.
" James S. Corliss. Discharged for disability.
" William Farr. Discharged for disability.
" J. Nelson Bogman. Died of wounds received in action.
" James Campbell. Honorably discharged.

# BAND.

## BAND MASTER.

William F. Marshall. Discharged for disability.

## MUSICIANS.

Arnold, Nelson H. Discharged for disability.
Booth, Samuel. Discharged for disability.
Buckley, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
Buckley, John. Honorably discharged.
Bedford, James. Discharged for disability.
Burrows, Joseph. Discharged for disability.
Cavanagh, John. Died of disease.
Doran, James. Honorably discharged.
Flatherston, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
Greene, Albert C. Honorably discharged.
McNamara, Peter. Honorably discharged.
Roe, John. Discharged for disability.
Smith, John P. Honorably discharged.
Sieler, Robert. Honorably discharged.
Shawcross, Robert. Honorably discharged.
Shea, John. Honorably discharged.
Shea, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
Walsh, William A. Honorably discharged.
Walsh, Richard. Honorably discharged.
Waterhouse, Giles. Honorably discharged.
Walker, John. Honorably discharged.
Whitworth, Thomas. Honorably discharged.

# MUSICIANS.

### PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

Edwin D. Freeman. Honorably discharged.
Edwin L. Weld. Honorably discharged.

### MUSICIANS.

A. William Hicks, Jr. Honorably discharged.
C. William A. Kendrick. Honorably discharged.
E. Samuel A. Cooley. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
F. Thomas Brennan. Honorably discharged.
" James Glavy. Honorably discharged.
G. William H. Card. Honorably discharged.
" George W. Gardiner. Honorably discharged.
H. John H. Porthouse. Honorably discharged.
I. John Kendrick. Honorably discharged.
" Michael McEvoy. Honorably discharged.
K. John Cahil. Dishonorably discharged.
" Peter Heavy. Honorably discharged.
L. Benjamin G. West. Discharged for disability.
M. Walter H. Wild. Discharged to accept appointment in colored regiment.

# WAGON MASTER AND WAGONERS.

### WAGON MASTER.

G. William L. Briggs. Honorably discharged.

### WAGONERS.

A. Charles A. Baker. Honorably discharged.
" Abbott A. Moore. Discharged for disability.
B. John Hermester. Honorably discharged.
C. Charles Taft. Honorably discharged.
D. Charles H. Smith. Honorably discharged.
E. William Talbot. Discharged for disability.
F. Thomas Ramsey. Honorably discharged.
H. Albion M. Cates. Honorably discharged.
I. Henry McElroy. Honorably discharged.
K. Patrick Gormley. Honorably discharged.

# PRIVATES.

A. Abbey, Edwin F. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in "C." Rejoined.
" Algie, James A. Honorably discharged.
" Allen, James T. Discharged for disability.
" Austin, James E. Honorably discharged.
" Aylesworth, Josiah. Discharged for disability.
B. Arnold, Daniel L. Died of wounds received in action.
B. Alexander, Bradford. Honorably discharged.
" Allen, Byron. Honorably discharged.
B. Arnold, Philetus H. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
C. Aldrich, Isaac. Honorably discharged.
D. Adams, Samuel. Discharged for disability.
" Allen, Simeon. Discharged for disability,
" Andrews, John. Discharged for disability.
" Andrews, James. Discharged for disability.
D. Adams, Charles. Discharged. (Minor.)
" Allen, Napoleon. Honorably discharged.

D. Andrews, Aaron. Honorably discharged.
" Andrews, Archibald. Honorably discharged.
" Atwood, Albert. Honorably discharged.
E. Allen, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
" Arnold, Joseph A. Honorably discharged.
F. Angell, Edwin. Discharged for disability.
H. Allen, James H. Honorably discharged.
I. Allingham, John. Honorably discharged.
K. Adams, Richard. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
L. Aborn, John S. Honorably discharged.
" Addington, Henry F Discharged for disability.
" Alexander, James H. Honorably discharged.
" Alexander, Levi N. Honorably discharged.
" Alexander, Andrew J. Honorably discharged.
" Appleby, Silas H. Honorably discharged.
M. Adams, Charles H., Jr. Deserted.
" Aigan, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Aigan, Daniel N. Honorably discharged.
" Allen, Robert N. Transferred to U. S. Artillery.
" Allen, William H. Discharged for disability.
" Anthony, Peleg. Deserted.
A. Bailey, Samuel. Discharged for disability.
" Barney, Daniel H. Honorably discharged.
" Bassett, George E. Honorably discharged.
" Baird, John. Deserted.
" Beaumont, Samuel. At muster-out on detached service.
" Bedford, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Bedford, James W. Discharged for disability.
" Bellamy, John. Honorably discharged.
" Benchley, William A. Honorably discharged.
" Bennett, Joseph C. Discharged for disability.
" Birmingham, William. Discharged for disability.
" Blanchard, Augustus. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded in action.
" Blake, Joseph E. Honorably discharged.
" Bolan, John V. Honorably discharged.
" Bowker, Albert M. Discharged for disability.
" Brayton, Walter. Honorably discharged.
" Bradley, John. Honorably discharged.
A. Bradbury, Thomas. Deserted.
" Brooks, Henry C. Honorably discharged.
" Brookshaw, John. Honorably discharged.
" Brown, Horatio R. Honorably discharged.
" Brown, George. Died of disease.
" Brown, William L. Died of disease.
" Browh, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Butler, Henry. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Burke, Martin. Honorably discharged.
" Burdick, Franklin E. Died of disease.
" Butman, William H. Honorably discharged.
B. Barnes, Nelson M. Honorably discharged. Acting Assistant Hospital Steward.
" Batcheller, James. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Bedor, Jacob A. Honorably discharged.
" Blackwood, William J. Honorably discharged.
" Boyden, Winslow. Discharged for disability.
" Brodhurst, Stephen F. Honorably discharged.
" Brown, Levi H. Discharged for disability.
" Buffum, Nelson M. Honorably discharged.
" Bushee, Samuel F. M. Honorably discharged.
B. Barnes, Alfred. Honorably discharged.
" Barnes, Theodore M. Honorably discharged.
" Barrett, Robert J. Honorably discharged.
" Bennett, Edward C. Honorably discharged.
" Bennett, Almon G., Jr. Honorably discharged.
" Benn, Henry. Honorably discharged.
" Bowen, Oratus S. Honorably discharged.
" Boyle, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Brayton, Charles E. Honorably discharged.
" Briggs, George H. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Bruce, Hugh. Honorably discharged.
" Bryant, Albert F. Honorably discharged.
" Bucklin, George E. Honorably discharged.
" Butts, Samuel A. Honorably discharged.
" Byron, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
C. Barnes, Stephen H. Honorably discharged.

## PRIVATES — Continued.

C. Barlow Henry. Honorably discharged.
" Ballou, Horace A. Honorably discharged.
" Bell, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Brayton, Benjamin F. Died of disease.
" Braman, George. Honorably discharged.
" Brewster, James H. Discharged for disability.
" Broderick, Michael. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Brophy, William F. Honorably discharged.
" Brown, William T. Honorably discharged.
" Brown, Albert G. Discharged for disability.
" Brownell, David L. Honorably discharged.
D. Beecher, Frank. Honorably discharged.
" Blaisdell, Jeremiah A. Honorably discharged.
" Booth, William. Honorably discharged.
" Bowen, Eseck. Deserted.
" Bullock, John S. Died of disease.
D. Bailey, John H. Honorably discharged.
" Blair, Lowell. Honorably discharged.
" Black, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Boulet, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Bond, Emory. Honorably discharged.
" Briggs, Lyman. Honorably discharged.
" Burlingame, James E. Honorably discharged.
" Burlingame, George L. Honorably discharged.
" Burton, William G. Honorably discharged.
E. Barber, James D. Died of disease.
" Boyce, George H. Honorably discharged.
" Brainard, Lawrence K. Deserted.
F. Bates, Frederic S. Deserted.
" Becker, Maurice. Discharged for disability.
" Burroughs, William. Died of wounds received in action.
" Burns, Michael. Died of disease.
" Burns, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
G. Barnes, George. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
" Brown, Andrew W. Honorably discharged.
" Breslin, Morris. Discharged for disability.
C. Burns, John. Deserted.
" Byrnes, James. Honorably discharged.
H. Baker, Edwin H. Honorably discharged.
" Bates, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" Baxter, Eben. Honorably discharged.
" Bowers, Sylvester N. Discharged for disability.
" Branaghan, James. Honorably discharged.
" Bryant, Danville F. Deserted. Wounded in action.
I. Blair, William. Died of disease.
" Boss, Edmund T. Discharged for disability.
" Brahony, Martin. Honorably discharged.
" Briggs, James P. Discharged for disability.
" Briggs, William H. Discharged for disability.
" Brophy, William. Died of wounds received on picket.
" Butler, John S. Honorably discharged.
" Burns, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
" Burke, Patrick. Died of disease.
K. Barbour, Miles. Honorably discharged.
" Boyle, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Burgess, Joseph. Honorably discharged.
" Butterworth, James. Honorably discharged.
" Buckley, William. Honorably discharged.
L. Barry, John. Honorably discharged.
" Barber, William J. Honorably discharged.
" Baten, John W. Honorably discharged.
" Baker, Charles H. Honorably discharged.
" Beach, Daniel F. Discharged for disability.
" Boardman, Robert S. Honorably discharged.
" Bosworth, Gardiner D. Honorably discharged.
" Brayton, Luther. Honorably discharged.
" Brayton, Joseph R. Discharged for disability.
" Brett, James. Honorably discharged.
" Brown, Henry. Deserted.
" Brown, William S. Discharged for disability.
M. Balcom, John A. Discharged for disability.
" Batchelder, Fred. A. P. Discharged for disability.
" Briggs, Jacob. Discharged for disability.

M. Briggs, Daniel B. Died of disease.
" Britton, Sefroy. Honorably discharged.
" Brownell, Josiah F. Discharged for disability.
" Brown, William. Honorably discharged.
" Bunker, George F. Honorably discharged.
A. Callahan, John. Honorably discharged.
" Calvert, William. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in E. Rejoined.
" Caldwell, James. Honorably discharged.
" Carroll, Hugh. Honorably discharged.
" Carey, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Cahoone, Horace. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
" Carpenter, John F. Honorably discharged.
" Chadwick, Evelyn C. Honorably discharged.
" Chadwick, John W. Honorably discharged.
" Christy, James. Honorably discharged.
" Church, Albert C. Honorably discharged.
" Cole, Charles C. Honorably discharged.
" Coggeshall, Oliver P Discharged for disability.
" Cook, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Congdon, Giles S. Honorably discharged.
" Corcoran, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Crosson, William F. Discharged for disability.
" Currie, Daniel. At muster-out on detached service.
B. Capwell, James. Discharged for disability.
" Clark, Frank E. Deserted.
" Cole, James B. Honorably discharged.
" Coyle, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Collins, William T. Discharged for disability.
" Crosby Daniel. Accidentally drowned.
" Crosby, Elisha H. Accidentally killed.
B. Card, John M. Honorably discharged.
" Carpenter, John M. Honorably discharged.
" Carr, Thomas. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Case, Nathaniel N. Killed in action.
" Cavanagh, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Cleary, John. Honorably discharged.
" Clarey, Stephen. Honorably discharged.
" Cook, Barton F. Honorably discharged.

B. Cottrell, William T. Honorably discharged.
" Comstock, Frederick N. Honorably discharged.
" Congdon, Albert. Honorably discharged.
" Comfort, Joseph. Deserted.
" Crowell, Eleazer W. Honorably discharged.
C. Carpenter, Albert T. Honorably discharged.
" Caswell, Benjamin. Honorably discharged.
" Carney, James. Honorably discharged.
" Clark, Moses F. Honorably discharged.
" Clifford, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Cornell, John F. Honorably discharged.
" Congdon, Henry R. Transferred to U. S. Signal Corps.
" Cory, Elnathan. Honorably discharged.
" Corey, Paris H. Honorably discharged.
" Coleman, William G. Honorably discharged.
" Colwell, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Crandall, William W. Honorably discharged.
" Crowley, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Curran, James. Honorably discharged.
D. Carey, Walter. Honorably discharged.
" Chace, Benjamin. Died of disease.
" Cookson, William J. Discharged for disability.
" Cogans, Timothy. Discharged for disability.
" Cotton, George. Honorably discharged.
" Crothers, William. Deserted.
" Curran, William. Honorably discharged.
D. Callahan, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Callahan, John. Honorably discharged.
" Carpenter, Joseph. Honorably discharged.
" Carroll, Thomas J. Honorably discharged.
" Clark, Elijah. Honorably discharged.
" Corcoran, John. Honorably discharged.
" Corson, Stephen F. Honorably discharged.
" Coe, Andrew B. Honorably discharged.
" Colvin, David. Honorably discharged.
" Cobb, Josiah C. Honorably discharged.
" Connolly, Patrick. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Coy, George W. Honorably discharged.

## PRIVATES — Continued.

D. Corey, Amos C. Honorably discharged.
" Coleman, Charles W. Honorably discharged.
" Creighton, John. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Cunningham, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
E. Chaffee, Jonathan. Honorably discharged.
" Chaffee, Willard. Killed in action.
" Clarke, Thomas M. Deserted.
" Cole, Ira E. Honorably dicharged.
" Cranston, George T. Honorably discharged.
" Crowley, James. Died of disease.
F. Cashman, Cornelius. At muster-out on detached service.
" Cook, James M. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Conner, Dennis. Honorably discharged.
" Connoly, James. Honorably discharged.
" Cotton, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Coleman, Patrick. Deserted.
" Connoly, Peter. Killed in action.
" Curran, John. Discharged for disability arising from wounds received in action.
G. Clark, Moses T. Honorably discharged.
" Cornell, Henry C. Honorably discharged.
" Curtis, James C. Discharged for disability.
H. Carter, William. Honorably discharged.
" Calorin, John. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Campbell, Thomas. Killed in action.
" Cavanaugh, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Cleigg, James. Honorably discharged.
" Conboy, Henry. Died of disease.
" Cook, Foster M. Honorably discharged.
" Crosby, David F. Discharged for disability.
I. Cannon, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Carroll, Henry. Died of disease.
" Carrigan, Edward. Deserted.
" Conalty, Andrew. Honorably discharged.
" Courtney, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
I. Coyle, John. Honorably discharged.
K. Carroll, Frank. Died of wounds received in action.
" Carpenter, Frank. Honorably discharged.
" Cahill, Richard. Honorably discharged.
" Chatterton, George. Discharged to accept appointment of Second Lieut., Fourteenth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery.
" Connelly, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Conners, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
" Connolly, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Creighton, Bartlett. Honorably discharged.
" Creighton, Patrick. Discharged for disability.
L. Calligan, James. Discharged for disability.
" Calvert, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Cole, Edgar A. Honorably discharged.
" Coombs, John H. Discharged for disability.
M. Campbell, John. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Charnley, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Clark, Benjamin. Honorably discharged.
A. Dailey, Thomas. Deserted.
" Delany, Matthew. Honorably discharged.
" Dempsey, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Desmond, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Diggle, Daniel. Died of disease.
" Dodge, George A. Honorably discharged.
" Driscol, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Druggan, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Dunn, John. Died of disease.
" Dunham, William. Honorably discharged.
" Dyer, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
B. Davis, William. Died of wounds received in action.
" Doherty, Thomas. Killed in action.
" Drummond, William H. Honorably discharged.
B. Davis, Thomas B. Honorably discharged.
" Decker, George W. Honorably discharged.
" Donnelly, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Doran, Joseph. Honorably discharged.
" Doran, Michael. Honorably discharged.

C. Dewick, Joseph H. Honorably discharged.
" Dexter, George R. Discharged for disability
" Dennis, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Donahue, Charles. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Downie William. Honorably discharged. Bugler.
" Duffy, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Dumont, John C. Honorably discharged.
" Dyer, Charles F. Honorably discharged. Guidon.
D. Dalton, Thomas E. Honorably discharged.
" Davis, Richard M. Honorably discharged.
" Day, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Dee, Thomas. Honorably discharged. Accidentally wounded.
" Devlin, Archibald. Honorably discharged.
" Devlin, John. Honorably discharged.
" Dickens, George W. Honorably discharged.
" Dickerman, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" Duffy, John. Honorably discharged.
E. Daniels, Robert. Honorably discharged.
F. Darcy, John. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Dillon, Patrick. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Dolan, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Duffy, Hugh. Honorably discharged.
" Duffy, John. Deserted.
" Dunwell, George S. Discharged for disability.
G. Dougherty, John. Discharged for disability.
" Dyer, Edward T. Honorably discharged.
H. Decker, John F. Discharged for disability.
" Desmond, Patrick. Deserted.
" Dillaber, James H. Honorably discharged.
" Douglas, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Dunbar, Edward. Killed in action.
I. Dolan, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Donavan, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Doyle, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Doyle, John. Deserted.
" Drennan, John. Honorably discharged.
" Driscoll, William. Deserted.
K. Devlin, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
L. Darling, Marcus M. Honorably discharged.
L. Decatur, Ansel. Discharged for disability.
" Dodds, James. Discharged to accept appointment of 2d Lieutenant in Fourteenth Rhode Island Artillery.
" Donnelly, Patrick. Deserted.
" Dolan, James. Deserted.
" Dorsey, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Dwelly, John. Discharged for disability.
M. Damon, George D. Honorably discharged.
" Damon, William C. Honorably discharged.
" Damon, Charles S. Honorably discharged.
" Davis, William. Discharged for disability.
" Dawson, Thomas A. Discharged for disability.
" Dorrick, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Downs, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Dresser, Ephraim. Discharged for disability.
A. Eddy Albert. Discharged for disability.
" Edwards, James. Honorably discharged.
" Edwards, George H. At muster-out on detached service.
" Eldridge, George S. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
B. Eddy, Edwin. Deserted.
B. Early, John. Honorably discharged.
" Eddy Charles H. Honorably discharged.
C. Egan, Robert. Died of disease.
D. Ellsbree, James H. Honorably discharged.
" Elwell, Noel. Died of disease.
D. Earle, Joshua. Honorably discharged,
E. Edwards, James S. Honorably discharged.
F. Esten, Joel. Discharged for disability.
G. Elvin, William. Discharged for disability.
" Evans, Raymond R. Honorably discharged.
H. Eddy, Warren. Killed in action.
K. Ellsworth, James E. Honorably discharged.
L. Eaton, James. Honorably discharged.
" Eslecck, Isaac. Honorably discharged.
M. Earle, James H. Discharged for disability.
" Eddy, John S. Honorably discharged.
" Elby, Charles. Accidentally killed.
A. Fagan, Patrick. Honorably discharged.

## PRIVATES — Continued.

A. Fallon, John. Killed in action.
" Fay, George. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Flynn, Lawrence. Discharged for disability.
B. Farrar, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Farrar, William. Died of disease.
" Farrell, Lawrence. Accidentally killed.
" Fuller, Albert. Honorably discharged.
B. Farrell, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Fiske, Albert W Honorably discharged.
" Flagg, Ira. Honorably discharged.
" Forbes, James B. Honorably discharged.
C. Farnham, William. Dishonorably discharged.
" Flynn, Gilbert. Honorably discharged.
" Ford, George W. Discharged for disability.
D. Fuller, Martin B. Transferred to Invalid Corps.
" Fuller, James B. Honorably discharged.
D. Farrar, James. Honorably discharged.
" Farrell, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Fiske, Emery. Died of disease. Accidentally wounded.
" Flynn, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Franklin, Leonidas. Honorably discharged.
" Fuller, Sydney A. Honorably discharged.
" Fuller, Holman. Honorably discharged.
E. Ford, William. Honorably discharged.
F. Falvey, Daniel. Discharged for disability.
G. Finn, John. Honorably discharged.
" Fleming, John. Honorably discharged.
H. Farnham, William. Deserted.
" Feeny, Michael. Missing in action,
" Finley, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
K. Farrell, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Farley, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Fitzpatrick, James. Honorably discharged.
" Fullen, Dennis. Honorably discharged.
L. Farley, James. Honorably discharged.
" Feely, William. Honorably discharged.
L. Ferns, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Fiske, Samuel. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Fitzpatrick, Patrick W. Discharged for disability.
M. Farrar, Henry R. Honorably discharged.
" Farrell, John C. Honorably discharged.
" Frowley, Henry. Discharged for disability.
A. Gardiner, Arthur G. Honorably discharged.
" Gardiner, George W Honorably discharged.
" Galligan, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Gray, George E. Honorably discharged.
" Green, Arthur. Honorably discharged.
" Greenhalgh, William J. Killed in action.
" Gunter, Daniel. Died of disease.
B. Gibbins, Michael J. Accidentally killed.
" Gorton, John A. Accidentally killed.
" Greene, William. Discharged for disability.
B. Gabriel, Victor Honorably discharged.
" Gallaghan, Barney. Honorably discharged.
" Gaffney, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Garvey, John. Honorably discharged.
" Garret, Christopher. Honorably discharged.
" Gardiner, Charles M. Honorably discharged.
" Gilbert, Antoine. Honorably discharged.
" Gillan, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Glynn, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Glancey, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Gorton, Burrill. Honorably discharged.
C. Gardiner, Charles S. Discharged for disability.
" Garlin, Henry C. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in "G." Rejoined.
" Godfrey, Joseph S. Honorably discharged.
" Goulden, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Growney, John. Honorably discharged.
" Guild, Allen W Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner. Returned.
D. Gleason, William N. Discharged for disability.

D. Goff, Charles H. Deserted.
" Grant, Samuel. Discharged for disability.
" Greenwood, Jonathan. Honorably discharged.
D. Garretty, James. Honorably discharged.
" Gifford, Oscar F. Honorably discharged.
" Glancy, John. Honorably discharged.
" Gorman, John. Honorably discharged.
" Gottlieb, George. Honorably discharged.
E Gannon, Patrick. Killed in action.
" Gorman, John. Honorably discharged.
F. Galligan, Patrick. Discharged for disability arising from wounds received in action.
" Galligan, Charles. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Gibney, Bernard. Honorably discharged.
" Gilligan, John. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Gough, John. Honorably discharged.
" Gregory, James. Honorably discharged.
G. Gilmore, Daniel T. Honorably discharged.
" Golden, Daniel. Accidentally killed.
H. Gardner, Lester C. Discharged for disability.
I. Gormley, Michael. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Greenaleh. James. Discharged for disability.
K. Gaffney, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Garvin, John. Honorably discharged.
" Greene, John. Honorably discharged.
" Grimes, John. Died of disease.
L. Gage, Alexander. Discharged for disability.
" Gibson, George W. Discharged for disability.
" Gibson, John C. Honorably discharged.
" Gorton, Charles A. Discharged for disability.
" Gray, Ezekiel M. Discharged for disability.
" Greeley, Patrick. Discharged for disability.
" Green. Elisha G. Honorably discharged.
M. Gardiner, John C. Honorably discharged. Previously discharged for disability in "G." Rejoined.
M. Gardiner, Lorenzo T. Honorably discharged.
" Gardiner, William A. Discharged for disability.
" Gibson, George. Honorably discharged.
" Gifford, George W Honorably discharged.
" Glines, Charles E. Discharged for disability.
" Goff, Henry A. Honorably discharged.
" Goff, George O. Honorably discharged.
" Goodwin, George F. Died of disease.
" Greene, Albert D. Honorably discharged.
A. Hammond, Stephen H. Honorably discharged. Prisoner in action. Returned.
" Hanes, James E. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in "D." Rejoined.
" Harrington, David T. Died of disease.
" Healey, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Hewitt, Giles C. Honorably discharged.
" Hood, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" Horr, Abner. Honorably discharged.
" Hopkins. James. Honorably discharged.
" Horton, Francis W Honorably discharged. Wounded, and prisoner in aetion. Returned.
" Horton, Edwin R. M. Died of disease,
" Humphrey, George. Honorably discharged.
" Hyde, John. Killed in action.
B. Halliwell. William. Honorably discharged.
" Havens, James D. Died of disease.
" Higgins, John. Discharged by reason of wounds received in action.
" Hill, Robert. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Hodges, William W. Discharged for disability.
" Hunt, Thomas. Deserted.
B. Hannon, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Hanway, John. Honorably discharged.
" Harrington, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
" Haskins, James E. Deserted.
" Haslan, Adam. Honorably discharged.
" Hathaway, Henry W. Honorably discharged.
" Hill, William W Honorably discharged.

## PRIVATES — Continued.

B. Hobson, James B. Honorably discharged.
" Howland, Amasa W. Honorably discharged.
" Hughes, James. Honorably discharged.
C. Hammond, Amasa. Honorably discharged.
" Hanley, Andrew. Honorably discharged.
" Harris, Abraham. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged. Rejoined.
" Harris, James. Honorably discharged. Wounded and taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Hargraves, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Hatton, Joseph. Honorably discharged.
" Henrys, William. Discharged for disability
" Hogan, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Howland, Charles A. Discharged for disability.
" Hughes, James. Honorably discharged.
D. Hill, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Halley, Albert. Discharged for disability.
D. Hale, Roger. Honorably discharged.
" Hannaway, Terence. Honorably discharged.
" Handley, Patrick. At muster-out sick in General Hospital.
" Harding, Martin. Honorably discharged.
" Havens, Abijah B. Honorably discharged.
" Halley, Albert, Jr. Honorably discharged.
" Hopkins, Francis A. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Horr, Frederic A. Honorably discharged.
" Hughes, Peter. Honorably discharged.
*E. Harker, Thomas M. Deserted.
*" Harker, George A. Deserted.
" Hatten, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
" Henry, James A. Honorably discharged.
" Hicks, George W. Died of disease.
F. Hall, John O. Honorably discharged.

* Doubts exist as to muster.

F. Hannaway, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Healy, John. Honorably discharged.
" Heffernan, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Hibberd, Henry. Discharged for disability.
" Hobert, William. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Holland, Dennis. Honorably discharged.
" Hughes, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
G. Hackett, Edward. Died of disease.
" Hanley, James. Honorably discharged.
" Hazard, William. Honorably discharged.
" Holloway, William E. Discharged for disability.
" Holme, William. Discharged for disability.
" Hunt, Samuel. Discharged for disability.
H. Harris, John C. Deserted.
" Haynes, John. Discharged for disability.
" Hibbitt, Thomas. Deserted.
" Holland, John. Discharged for disability.
" Houghton, Otis S. Discharged for disability.
" Hughes, Joseph. Died of wounds received in action.
I. Hanly, Timothy. Discharged for disability.
" Harrington, Alfred. Discharged for disability.
" Hayes, Quinlan. Honorably discharged.
" Healy, James. Honorably discharged.
" Holland, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Hubbard, James. Discharged for disability.
" Hynes, Dennis. Discharged for disability.
K. Healey, Michael. Discharged for disability.
" Higney, Owen. Honorably discharged.
L. Hamilton, James. Discharged for disability.
" Hardy, Chandler B. Honorably discharged.
" Harvey, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Hopkins, Alfred I. Honorably discharged.
" Hussey, Charles. Honorably discharged.
M. Hanson, John A. Deserted.
" Hare, George M. Discharged for disability.

M. Harrington, Jared A. Discharged for disability.
" Harvey, Daniel N. Honorably discharged.
" Harvey, William J. Honorably discharged.
" Heaton, George S. Honorably discharged.
" Hooper, Peter. Discharged for disability.
" Hopkins, Henry W Discharged for disability.
" Hopkins, George L. Honorably discharged.
" Horton, William A. Honorably discharged.
" Howe, Martin S. Died of Disease.
A. Ide, Almon D. Died of disease. Taken prisoner in action.
B. Ingoldsby, Hugh. Honorably discharged. Wounded and taken prisoner in action. Returned.
B. Inman, Alfred A. Honorably discharged.
" Irons, Edwin A. Honorably discharged.
D. Inman, Dexter. Discharged for disability.
A. Jacobs, John P. Discharged for disability.
" Jacob, Zacariah. Honorably discharged.
B. Jaqueth, George W. Died of disease.
B. Jenkes, Taylor A. Honorably discharged.
C. Johnson, George O. Honorably discharged.
" Johnson, Richard F. Honorably discharged.
D. Jefferson, Cyrus. Honorably discharged.
" Jefferson, James. Died of disease.
" Jefferson, George. Died of disease.
D. Jackson, Samuel. Honorably discharged.
" Jordon, James. Honorably discharged.
" Jillson, Augustus F Honorably discharged.
G. Jones, Irwin A. Discharged for disability.
" Jordan, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Jordan, Winchester. Honorably discharged.
I. Jones, Joseph. Discharged for disability.
K. Jayne, John L. Transferred to U. S. Artillery.
" Jennett, Joseph. Discharged for disability.
L. Joslin, Edwin. Died of accidental wounds.
M. Jordan, Charles C. Honorably discharged.
" Jordan, E. B. Deserted.
" Johnson Joseph W Honorably discharged..
A. Keach, Andrew O. Honorably discharged.
A. Keach, George H. Honorably discharged.
" Kennedy, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Kennedy, James. Honorably discharged.
" Kilfoil, James. Honorably discharged.
" Kimball, Peter. Honorably discharged.
B. Keach, George L. Honorably discharged.
" Kane, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Kelley, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Kendrick, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
" Kinnicum, Charles G. Honorably discharged.
C. Kenyon, Daniel C. Honorably discharged. Artificer.
" King, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
D. Kelly, Patrick. Transferred to Invalid Corps.
" Kirk, Samuel. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
D. Keach, Rufus M. Honorably discharged.
" Kelly, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Kelly, Arnold C. Honorably discharged.
" Kenlock, James. Honorably discharged.
" King, Isaac. Honorably discharged.
E. Kennedy, Terenee. Honorably discharged.
" Kimball, Martin F. Discharged for disability.
F. Kelly, James. Died of disease.
" Kelly, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Kennedy, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" King, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Knight, Jeremiah. Discharged for disability
G. Kenyon, Isaac C. Honorably discharged.
H. Kelly, James. Honorably discharged.
" Kelly, Edward. Deserted.
" King, George. Honorably discharged.
I. Kallaher, Patrick. Died of disease.
" Kelly, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Kerr, James. Honorably discharged.
K. Ketchum, Alfred S. Died of disease.
L. King, William W. Honorably discharged.
" King, Joseph. Honorably discharged.
M. Kiernan, William. Honorably discharged.

PRIVATES — CONTINUED.

M. Kilburn, Joseph H. Honorably discharged.
A. Lamb, John. Honorably discharged.
" Le Clare, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Lewis, Willis. Discharged for disability.
" Lovett, Christopher Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Luther, George H. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
B. Langley, Pardon. Honorably discharged.
" Langley, George. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
" Luther, Edwin G. Deserted.
" Luther, Joseph T. Accidentally killed.
B. Larkin, Charles A. Honorably discharged.
" Lake, John. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Linton, Robert. Honorably discharged.
" Lowney, John. Honorably discharged.
C. Labou, Isaac. Discharged for disability.
" Lake, Thomas. Honorably discharged. Artificer.
" Lawton, George C. Honorably discharged.
" Lawton, George B. Honorably discharged.
D. Langley, Alfred. Discharged for disability.
D. Lawton, Thomas J. Honorably discharged.
" Leonard, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" Lewin, John M. Honorably discharged.
" Luther, Eber. Honorably discharged.
" Lyon, George F. Honorably discharged.
E. Lambe, John. Died of disease.
" Luther, Albert S. Honorably discharged.
F. Lackey, William. Discharged for disability.
" Laughtrine, Arthur. Honorably discharged.
G. Leonard, Abiel L. Died of disease.
H. Lamb, John. Discharged for disability.
I. Lane, Alfred. Deserted.
" Laughlin, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Lenahan, Daniel. Discharged for disability.
K. Leahey, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
K. Le Bounty, Mitchell. Honorably discharged.
L. Lahey, Mathew. Honorably discharged.
" Lancaster, James. Honorably discharged.
" Law, Herbert S. Discharged for disability.
" Lee, Joseph. Honorably discharged.
" Leonard, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Leonard, William. Honorably discharged.
" Lewis, Herbert A. Honorably discharged.
M. Lake, George W Honorably discharged.
" Lawrence, Horace C. Discharged for disability.
" Lehan, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
A. Maguire, Edward P Discharged for disability.
" Mann, Gilbert. Honorably discharged.
" Mann, Daniel. At muster-out on detached service.
" Martin, James T. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
" Matterson, Charles N. Honorably discharged.
" McJenkin, Hugh. Honorably discharged.
" McKenzie, Alexander R. Discharged for disability.
" McKnight, James. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" McQuade, Felix. Died of disease.
" McQuillin, Francis. Died of disease.
" McQuillin, Alexander. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in "K." Rejoined.
" Means, Alfred R. Discharged for disability.
" Medbury, James M. Discharged for disability.
" Moon, Horatio N. Died of disease.
" Moran, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Muffin, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Muldoon, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy, Dennis E. Honorably discharged.
B. Malone, Dennis. Accidentally killed.
" Maple, Frank, Honorably discharged.
" McCool, John. Accidentally killed.
" McSoley, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Miett, William. Honorably discharged.

B. Miett, Oliver. Honorably discharged.
" Morgan Charles. Died of accidental wounds.
" Mowry, Manton B. Died of disease.
" Munger, Peter. Discharged for disability.
B. Maher, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
" Marshall, Joseph H. Honorably discharged.
" Mason, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" McAllen, Arthur G. Honorably discharged.
" McAllan, Bernard. Honorably discharged.
" McGoue, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" McGuire, Dennis. Honorably discharged.
" McGuire James. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" McNamara, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" McQuestion. James J. Honorably discharged.
" McQuiggan. John. Honorably discharged.
" Miller. Edward G. Honorably discharged.
" Monroe, John H. Honorably discharged.
" Moran Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy. John. Honorably discharged.
C. Mack, John. Honorably discharged.
" Manchester, James M. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Marsh, Olney. Deserted.
" McCaughey, Patrick. Deserted.
" McCormick, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" McDermott, John. Honorably discharged.
" McFarland, Henry. Honorably discharged.
" McKay Charles. Discharged for disability.
" McKenna. Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" McNiff, James. Honorably discharged.
" McVay, James. Honorably discharged.
" Mee, Peter. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Messner, Albert. Honorably discharged.
" Mitchell, Warren R. Honorably discharged.
" Mowrey, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Mulligan, John. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
D. Meader. Morrill. Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
D. McAllan, William. Discharged for disability.
" McGahan, James. Killed in action.
" McKenna, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" McNally, John. Discharged for disability.
" Murphy, John J. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Murray, George W. Discharged for disability.
D. Marr, George W. Honorably discharged.
" Martin, Elhanan. Honorably discharged.
" Mason, Alonzo. Honorably discharged.
" McCabe, John. Honorably discharged.
" McCarthy, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" McCaughey, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" McCaudrell, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" McElroy, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" McManus, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" McNanly, James. Honorably discharged.
" McParlan, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Merrick, John. Honorably discharged.
" Monaghan, Michael M. Honorably discharged.
" Monegan, John M. Honorably discharged.
" Morris, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Muldoon, James. Honorably discharged.
E. Mallay, James. Discharged for disability.
" McCann, James. Honorably discharged.
" McCormick, James. Deserted.
" McGrath, William. Discharged for disability arising from wounds received in action.
" Monroe, Charles H. Died of disease.
" Mowry, John. Discharged for disability.
F. Martin, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" McCabe, James. Honorably discharged.
" McCabe, Henry. Honorably discharged.
" McCarthy, Timothy. Deserted.
" McClarence, John. Honorably discharged.
" McGinnis, Michael. Discharged for disability.
" McKennon, Frank. Honorably discharged.
" McNally, Patrick. Discharged for disability.

PRIVATES — CONTINUED.

F. Mead, Garrett. Honorably discharged.
" Mowry, Edwin. Deserted.
" Murley, John. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Murphy, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy, Dennis. Honorably discharged.
G. Messler, Arnold. Deserted.
" McArthur, John. Discharged for disability.
" Migan, Michael. Died of disease.
" Murray, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
H. Madden, Henry. Discharged for disability.
" Mahon, Patrick. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" McLay, George W Honorably discharged.
" McQuade, Owen. Honorably discharged.
" Merrill, George. Discharged for disability.
" Morin, Albert N. Deserted.
" Mulherrin, William. Honorably discharged.
I. Maher, Patrick. Dis charged for disability.
" Mahon, Robert. Honorably discharged.
" Mahon, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" McAnany, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" McCabe, Patrick. Discharged for disability.
" McCann, Daniel. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" McCarty, Dennis. Honorably discharged.
" McDonald, John. Honorably discharged.
" McLaughlin, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Mullally, John. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy, John. Honorably discharged.
" Murray, Bernard. Died of disease.
K. Malough, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Mason, Henry W. Transferred to United States Signal Corps.
" McAllice, Archibald. Honorably discharged.
" McAlier, James. Honorably discharged.
" McCahey, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" McGuiness, John. Discharged for disability.
" McManus, Phillip. Honorably discharged.
" Melville, Thomas D. Discharged for disability.
" Minor, Thomas. Missing in action.
K. Mooney, Richard. Honorably discharged.
" Morris, Benjamin. Discharged for disability.
" Mullen, John. Honorably discharged.
L. Martin, Jefferson. Discharged for disability.
" Martin, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" McCormick, William. Honorably discharged.
" McKay, Robert. Transferred to U. S. Signal Corps.
" McLaughlin, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" Medbury, James M. Discharged for disability.
" Milliken, Horatio N. Transferred to U. S. Artillery.
" Moffit, James. Honorably discharged.
" Morrisey, Michael. Honorably discharged.
M. Mace, George W. Died of disease.
" Mackey, John. Deserted.
" Mathewson, James A. Transferred to U. S. Artillery.
" McDonald, John. Deserted.
" McDonald, John, 2d. Honorably discharged.
" McDonald, Michael. Honorably discharged.
" McGuire, Thomas W. Honorably discharged.
" McKenna, John. Died of disease while a prisoner at Anderville, Ga.
" McMaugh, Stephen. Honorably discharged.
" McQuade, Patrick E. Honorably discharged.
" McVicker, John. Honorably discharged.
" Mellon, Hugh. Honorably discharged.
" Miller, Rufus. Discharged for disability occasioned by wounds received in action.
" Mitchell, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Monroe, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Moore, Robert. Deserted.
" Morris, Henry J. Discharged for disability.
" Mowatt, John. Deserted.
" Mowry, Elisha. Honorably discharged.
" Murphy Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Murray, James P. Discharged for disability.
A. Neill, James. Discharged for disability.
" Nickerson, Henry O. Honorably discharged.

A. Nickols, Charles W. Honorably discharged.
" Norton, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
B. Nickols, Abner C. Honorably discharged.
C. Newbert, John C. At muster-out at Provost Marshal's.
D. Newhall, James M. Discharged for disability.
" Newton, Elisha P Deserted.
" Nickerson, Dean. Discharged for disability.
" Nickerson, John. Died of wounds received in action.
" Nickerson, William F Honorably discharged.
" Nickerson, Henry. Honorably discharged.
" Nickerson, Thomas O. Honorably discharged.
D. Newman Caleb B. Honorably discharged.
" Nickerson, Dean Jr. Honorably discharged.
E. Noon, John. Honorably discharged.
H. Nailan, Peter. Died of wounds received in action.
" Noller, Christian. Honorably discharged.
I. Northup, James H. Discharged for disability.
M. Nickols, Moses B. Honorably discharged.
" Nolan, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
A. Oakes, Peter M. Honorably discharged.
" O'Brien, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" O'Connor, Jeremiah. Honorably discharged.
" O'Sullivan, James. Died of disease.
" Off, George. Honorably discharged.
B. O'Connell, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" O'Neil, Michael. Honorably discharged.
C. O'Brien, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" O'Hare, David B. Honorably discharged.
" O'Hare, Andrew. Honorably discharged.
D. O'Connor, William. Discharged. (Minor.)
D. O'Brien, James. Honorably discharged.
E. O'Conner, John. Discharged for disability.
F. O'Brien, James C. Deserted.
" O'Donald, James. Killed in action.
" O'Neil, Patrick. Discharged for disability.
" O'Neil, James. Honorably discharged.
H. Oullahan, James. Missing in action.
I. O'Brien, John. Deserted.
" Owen, Martin. Deserted.

K. O'Brien, Richard. Honorably discharged.
" O'Brien, John. Dishonorably discharged.
" O'Brien, John, 2d. Discharged for disability.
L. Oakley, John C. Transferred to United States Artillery.
M. O'Brien, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" O'Brien, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
" O'Brien, William. Discharged for disability.
" Olney, Daniel S. Honorably discharged. Previously discharged for disability in "C." Rejoined.
" O'Reiley, John. Honorably discharged.
" Osgood, Samuel A. Discharged for disability.
A. Pashley, George. Honorably discharged.
" Pearce, James T. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in "G." Rejoined.
" Phetterplace, Hiram. Honorably discharged.
" Phelan, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Power, James R. Discharged for disability.
" Powers, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Prew, Mitchell. Killed in action.
B. Paine, Addington D. Honorably discharged.
" Perry, David. Deserted.
" Pitts, John C. Discharged for disability.
B. Paine, George F. Honorably discharged.
" Parker, Hiram W. Honorably discharged.
" Payne, Moses A. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Payne, Nelson M. Honorably discharged.
" Penno, Benjamin L. Discharged for disability.
" Phillips, Charles W. Honorably discharged.
" Pratt, William H. Honorably discharged.
C. Pike, John E. Honorably discharged.
" Pray, Cyrus. Honorably discharged.
D. Pierce, Charles M. Discharged for disability.
" Pierce, Ellis C. Discharged for disability.
D. Palmer, Ephraim. Honorably discharged.
" Patterson, Richard. Honorably discharged.
" Peck, Horatio N. Honorably discharged.
" Phillips, Charles A. Honorably discharged.
" Pratt, William. Honorably discharged.

E. Peckham, Fenner H. Discharged to accept appointment of 2d Lieutenant, Twelfth Rhode Island Volunteers. Acting Assistant Hospital Steward.
" Powley, Sam'l. Honorably discharged. Accidentally wounded.
F Purcell, William. Honorably discharged.
G. Pettis, Benjamin F Discharged for disability.
H. Paine, Augustus S. Discharged for disability.
" Patterson, John G. Honorably discharged.
" Phillips, Charles H. Discharged for disability.
I. Perry, Hiram. Discharged for disability.
L. Perry, Havard C. Discharged for disability.
" Place, William K. Discharged for disability.
" Potter, Israel A. Died of disease while a prisoner of war.
M. Packard, Benjamin. Honorably discharged.
" Patterson, Edward A. Honorably discharged.
" Perry, James E. Honorably discharged.
" Perkins, Albert W. Honorably discharged.
" Pierce, Charles L. Honorably discharged.
" Pierce, Alfred J. Honorably discharged.
" Porter, James. Honorably discharged.
" Pratt, Phineus M. Honorably discharged.
A. Quigley, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
B. Quinn, Peter. Honorably discharged.
D. Quinn, James H. Honorably discharged.
A. Randall, James H. Honorably discharged.
" Randall. George W. Jr. Discharged for disability.
" Rico, George. Killed in action.
" Riley, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Roberts, George A. Honorably discharged.
" Rodgers, Marshall. Honorably discharged.
" Rounds, Charles H. Died of disease.
B. Riley, Patrick. Deserted.
" Ruby, Albert L. Discharged for disability.
" Ryan, Timothy. Discharged for disability.
B. Reagan, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Reed, Henry F. Honorably discharged.
" Remlinger, John. Honorably discharged.
B. Ryan, Michael W. Honorably discharged.
C. Remington, Cyrus W. Honorably discharged. Artificer.
" Reynolds, Franklin M. Honorably discharged.
" Rice, John. Honorably discharged.
" Riley, James. Honorably discharged.
" Robinson, Charles H. Deserted.
" Rose, Benjamin N. Honorably discharged.
" Rouke, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
D. Reynolds, Henry C. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Rogers, Henry. Honorably discharged.
" Rose, Harford B. Deserted. Wounded in action.
" Ruder, Charles W. Discharged for disability.
" Russell, James. Honorably discharged.
D. Richardson James. Honorably discharged.
" Roach, James. Honorably discharged.
" Roberts, John H. Honorably discharged.
" Ryan, Thomas. Accidentally killed.
E. Riley, Peter. Deserted.
" Robbins, John M. Honorably discharged.
" Ryan, John F. Discharged for disability.
F. Reynolds, Bernard. Honorably discharged.
" Ryan, Cornelius. Honorably discharged.
H. Rice, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Rice, Benjamin C. Honorably discharged.
" Robbins, Joseph A. Discharged for disability.
" Ryan, Edward. Honorably discharged.
L. Reynolds, Edwin F. Honorably discharged.
" Richards, Irvin. Deserted.
" Ryan, James. Died of disease.
" Ryan, John. Honorably discharged.
M. Riley, Peter. Discharged for disability arising from wounds received in action.
" Ring, Alfred G. H. Deserted.
" Ringolds, Frederic. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Roach, Patrick. Discharged for disability.
" Robbins, Tarbell W. Honorably discharged.

A. Salisbury William H. At muster-out on detached service.
" Saunders, Nathan H. Honorably discharged.
" Saunders, Asa B. Died of disease.
" Saxon, William. Honorably discharged.
" Sherman, Manly J. Honorably discharged.
" Simmons, Russel A. Honorably discharged.
" Sisson, Dudley F Discharged for disability.
" Sisson, James F. Honorably discharged.
" Skuce, John. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Lyman R. Killed in action.
" Smith, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, George W. Died of wounds received in action.
" Snell, Albert H. Honorably discharged.
" Stevens, Thomas W D. Honorably discharged. Previously honorably discharged in "E." Rejoined.
" Stevens, Alonzo. Honorably discharged.
" Stewart, Bement P. Honorably discharged. Guidon.
" Stoddard, George W. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Streight, Joseph C. Discharged for disability.
" Sullivan, Thomas. Discharged for disability.
" Sweet, Thomas P. Honorably discharged.
" Sweet, Jesse B. Honorably discharged.
B. Sally, Edwin. Honorably discharged.
" Simmons, Levi. Discharged for disability.
" Smith, James H. Honorably discharged. Accidentally wounded.
" Stewart, John E. Died of accidental wounds.
B. Saunders, Barton W Honorably discharged.
" Shaw, Jonathan. Honorably discharged.
" Simmons, James A. Honorably discharged.
" Sonner, Christopher. Honorably discharged.
" Stone, Daniel J. Honorably discharged.
" Stone, Clarke. Honorably discharged.
" Sullivan, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Sullivan, John. Honorably discharged.
C Savoy, Abraham. Deserted.
" Searle, Nathan P Honorably discharged.
" Sherman, Sylvester. Honorably discharged.
C. Shenin, Daniel. Honorably discharged.
" Shennessy, David. Honorably discharged.
" Sleeper, Levant. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Isaiah B. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Henry M. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Abner. Discharged for disability.
" Stewart John. Honorably discharged.
D. Sanderson, David. Honorably discharged.
" Shippey, Samuel C. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Simmons, Isaac. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Nathan. Deserted.
" Stafford, William J. Honorably discharged.
" Stanton, John. Honorably discharged.
" Stowe, Walter. Died of disease.
D. Sanborn, Stephen H. Honorably discharged.
" Sanford, Joseph M. Honorably discharged.
" Shafran, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Sherman, George H. Honorably discharged.
" Shield, John. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, George H. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Smitherust, Amos. Honorably discharged.
" Sullivan, Timothy. Honorably discharged.
E. Salsteene, Noah H. Honorably discharged.
" Sayles, Benjamin L. Killed in action.
" Seaver, William H. Discharged for disability.
" Simmons, George. Honorably discharged.
" Skinner, Edward. Honorably discharged.
" Springer, William H. Discharged for disability. Wounded in action.
" Stephen, Caspar. Honorably discharged.
" Sweeney, John. Discharged for disability.
" Sweet, Samuel S. Died of disease.
F. Shea, Patriek. Honorably discharged.
" Shehan, Patriek. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, David. Died of disease.
" Stevenson, Daniel. Discharged for disability.
G. Sheen, Michael. Discharged for disability.

## PRIVATES — Continued.

G. Sheldon, Hiram. Honorably discharged.
" Sherman, William H. Honorably discharged.
" Sherman, Alfred H. Honorably discharged.
" Stewart, Silas H. Died of disease.
H. Sanford William. Discharged for disability.
" Shaw, Clarke G. Transferred to United States Artillery.
I. Sheridan, James. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
" Siegel, Morris. Honorably discharged.
" Sinnott, Peter. Discharged for disability.
" Slattery, Dennis. Deserted.
" Smythe, George T. Discharged for disability.
" Sullivan, Thomas. Honorably discharged.
" Sullivan, John. Deserted.
K. Smith, James. Deserted.
" Smith, Robert E. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Sopher, George. Honorably discharged.
" Stewart, Charles. Honorably discharged.
L. Salmon, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Salsbury, Charles P. Honorably discharged.
" Sanford, Joseph C. Honorably discharged.
" Scott, Walter V. Honorably discharged.
" Sheppard, Francis. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, Joseph H. Honorably discharged.
" Smith, John. Deserted.
" Smith, Alonzo. No record as to final disposition.
" Sullivan, Daniel D. Honorably discharged.
" Sutton, Reuben. Honorably discharged.
" Sweet, Elias. Honorably discharged.
" Sweet, Isaac M. Honorably discharged.
M. Salisbury, Fenner. Honorably discharged.
" Sawyer, Elbridge. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Sawyer, Albert. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Scott, Timothy A. Honorably discharged.
" Shattuck, Charles M. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Simpson, George. Discharged for disability.
" Sisson, William Jr. Discharged to accept appointment of Second Lt. Fifth Rhode Island Heavy Artillery. Artificer.
M. Smith, William R. Honorably discharged.
" Spear, Seth A. Discharged for disability.
" Spooner, Samuel T. Honorably discharged.
" Staniels, Dwight P. Honorably discharged.
" Stevens, Elijah. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Stoddard, William. Honorably discharged.
" Studley, Henry Jr. Discharged for disability.
" Sullivan, James K. Deserted.
" Sutherland Joseph. Honorably discharged.
" Swain, Theron L. Honorably discharged.
" Sweetland, George. Honorably discharged.
A. Thatcher, William O. Discharged for disability.
" Thornton, Waterman. Honorably discharged.
" Tibbets, Joshua. Honorably discharged.
" Tingley, Elias. Honorably discharged.
" Tonge, Henry F. Honorably discharged.
" Tyler, Martin A. Honorably discharged.
B. Taft, William N. Honorably discharged.
" Taggard, Mathew H. Honorably discharged.
" Taylor, Peter. Honorably discharged.
" Taylor, Charles. Honorably discharged.
" Thornton, Henry F. Honorably discharged.
" Tinkham, Sylvanus. Honorably discharged.
" Tourjee, George W Honorably discharged.
" Tremont, William. Honorably discharged.
" Tully, Michael. Honorably discharged.
C. Thayer, Liba C. Honorably discharged.
" Thayer, Henry T. Honorably discharged.
" Thibodeau, Joseph C. Deserted. Wounded in action.
" Trainor, William. Honorably discharged.
D. Tanner, Thomas B. Died of wounds received in action.
" Tence, George H. Discharged for disability.
" Thurber, Charles H. Discharged for disability.
" Thurber, German P. Discharged for disability.
" Tillinghast, William C. Killed in action.
" Tooney, Francis. Discharged. (Minor).
" Trim, William. Discharged for disability.

D. Tillinghast, Thomas H. Honorably discharged.
" Towne, John F. Honorably discharged.
" Tillinghast, Nickolas E. Honorably discharged.
" Troute, George. Discharged for disability.
" Turnbull, Thomas W. Died of disease.
H. Thornton, Martin G. Died of disease.
" Trainor, Peter. Discharged for disability.
I. Thornton, John. Discharged for disability.
K. Taft, Francis H. Died of wounds received in action.
" Taylor, Charles H. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Thackery, George. Honorably discharged. Wounded in action.
L. Templeton, Isaac. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Thornton, Josiah Jr. Honorably discharged.
" Tillinghast, John. Honorably discharged.
M. Taft, Rufus. Honorably discharged.
" Thomas, James. Discharged for disability.
" Thompson, John O. Honorably discharged.
" Tibbets, Thomas W. Honorably discharged.
A. Valentine, James. Honorably discharged.
" Vallely, Edward J. Died of wounds received in action.
B. Vibberts, Nathan P. Honorably discharged.
B. Vickery, Henry. Honorably discharged.
D. Vickery, Obidiah. Honorably discharged.
K. Vickery, Isaac. Discharged for disability.
A. Warner, John B. Died of disease.
" Welden, George W. Discharged for disability.
" Welch, John. Discharged for disability.
" Weston, Silas. Discharged for disability.
" Whalen, David. Discharged for disability.
" Wheaton, Joseph H. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner in action. Returned.
" Whipple, George A. Honorably discharged.
" Whipple, Roderick D. Honorably discharged.
" Wigfall, Walter C. Transferred to United States Signal Corps.
" Williams, Alfred S. C. Transferred to United States Signal Corps.
" Williams, Henry E. Honorably discharged.
" Wing, Joseph B. Honorably discharged.
A. Wing, Jashub. Honorably discharged.
" Woodmancy, James A. Honorably discharged.
" Woodmancy, Henry. Honorably discharged.
" Wright, Reuben P. Died of disease. Wounded in action.
B. Wales, William. Discharged for disability.
" Wilcox, John W. Discharged for disability.
B. Wade, John. Honorablydischarged.
" Whitaker, Silas. Honorably discharged.
" White, David A. Honorably discharged.
" Williams, Caleb. Honorably discharged.
C. Wade, Charles A. Honorably discharged.
" Walsh, Patrick. Honorably discharged.
" Walker, Alling H. Deserted.
" Warfield, Henry H. Accidentally killed.
" Warner, Samuel M. Honorably discharged.
" Waterman, Robert S. Honorably discharged. Artificer.
" Whitcomb, Erastus D. Honorably discharged. Taken prisoner of war. Returned.
" Worden, William H. Died of disease.
" Worden, Benjamin. Discharged for disability.
" Wyman, Francis O. Honorably discharged.
D. Warner, James G. Honorably discharged.
D. Warner, Henry B. Honorably discharged.
" Westcott, Edwin. Honorably discharged.
" Whittington, Eugene. Honorably discharged.
" Whittington, George B. C. Honorably discharged.
" Wilbur, Christopher K. Honorably discharged.
" Wright, James H. Honorably discharged.
E. Welden, Silas H. Discharged for disability.
F. Wells, Stephen B. Killed in action.
G. Wilson, John. Honorably discharged.
H. Waite, Abel. Honorably discharged.
" Wehoskey, Frank. Deserted.
" Welch, Henry. Died of disease.
" Williams, John. Deserted.
I. Walsh, James. Deserted.
" White, William. Transferred to United States Artillery.
" Woolly, John. Honorably discharged.
K. Walsh, Michael. Honorably discharged.

## PRIVATES — CONTINUED.

L. Waite, William P. Honorably discharged.
" Webb, James. Discharged for disability.
" Whalen, Garrett. Honorably discharged.
" Whiting, Alden B. Discharged for disability.
M. Weaver, Charles. Deserted.
" Whipple, Charles. Honorably discharged.
M. Whipple, Calvin. Honorably discharged.
" Williams, Charles A. Honorably discharged.
" Williams, John G. Transferred to United States Artillery.
C. Young, Benjamin E. Honorably discharged.
D. Yeager, Charles. Honorably discharged.

REGIMENTAL SUTLER — Joseph W. Taylor.

BATTALION SUTLER — D. Kavanagh.

# OUR FLAG

We have presented our record, and our roll. We cannot close without a reference to the banner that waved over us. Flags, indeed, in one sense, are but threads and colors. In another sense, they transcend all fabrics and all hues. Some ambitious philosopher has dared to assert that "in matter is the potency and promise of all life." However heretical that utterance may be, in the strict sense of words, or in the sense intended by the author, the language has more than a poetical application to the "Standard Sheet" of Freedom. Things have their worth in what they signify. Deep, mysterious, unutterable associations attach to battle flags and the ensigns of nations; The Eagles of Rome, the Lilies of France, and the Red Cross of England, have inspired millions to do and die. They have waved in power through long centuries, and have gained a glory on fields of renown. Our young Republic has now taken her place among the nations; and though she has counted only one centennial year, she has wrought and fought her way to a rank in the van of the powers of the earth. Her banner, borrowed from the heavens — the constellated stars of light, on field of azure red and white — already waves in acknowledged honor, invested with tender, tearful, sacred, ennobling and exalting memories. By all nations it is admitted to be the most beautiful flag on the face of the earth. But its highest beauty is in the ideas associated with it. It has triumphed over tyranny, and abolished slavery. It has awed the lion and crushed the head of the adder. Its great glory and power of inspiration are in the sublime fact that it symbolizes manhood, brotherhood, liberty, union, and national dignity. Its folds have been wet with the tears of love, and the blood of valor. On it we see the faces, and read the hearts, of Washington and Lincoln. On it blazes a great roll of martyrs. In it is the "potency and promise" of a majestic national life yet to be revealed. It shall rule a continent in the interests of humanity. High, and long, may it float in the gracious smiles of God who bestowed it.

The beautiful regimental standard under which we marched and battled for the Nation, is now found, where it belongs, in the State House, in Providence, tenderly folded and proudly placed by the side of all the battle flags of Rhode Island, as a part — and no small part — of the sacred treasures and memorials of the valiant Commonwealth, to transmit the lessons of loyalty and the inspiration of duty breathed upon us, to the favored generations who may come after us, that Treason and Rebellion may never tread, with impunity, the land of the free and the brave.

# CHAPTER LXVII.

## THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION

1872 — 1879.

O ties untold of patriot love!
By suffering made how strong!

THE history of our regiment may hardly be regarded as complete without some notice of the Veteran Association, an organization formed by its members for the preservation of old friendships, the indulgence of martial memories, and the preparation and publication of our history This voluntary association was formed in accordance with the suggestion and call of the officers and men. Near the same time similar organizations were formed among the surviving members of nearly all the commands that served in the war from our State. And these societies have not only their annual reunions as such, but usually, also, an annual general meeting.

The fellowship of suffering, who can tell?
The fellowship of ease and mirth is brief;
It comes and passes as an airy spell,
Not so with fellowship of toil and grief.

If hearts you would forever closely weld,
Together cast them in the furnace heat;
And let them long within the flames be held,
Where heart to heart in martyr-throbs shall beat.

Our first meeting — a preliminary one — was held at No. 29 Exchange Place, Providence, R. I., Aug. 14, 1872, with Col. E. Metcalf as Chairman and Maj. J J. Comstock, Jr., as Secretary. Articles of Association were prepared, and a committee, consisting of Gen. C. R. Brayton, Maj. J. J. Comstock, Jr., and Maj. J. M. Barker, was chosen to make arrangements for a general reunion.

One of the Articles of Association reads thus: —

"Devoted to our Country in the future as in the past, we yet claim for each other the largest liberty of speech and opinion, but within our Association there is no room for political discussion. Our reunions shall be ever sacred to friendship and social enjoyment."

The FIRST REUNION was held at Rocky Point, Aug. 28, 1872. The Articles of Association were adopted, letters were read from absent comrades, and followed by pertinent addresses and remarks. The officers

chosen for the year were Col. E. Metcalf, President; Gen. C. R. Brayton, Vice-President; Maj. J. J. Comstock, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer.

The SECOND REUNION was held at Rocky Point, July 18, 1873, with a good attendance. In accordance with the wishes of all, steps were taken looking to the preparation of the history of the old command. Gen. C. R. Brayton was chosen President, Maj. George Metcalf, Vice-President, and Lieut. C. H. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer.

The THIRD REUNION was also held at Rocky Point, July 17, 1874, when the Historical Committee reported progress; and the design of a badge for the Association was presented and adopted. The meeting was one of delightful fellowship. The officers for the year were Gen. C. R. Brayton, President; Capt. A. E. Greene, Vice-President; Lieut. C. H. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer.

The FOURTH REUNION was observed with a large and enthusiastic attenddance at Oakland Beach, R. I., July 29, 1875, in connection with the reunions of many of the commands of the State, all of which were reviewed by Gen. A. E. Burnside, Gov. Henry Lippitt, and other distinguished, public men. The new badges were ready for distribution. Agreeably with a by-law of the Association, we elected to honorary membership Generals, Q. A. Gillmore, J. W Turner, James R. Hawley, A. H. Terry, T. W Sherman, and Colonel Greeley of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers. Notice was taken of the death of Lieut. John Morrow, Jr., and the Historical Committee reported progress. The officers chosen for the year were Col. C. Blanding, President; Maj. J. M. Barker, Vice-President; Lieut. C. H. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer.

The FIFTH REUNION took place at Ocean Cottage on Narragansett Bay, July 27, 1876. The Historical Committee — Col. Edwin Metcalf, Gen. Horatio Rogers, Jr., and Gen. C. R. Brayton — reported that Chaplain Denison had undertaken the task of writing the history of the old command, and urged the collection of all remaining data and incidents to enable the historian to carry out his design. Gen. William Ames and Lieut. John Hackett were added to this committee.

Honorary membership was conferred upon Mr. Benjamin Bogman, 2d, for the services he rendered the army, and his great interest in our old command and in our Association. Mr. Bogman's son was among our martyrs.

The Association passed the following appropriate resolutions: —

"That in the deaths of Lieutenants John Morrow, Jr., (Jan. 9, 1875), Josiah W. Robinson, Jr., Latham T. Babcock, and Robert Slattery, we have suffered deep personal losses of prized companionship, and a loss to our Association of valuable members; since these officers were brave and true in the service of their country, kind and generous in their social life, and ever ready to serve their old comrades in war and in peace."

The following officers were chosen for the year: Capt. A. E. Greene, President; Maj. C. W H. Day, Vice-President; Lieut. C. H. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer. After indulging in speeches, army reminiscences, and hearty good cheer, and finishing up routine business, as the meeting was specially for historical purposes, the Association adjourned to meet in reunion with the veterans of other commands at Rocky Point, Aug. 8, 1876.

By adjournment the Association met at Rocky Point, Aug. 8, in connection with the Veteran Associations of other commands, and passed a delightful day The Grand Reunion closed with a general dress-parade, after which we were reviewed and addressed by the Governor of the State.

The SIXTH REUNION of the old gunners occurred June 28, 1877, in connection with all the Veteran Associations of the State, on the occasion of a grand reception given jointly by the authorities of the State, the authorities of the City of Providence, posts of the Grand Army of the Republic of Providence, and the Veteran Association of the State, to the President of the United States, Rutherford B. Hayes, and his Cabinet, to the Society of the Army of the Potomac with its various corps, and to the Grand Army of the Republic. This great gathering of the veterans of all the land commenced in Providence, June 26, and continued, with varied and enthusiastic exercises, for three days. The 26th was given to the reception of the Grand Army of the Republic, under Governor Hartranft (of Pennsylvania), as the Commander-in-Chief; Mayor Thomas A. Doyle, of Providence, giving the welcoming address in behalf of the citizens. The 27th was devoted to the Army of the Potomac: the early part of the day given to the meetings of the various corps; the oration and poem following the corps meetings; and the evening assigned to the grand banquet given by the city of Providence in Music Hall. On the 28th occurred the formal reunion of the veterans and their hearty reception of President Hayes and the members of his Cabinet. The column of veterans — representing fourteen old war regiments—was commanded by Major-General A. E. Burnside. Governor Charles C. Van Zandt and some of the State militia rendered important services. After the ceremonies of reception in Providence, all the parties, by steamers, made an excursion to Rocky Point, where new ceremonies of welcome occurred, and a grand Rhode Island clam-bake was dispensed. Following the general formalities of the occasion was the business meeting of our Veteran Association, when the following officers were elected: President, Capt. Albert E. Greene; Vice-President, Lieut. M. J. Higgins; Secretary and Treasurer, Lieut. C. H. Williams; Executive Committee, Gen. C. R. Brayton, Col. E. Metcalf, Maj. J. M. Barker, Capt. John Burroughs, Sergt. G. M. Turner; Delegate for General Committee, Gen. C. R. Brayton. Chaplain F Denison reported that the history of the regiment was nearly completed and only awaited examination by the Historical Committee, and final retouching. The Committee on History was con-

tinued, with power to enlarge their number to facilitate the examination of the manuscript, in accordance with the wish of the historian.

After being reviewed, with all the veterans of the state, by President Hayes, and returning to Providence and saluting the State Monument, it was voted to adjourn for a more free and social reunion by ourselves at the call of the Secretary

Aug. 30, 1877 By call of the Secretary, C. H. Williams, the veterans met at Ocean Cottage, where after happy, social hours, and a Rhode Island clam dinner, they were called to order, and listened to records and reports. The Historical Committee reported that they had listened to the reading of the history of the regiment, and urged the members to at once bring in all facts and incidents that should have a place in the volume. Remarks were made by the historian and others. A resolution was passed authorizing the Historical Committee to proceed to the completion and publication of the history.

The Seventh Reunion took place at the Park Gardens, in Providence, July 25, 1878, in connection with the meetings of other commands. After routine business, it was reported that our history only awaited the gathering of a few more items. Great interest was manifested in its completion. In the general meeting of all the associations in the Pavilion, an address was made by Gov. Charles C. Van Zandt, and a poem was delivered by Chaplain F. Denison. The review was conducted by Col. Zenas R. Bliss, late of Seventh Rhode Island Volunteers, and now Captain in United States Army

The officers for the year were Capt. L. C. Tourtellot, President; Lieut. W W Hanscom, Vice-President; Lieut. C. H. Williams, Secretary and Treaurer.

The Eighth Reunion occurred at the Park Gardens, in Providence, July 30, 1879, in connection with the reunions of other commands. After the regular business, specimen pages of our history were shown in type, with illustrative cuts. Subscriptions for the volume were promptly offered.

Resolutions were passed expressing our sense of loss in the deaths of Surgeon Horatio G. Stickney, Lieut. George W Greene, and Lieut. John Aigan; also in the deaths of comrades, Sylvester Sherman, S. M. F. Bushee, Robert Seiler and George W Peckham.

At the funerals of Lieut. G. W Greene, and comrades Bushee and Sherman, the Chaplain officiated. Lieutenant Greene died in Bellingham, Mass., Jan. 18, 1879, aged 39 years, and his funeral, Jan. 22, was largely attended by officers and men of the old command, and by the military of Woonsocket, R. I. The following from the pen of the Chaplain, appeared in print:—

TRIBUTE.

He sleeps, as martyrs sleep, his sufferings past,
While Honor weaves her wreath to deck his grave,
Whose fresh, young life a sacrifice was cast
In war, his country's perilled life to save.
Though wounded in the opening conflict's flame,
He bravely battled on, until his years
Of service closed, and won, by deeds, the name
That clearly graved on freedom's shield appears.
Cherished by kindred, as by comrades all,
Who, with their parting volley and their tears,
Commit his record to the roll of fame;
And while fair floral tributes grace his pall,
A fellow-soldier brings affection's verse,
And lays it, with the flag, upon his hearse.

Lieut. C. H. Williams was requested to act as Trustee of the Association in the matter of publishing the history of the regiment.

The following were chosen as officers for the ensuing year: Lieut. W W Hanscom, President; Lieut. G. O. Gorton, Vice-President; Lieut. C. H. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer

The associations, under command of Maj.-Gen. A. E. Burnside, had a parade, and were reviewed by Gov. C. C. Van Zandt.

Here the brave men of the Third Rhode Island Artillery Regiment close their published record, and, for themselves and for their departed comrades, tenderly commit the volume to the State they represented, to the Nation they defended, and to the generations to follow, who may inquire respecting their principles, motives, toils, sufferings and victories.

And when we all low in our graves shall sleep,
Heaven grant, the land we loved, from foes to keep.

1879.